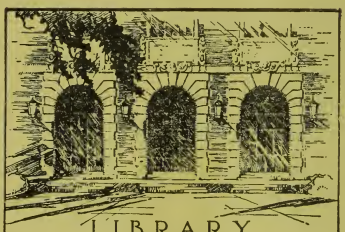
WIT AND HUMOR



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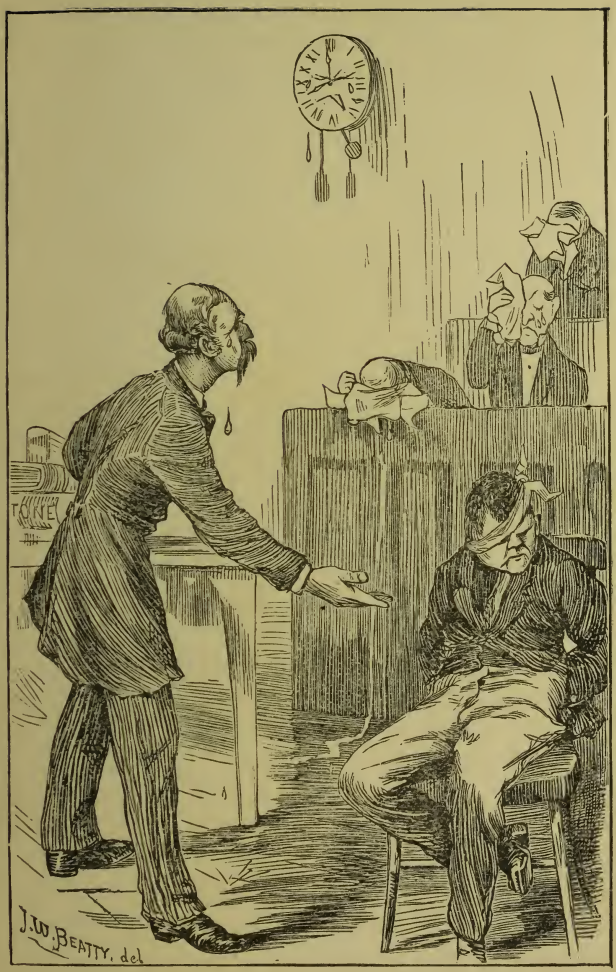
"ONE OF THEM CITY CHAPS, YOU KNOW."

"How far is it to Butler, if I keep straight on?"

"Wall, if you're a goin' to keep straight on, it's about 25,000 miles, but if you turn round tother way *it's about half a mile!*"



A SYMPATHETIC APPEAL TO THE JURY.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A CHOICE COLLECTION

BY

MARSHALL BROWN.

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And ev'ry grin so merry draws one out."
—PETER PINDAR.

"True wit is Nature to advantage dressed—
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."
—POPE.

EIGHTEENTH EDITION.

CHICAGO:
S. C. GRIGGS AND COMPANY.
1883.

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TO THE

LEGAL PROFESSION OF THE UNITED STATES,

THIS VOLUME IS SINCERELY INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

696312

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NOTE. — It has been found impossible to keep each class of dialect humor under its appropriate heading, and, therefore, some of it will be found in other parts of this volume.

PREFACE.

THIS volume, although not originally intended for the press, is presented to the public at the request of many friends who have kindly assisted the author and urged its publication. Knowing it has defects, the author hopes his readers will treat it generously, and overlook the chaff that lies scattered through the wheat.

The design of the work is peculiarly American in the style of its humor; and the object has been to select from the broad fields of sparkling sunshine some of the choicest gems in the English language.

Wit and Humor, like the rainbow in the sky, have their lights and shadows, and burst out upon the mind as beautiful images. They are the finger-boards of a happy and advancing civilization: ever lifting human nature up to the mirror of reflection; ever pointing onward and upward to the good and the beautiful.

Laughter, says a distinguished writer, is healthful to the body, as gladness is to the mind; and there is nothing more beautiful than a smiling face when you know it is the true index of the soul within. It is the genial outburst that enlivens the social circle, when men, like true philoso-

phers, forget their past cares and put off till to-morrow all apprehensions regarding the future. Probably there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels that does not feel some wavelet produced by laughter.

> A man may grow to weigh a ton,
> Who feasts his mind with pungent fun;
> But he who scorns its simple sway,
> Oft yields to crime an easy prey.

Laughter, too, shows the sunny side of a man. It blooms out in a ruddy glow his happier nature, and floods a sea of pleasant sunshine upon his associates.

It has been said by some one, that Wit and Humor are stupid and useless; but, happily for this world, such beings are few and far between, and, like a needle in a mill-pond, are not missed. Such beings are blunt to human nature and to its many delightful illustrations that abound in the mines of fun and pleasantry. To them we would inscribe the poetical lines of Shakspere:

> The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.
> * * * * * * * * *
> Let no such man be trusted.

Life is ever crowded with the burden of daily toil, toil, toil, until the body and brain become weary and exhausted. To the weary and careworn, home should be a reservoir of pleasure. Happiness should reign supreme, and the

center-table and fireside be made a source of amusement, laughter, and button-bursting, loving fun. The grand, indeed the true, maxim of social life is: Be good, be happy, be happy as you can.

This life is not all sunshine,
Nor is it yet all showers;
But storms and calms alternate,
As thorns among the flowers.
And while we seek the roses,
The thorns full oft we scan;
Still let us, though they wound us,
Be happy as we can.

Fun is the sunshine of society, and floods out its golden sunbeams upon a million faces. It is an enemy to malice, a foe to scandal, and a guardian angel to every virtue. It fills the soul with happiness, softens the heart, and quickens the intellect.

Wit, as originally defined, meant genius, and now denotes the power of seizing upon some thought or occurrence, and, by a sudden turn, presenting it under aspects wholly new and unexpected — apparently natural and admissible, if not perfectly just and bearing on the subject or the parties concerned, with a laughable keenness and force.

"What I want," said a pompous orator, aiming at his antagonist, "is good common sense."

"Exactly!" was the whispered reply; "that's just what you need."

The pleasure we find in wit arises from the ingenuity

of the turn, the sudden surprise it brings, and the patness of its application to the case, in the new and ludicrous relations thus flashed upon the view.

True wit is like a brilliant stone,
Dug from Golconda's mine;
Which boasts two various powers in one,
To cut as well as shine.
Genius, like that, if polished right,
With the same gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

Repartee is a species of wit, and its best definition is, a good-natured return to some witty or sportive observation of another, in which "diamond cuts diamond," without any loss of good humor on either side.

The "*Tin Trumpet*" says: "Repartee is a smart rejoinder, which, when given *impromptu*, even though it should be so hard a hit as to merit the name of a knock-down blow, will stand excused — partly from the ready wit it implies, and partly from its always bearing the semblance of self-defense. When time, however, has been taken to concoct a retort, and an opportunity sought for launching it, not only does it lose all the praise of extemporaneous quickness, but it assumes the character of revenge, rather than repartee. The best repartees are those which turn your adversary's weapons against himself, as David killed Goliath with his own sword." A good example of this kind is the following:

Abernethy, the celebrated surgeon, finding a large pile

of paving stones opposite his door, swore violently at the paver, and told him to remove them.

"Where will I take them to?" asked Paddy.

"To Hell!" cried the choleric surgeon.

Paddy leaned upon his rammer, and then, looking up in his face, said, with a cunning smile:

"Hadn't I better take them to Heaven? Sure, they'd be more out of your honor's way."

Retort is a short, sharp, and pointed reply, turning back on an assailant the censures or derisions he had thrown out. It may be courteous, as for example: Two of the guests at a public dinner having got into an altercation, one of them, a blustering vulgarian, vociferated:

"Sir, you are no gentleman!"

"Sir," said his opponent, in a calm voice, "you are no judge."

It may be uncourteous or unkind:

"Ah, Dr. Johnson," exclaimed a Scotchman, "what would you have said of Buchanan, had he been an Englishman?"

"Said of him, sir? Why, I would not have said of him, had he been an Englishman, what I will now say of him as a Scotchman, that he was the only man of genius his country ever produced."

While Wit and Humor are synonymous, each has its own sphere in the world of fun. Wit, in its technical sense, embraces repartee, retort, sarcasm, and irony. Humor includes kindly wit, pleasantry, jocularity, light

fun, drollery, and many other species that are brilliant and overflowing in their points and keen blades, yet light and pleasant in their effects.

In conclusion, special acknowledgment is due the Press of the country from whose pages most of the selections have been taken. Many periodicals, biographies, magazines, and humorous works have been consulted, and here and there a few sparkling blades cut. Some of them appear in print for the first time.

With the sincere wish that this volume may be a *vade mecum* to the old and young, the sad and gay, it is submitted to the reader.

PITTSBURGH, January, 1879.

WIT AND HUMOR.

HUMOR OF MR. PETIGRU.

The rigid observance of English rules in the South Carolina courts, and a neglect of the same on the part of Mr. Petigru gave rise to the following passage:

"Mr. Petigru," said the judge, "you have on a light coat. You can't speak."

Petigru replied: "May it please the bench, I conform strictly to the law. Let me illustrate: The law says that the barrister shall wear a black gown and coat, and your honor thinks that means a black coat?"

"Yes," said the judge.

"Well, the law also says the sheriff shall wear a cocked hat and sword. Does your honor hold that the sword must be cocked as well as the hat?"

He was permitted to go on.

SINGULAR VERDICTS.

Shiel, in his "Sketches of the Irish Bar," relates how a Clare jury of old, in a case of felonious gallantry, acquitted the prisoner of the capital charge, but found him guilty of "*a great undacency.*"

This is nothing to the verdict of a Welsh jury: "*Not guilty — but we recommend him not to do it again.*"

It is also related that an English jury, not very bright,

having before them a prisoner charged with burglary, and being unwilling to convict him capitally, and as no personal violence accompanied the robbery, gave the safe verdict: "*Guilty of getting out of the window.*"

But the most original was that of an Irish jury before whom a prisoner pleaded "guilty," throwing himself on the mercy of the Court. The verdict was "Not Guilty." The judge, in surprise, exclaimed: "Why, he has confessed his crime!" The foreman responded: "Oh, my lord, you do not know that fellow, but *we* do. He is the most notorious liar in the whole county, and no twelve men who know his character can believe a word he says." So the prisoner escaped, as the jury adhered to their verdict.

Of the verdicts in the United States we may mention the following, but will not vouch for their actuality. However, they are funny, even if they should not be true:

A Rhode Island jury were five days debating on a hog case involving seven dollars, and then came in, found the hog not guilty, and recommended both plaintiff and defendant to the mercy of the court.

A Pekin, Ill., coroner's jury rendered a very singular verdict that a man whose body was found in the river, came to his death by a blow on the head, "*which was given either before or after the drowning.*"

And this rather doubtful one:

"Jury," said a western judge, "you kin go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get the one the last jury used." The jury returned with a verdict of "*Suicide in the ninth degree.*"

An Indiana jury recently returned a written verdict of "*Blode tu peces bi the biler bustin.*"

The substance of a verdict of a recent jury, on a man who had died in a state of intoxication, was: "*Death by hanging—round a rum shop.*"

HAD A GOOD MEMORY.

A story is told of a very eminent lawyer in New York receiving a severe reprimand from a witness on the stand whom he was trying to brow-beat. It was an important issue, and in order to save his cause from defeat, it was necessary that Mr. A. should impeach the witness. He endeavored to do it on the ground of age. The following dialogue ensued:

Lawyer. "How old are you?"

Witness. "Seventy-two years."

Lawyer. "Your memory, of course, is not so brilliant and vivid as it was twenty years ago, is it?"

Witness. "I do not know but it is."

Lawyer. "State some circumstance which occurred, say, twelve years ago, and we shall be able to see how well you can remember."

Witness. "I appeal to your honor if I am to be interrogated in this manner; it is insolent."

Judge. "You had better answer the question."

Lawyer. "Yes, sir; state it!"

Witness. "Well, sir, if you compel me to do it, I will. About twelve years ago you studied in Judge B.'s office, did you not?"

Lawyer. "Yes."

Witness. "Well, sir, I remember your father coming into my office and saying to me, 'Mr. D., my son is to be examined to-morrow, and I wish you would lend me fifteen

dollars to buy him a new suit of clothes.' I remember, also, from that day to this he has not paid me that sum. That, sir, I remember as though it was but yesterday."

CHARGE TO THE GRAND JURY.

The judge was dwelling upon the offenses in the penal code to which the attention of the jury would be directed, and after touching on the crime of perjury, he proceeded in the next place to say:

"Then, gentlemen, thar's subornation of perjury, which is likewise forbid by law, and which I reckon is one of the meanest crimes that men get to do fur money. It's when a feller is too smart or too scary to swar to a lie hisself, and so gits another man to do it fur him, and one of yer mean, dirty, snivelin', little-minded fellers! Why, a whole regiment of sich souls could hold a jubilee in the middle of a mustard seed, and never hear of one another!"

SCENES IN THE NATURALIZATION COURTS.

The scenes witnessed in our courts just prior to the annual elections, when the rush to obtain the rights of citizenship is at its height, are often ludicrous. In the Common Pleas, for instance, an Irishman, accompanied by a witness as to character, approached Judge Brady, when the following colloquy occurred:

Judge. "You know this individual?"

Witness. "Av course I do."

Judge. "Is he a man of good moral character?"

Witness. "Well, your honor, he rades the Boible, he plays the feddle, he doesn't whip the ould woman, and now and then he takes a dhrop of whisky. Will that suit"?

The judge arrived at the conclusion that it would not suit, declined to place his initials in the corner of the blank, and the twain quitted his presence.

Later a pair on the same errand entered Judge Daly's court:

Judge. "You know this person?"

Witness. "Y-a-a-s."

Judge. "Is his character good?"

Witness. "Mein Gott, chudge! Of gourse it is; *he's a paker!*"

Further examination tending to corroborate this high standard of respectability, the Teuton stalked out a citizen of the Republic as well as a baker.

Another very funny instance is the one that occurred before Judge Grey, of Elmira, N. Y.:

Judge. "How long, Patrick, have you been in this country?"

Patrick. "Six years, y'r honor."

Judge. "Where did you land?"

Patrick. "In New York, sir."

Judge. "Have you ever been out of the United States since you landed, six years ago?"

Witness. "Niver but once, y'r honor."

Judge. "And where did you go then?"

Patrick. "To *Elmira*, y'r honor."

The judge joined heartily in the explosion that followed, but he gave the Irishman his papers, and after the adjournment returned to his residence in foreign lands.

Another, similar in character to the above, is as follows:

Judge. "Do you know O'Brien?"

Irish witness. "Yes, sir."

Judge. "How long has he been in this country?"

Witness. "A little over five year."

Judge. "Is he a man of good moral character?"

Witness (quite bewildered). "Sure, your honor, I don't know what moral character means."

Judge. "Well, sir, I will talk more plainly to you. Does O'Brien stand fair before the community?"

Witness (completely nonplussed). "By my sowl, I don't apprehend your maning, your honor."

Judge (rather irritated). "I mean to ask you, sir, if O'Brien, the person who wants to be a citizen, and for whom you are a witness, is a good man or not."

Witness. "Oh! why didn't you ax me that way before? To be sure he is a good man. Sure and I've seen him in ten fights during the last two years, and every time he licked his man."

A CHICAGO STORY.

During a recent trial before Justice Dougherty, it was thought important by counsel to determine the length of time that certain "2 quarters of beef, 2 hogs, and 1 sheep" remained in an express wagon in front of plaintiff's store before they were taken away by the defendant. The witness under examination was a German, whose knowledge of the English language was very limited; but he testified in a very plain, straight-forward way to having weighed the meat, and to having afterward carried it out and put it into the aforesaid wagon.

Then the following ensued:

Counselor E——. "State to the jury *how long* it was

after you took the meat from the store and put it into the wagon before you took it away."

Witness. "Now, I shoost cand dell dat. I dinks 'bout dwelve feet. I not say nearer as dat."

Counsel. "You don't understand me. *How long was it* from the time the meat left the store, and was put into the wagon, before it was taken away by the defendant?"

Witness. "Now, I know not what you ax dat for. Der vagon he vas back up mit der sidevalk, and dat's *shoost so long as it vas.* You dell me how long der sidevalk vas. Den feet? Dwelve feet? Den I dells you how long it vas."

Counsel. "I don't want to find out how wide the sidewalk was, but I want to know" (speaking very slowly), "*how—long*—this—meat—was—in—the—wagon—before—it—was—taken—away?"

Witness. "Oh! dat! Vell, now, I not sold any meat so. I all time weigh him; never measured meat, not yet. But I dinks 'bout dree feet." (Here the spectators and his honor and the jury smiled audibly). "I know not shentlemens, how is dis. I dell you all I can, so good as I know."

Counsel. "Look here, I want to know *how long it was* before the meat was taken away after it was put into the wagon?"

Witness (looking very knowingly at counsel). "Now you try and get me in a scrape. *Dat meat vas shoost so long in der vagon as he vas in der shop.* Dat's all I told you. He don't got no longer in den dousan' year, not mooch."

Counsel. "That will do."

A STUBBORN JURY.

The Portland *Transcript* tells a good story of a Colonel M——, living in Washington County, Maine, who had a great aptitude for serving as a juror. When thus serving, he was very anxious that his opinion should be largely consulted in making up a verdict. Some years ago, while upon a case, after many hours' trial to agree, but failing, he marshaled the delinquent jury from the room to their seats in the court, where the impatient crowd awaited the result of the trial.

"Have you agreed upon a verdict?" inquired the clerk.

Col. M—— arose, turned a withering glance upon his brother jurors, and exclaimed:

"May it please the court, we have not; I have done the best I could do, but here are eleven of the most contrary devils I ever had any dealings with."

"My lord," began a pompous young barrister, "it is written in the Book of Nature—" "On what page, sir—on what page?" interrupted the judge, with pen in hand.

AN IMPATIENT JURYMAN.

An Arkansas correspondent of the *Picayune* gives the following as authentic:

"You Louisianians are all fond of cracking jokes at the expense of Arkansas. Now, here is one on your State absolutely true. I got it from an eye-witness:

"The District Court in one of your northern parishes was in session; 'twas the first day of the court; time, after dinner. Lawyers and others had dined, and were sitting out before the hotel, when a long, lank, unsophisticated

countryman came up, unceremoniously made himself one of 'em, and remarked: 'Gentlemen, I do wish you would go on with this court, for I want to go home; I left Betsy a-looking out.'

"'Ah!' said one of the lawyers, 'and pray, sir, what detains you at court?'

"'Why, sir,' said the countryman, 'I am fotched here as a *jury*, and they say if I go home they will have to *find* me, and they moutn't do that, as I live a good piece.'

"'What jury are you on?' asked a lawyer.

"'What jury?'

"'Yes, what jury? Grand or traverse jury?'

"'Grand or travis jury? dad fetch it if I know.'

"'Well,' said the lawyer, 'did the judge charge you?'

"'Well, squire,' said he, 'the little fellow that sits up in the pulpit and kinder bosses it over the crowd gin us a talk, but I don't know whether he *charged* anything or not.'

"The crowd broke up in a roar of laughter, and the sheriff called court."

A SHARP DIALOGUE.

We overheard once the following dialogue between a judge and an Irish woman, a shoplifter:

"What's gone of your husband, woman?"

"What's gone of him, yer honor? Faith, and he's gone dead."

"Ah — pray what did he die of?"

"Die of, yer honor? He died of a Friday."

"I don't mean what day of the week, but what complaint?"

"Faith, and it's himself that did not get time to complain."

"Oh, ay — he died suddenly?"

"Rather that way, yer honor."

"Did he fall in a fit?"

No answer.

"He fell down in a fit, perhaps?"

"Why, no, not exactly a fit, yer honor. He fell out of a window, or through a cellar door — I don't know what they call it."

"Oh, ay — and broke his neck."

"No, not quite that, yer worship."

"What then?"

"There was a bit of sthring, or cord, or that like, and it throttled poor Mike."

"Quite likely. Call the next case."

An Irish crier at Ballinsloe being ordered to clear the court, did so by this announcement: "Now, then, all ye *blackguards* that isn't *lawyers*, must lave the coort."

"You are a nuisance; I'll commit you," said an offended judge to a noisy person in court. "You have no right to commit a nuisance," said the offender.

GOT EVEN WITH HIM.

Many amusing anecdotes are related of John Randolph, of Virginia: One night when traveling through the "Old Dominion" he stopped at an inn near the forks of two roads.

The inn-keeper was a fine old gentleman, and knowing who his distinguished guest was, he endeavored, during

the evening, to draw him into a conversation, but failed. But in the morning, when Mr. Randolph was ready to start, he called for his bill and paid it. The landlord, still anxious to have some conversation, tackled him again:

"Which way are you traveling, Mr. Randolph?"

"Sir?" said Mr. Randolph, with a look of displeasure.

"I asked," said the landlord, "which way are you traveling?"

"Have I paid you my bill?"

"Yes."

"Do I owe you anything more?"

"No."

"Well, I'm going just where I please; do you understand?"

"Yes."

The landlord by this time got somewhat excited, and Mr. Randolph drove off. But to the landlord's surprise, in a few minutes he sent one of the servants to inquire which of the forks of the road to take. Mr. Randolph still being within hearing distance, the landlord yelled at the top of his voice:

"Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me one cent; just take whichever road you please."

DAT'S DE QUESTION, BOSS!

In one of the towns of Mississippi two colored men were arrested on the charge of burglary. The jury before whom they were tried were all colored. After the case was tried they retired and made up a verdict, which was announced to the court. On being called, the judge asked for the verdict, which the foreman delivered as follows:

"Dis jury find dat one of the 'cused busted in de sto' and stole dat bacon, and dat de oder didn't do noffin." "Which one do you find guilty?" asked the judge. "Dat's de question, boss," returned the foreman; "dat's jes what we can't find out, and we recommend dat de honorable coat jes have anoder trial, and find out which on dem two niggers stole dat bacon."

AN IRISHMAN'S WILL.

In the name of God, Amen! I, Timothy Delona, of Barrydownderry, in the county of Clare, farmer; being sick and wake in my legs, but of sound head and warm heart: Glory be to God!—do make the first and last will the ould and new testament, first I give my soul to God, when it pleases Him to take it, sure no thanks to me, for I can't help it then, and my body to be buried in the ground at Barrydownderry Chapel, where all my kith an' kin that have gone before me, an' those that live after, belonging to me, are buried, pace to their ashes, and may the sod rest lightly over their bones. Bury me near my godfather, Felix O'Flaherty, betwixt and between him and my father and mother, who lie separate altogether, at the other side of the chapel yard. I lave the bit of ground containing ten acres—rale old Irish acres—to me eldest son Tim, after the death of his mother, if she survives him. My daughter Mary and her husband Paddy O'Ragan are to get the white sow that's going to have twelve black bonifs. Teddy, my second boy that was killed in the war of Amerikay, might have got his pick of the poultry, but as he is gone, I'll lave them to his wife who died a wake before him; I bequeath to all mankind fresh air of heaven, all the fishes

of the sea they can take and all the birds of the air they can shoot, I lave to them the sun, moon and stars. I lave to Peter Rafferty, a pint of pulpoteen, I can't finish, and may God be merciful to him.

"Pat, how's your wife?"

Pat. "Dead, I thank yer honor. How's your own?"

"Do you think I shall have justice done me?" said a culprit to his counsel, a shrewd Kentucky lawyer, of the best class in that "eloquent State."

"I am a little afraid you *won't*," replied the other; "I see two men on the jury who are opposed to hanging!"

TOO MUCH FOR THE ATTORNEY.

The following dialogue, which occurred several years ago, between a lawyer and a witness in a justice's court, is worth relating:

It seems that Mr. Jones loaned Mr. Smith a horse, which died while in his (Smith's) possession. Mr. Jones brought suit to recover the value of the horse, attributing his death to bad treatment. During the course of the trial a witness (Brown) was called to the stand to testify as to how Mr. Smith treated horses.

Lawyer (with a bland and confidence-invoking smile). "Well, sir, how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?"

Witness (with a very merry twinkle in his eye, otherwise imperturbable). "Astraddle, I believe, sir."

Lawyer (with a scarcely perceptible flush of vexation on his cheek, but still speaking in his blandest tones). "But, sir, what gait does he ride?"

Witness. "He never rides any gate, sir. His boys ride all the gates."

Lawyer (his bland smile gone and his voice slightly husky). "But how does he ride when in company with others?"

Witness. "Keeps up, if his horse is able; if not, he goes behind."

Lawyer (triumphantly, and in perfect fury). "How does he ride when alone, sir?"

Witness. "Don't know; never was with him when he was alone."

Lawyer. "I have done with you, sir."

"Silence in the court!" thundered a Kentucky judge the other morning. "Half a dozen men have been convicted already without the court's having been able to hear a word of the testimony."

ONLY MADE IT WORSE.

It is sometimes better, when a man has made a blunder, to let it go. Attempting to set it right often makes it worse, and certainly calls the attention of many to it who would have taken no notice of it if the speaker had gone along as if nothing had happened. Some years ago, the Hon. Mr. R——, of Wyoming, Pennsylvania, had quite a reputation as a pettifogger. His knowledge of books was very small, and his main reliance was upon his own tact and shrewdness, which rarely failed him, and lasts to this day. On one occasion he was pitted against a smart, well-dressed limb of the law from the city, who made fun of a paper which R—— had submitted to the

court. "All law papers," said the learned counselor, "ought to be written in the English language, but I submit to the court that there are no words in the language spelled as these in the document now before us. I insist that it ought to be excluded." R—— replied: "The learned counsel on the other side finds fault with my spellin', as though the merits of the case depends upon sich outside matters. I'm agin luggin' in any such forin affairs, but I will say that a man must be a great fool *who can't spell a word more than one way.*"

A DOG ON THE JURY.

The seat of a juryman absent from the court was taken possession of by a dog. The judge, addressing one of the counsel, said: "You see, Mr. Laning, the jurymen's seats are all occupied; are you ready to proceed?" The lawyer raised his glasses to his eyes, and, after a brief survey of the jury box, made the witty reply: "Your honor, that fellow might do for a judge, but I should hate to trust him for a juryman." The judge joined heartily in the laugh that followed.

WANTED TO KNOW WHAT THE PINT WAS.

On a certain occasion Mr. Brown appeared before a circuit judge of West Virginia, demurred to the sufficiency of the declaration, and made a short but very pointed argument.

The judge, a very stupid specimen of his class, waking up in the midst of the argument, interrupted him by asking what the *pint* was that he was driving at.

Mr. Brown hesitated a moment, and very deliberately replied:

"If the court please, I am about to illustrate it by diagrams, and I hope to make it so plain that it will be comprehended by all the audience, and perhaps I may bring it even within the comprehension of the court."

A STUPID OLD COURT-CRIER.

In the most beautiful town in North Carolina, where have been born and have bloomed her fairest daughters, and where for a number of years shone in undimmed radiance the brightest intellects which have ever ornamented and blessed her — in the court-house which has so often been graced with the elegant oratory of a Gaston, or startled with the flashing wit or bitter irony of a Stanley, the following very amusing incident occurred.

An old court-crier, who had grown gray in the cause and as deaf as a beetle, was in the habit of calling the names of witnesses (which he generally managed to get wrong) from the second-story window of the court-house, in such a stentorian voice as to be heard with distinctness for a square or more. On one occasion, in the course of a very serious and somewhat important suit, the presence of a witness named Arabella Hanks was needed. The crier, like a parrot, sat nodding on his perch, when he was aroused from his slumber by an order from the court to call the witness. Looking anxiously at the judge, with his hand at his ear, in order to catch the sound correctly, he said:

"What, your honor?"

"Call Arabella Hanks," said the judge.

Still in doubt, the poor crier arose from his seat and said again, with a much puzzled look:

"What, your honor?"

"Call Arabella Hanks, crier, and delay the business of the court no longer!" said the judge, much provoked.

The old crier, thereupon, with a countenance indicating both doubt and desperation, proceeded to the window, and in his loudest voice called out:

"*Yaller* Belly Shanks! Yaller Belly Shanks! Yaller Belly Shanks! come into court!"

It is needless to say that the seriousness of the court-room was convulsively dispelled; and quiet was restored only to be again disturbed by the laughter caused by the crier, who, in answer to the court as to whether or not the witness answered, said, "No, your honor; and I don't believe there is such a person in the county, for I've lived here forty years, and I never *he'erd* of him before."

SHARP FIRING.

An amusing tilt took place a few months ago in one of the courts, in an Eastern State, between two well-known members of the bar.

One of the principals, whom we shall call Henry, is still practicing law, and highly esteemed in the profession; the other has since gone into the ministry and may be called George—a man peculiarly eccentric, and dubbed by many of his brethren as a fool, though not one by any means.

The two were engaged in the trial of a case, and during the progress of the trial frequently locked arms upon relevancy of the testimony. Mr. H., becoming somewhat annoyed at the illegal mode of his opponent's examination of the witnesses, arose, and addressing the court, said:

"If your honor please, I desire to try this case on its

merits, and according to the established rules of evidence. The gentleman on the other side certainly knows some law!"

This unexpected personal remark aroused brother G. into a high pitch of excitement. Addressing the court, with cutting emphasis he replied:

"I'm a fool, and I know it, and it don't hurt me a bit; but the counsel upon the other side is a darned fool and don't know it, and it's killing him; and the sooner he finds it out the better for himself and his clients!"

Then, turning upon his opponent with venomous sarcasm, he continued:

"You! you! what do you know? You think you're smart, don't you? There (throwing him a half dollar), hurry up, quick, tell me all you know, and give me the change."

At this point the court interfered, and the case proceeded.

A shoemaker was arrested for bigamy and brought before the magistrate. "Which wife," asked a by-stander, "will he be obliged to take?" Smith, always ready at a joke, replied, "He is a cobbler, and of course must stick to his last."

The other day a colored man fresh from "Ole Virginy," was on the witness stand and the judge asked him:

"Do you know what an oath is?"

"Yes, sah; when a man swears to a lie he's got to stick to it."

The judge asked an Irish policeman, named O'Connell, "When did you last see your sister?" The policeman

replied, "The last time I saw her, my lord, was about eight months ago, when she called at my house, and I was out." "Then you did not see her on that occasion?" The Irishman answered, "No, my lord, I wasn't there."

In a recent murder trial at Bangor, Me., a Mrs. Flannagan swore to a confession made to her by the respondent, whereupon defense called an old fellow who had said repeatedly he wouldn't believe her under oath.

Lawyer. "Do you know the reputation of Mrs. Flannagan for truth and veracity?"

Witness. "Wall, Square, I guess she'd tell the truth; but about her veracity — well, now, some say she would, and some say she wouldn't."

A HARD HIT AT THE COURT.

A young lawyer in Arkansas was arguing a case before a judge whose self-conceit was in inverse proportion to his knowledge of the law.

The counsel was endeavoring to sustain a legal position he had taken in the case. He proceeded to quote Blackstone, when the court interrupted him by saying:

"It is presumed, sir, that this court knows the law."

"Yes, your honor, but the presumption of the court may be rebutted," suggested the attorney.

"Sit down, sir, or the court will commit you for contempt. This court will not be dictated to with impunity; and if such an infringement be made again on its dignity, it will immediately order the offender to jail."

"Well, if your honor please, I don't say that my point is well taken. I have great respect for this court, but I'd

just like to read a little from Blackstone to show what a blamed old jackass he must have been."

NOT THE MAN HE THOUGHT HE WAS.

An Arkansas judge had his law office very close to a certain doctor's — in fact, they were separated only by a plank partition with a door in it. The judge was at his table, busy with his briefs and bills in chancery. The doctor was writing a letter, and, pausing at the word economical, called out:

"Judge, isn't e-q-u-i the way to spell equinomical?"

"Yes, I think it is," said the judge, "but here is Webster's dictionary; I can soon tell."

He opened the book, and, turning over the leaves, repeated aloud, "equinomical — equinomical."

Finding the proper place, he ran his eye and finger up and down the column two or three times, until he was perfectly satisfied that the word in question was not there. Closing the book with a slam, the judge laid his specs on the table, and, rising slowly, broke forth:

"Well, sir, I have always been a Daniel Webster man, and voted for him for President; but any man that will write a dictionary as big as this, and not put as common a word as 'equi-nomical' in it, can't get my vote for anything hereafter!"

Judge Grier, late of the United States Supreme Court, was once trying a case in Pennsylvania. A blundering jury returned an unjust verdict. As the clerk turned to record it, Judge Grier said: "Mr. Clerk, that verdict is set aside by the court. It may as well be understood that in this State it takes thirteen men to steal a man's farm."

ORATORY OF THE AFFIDAVIT.

Shields, in his "Sketches" of the Irish bar, says: "I have offered a specimen of Irish society, as I could collect it from affidavits daily produced in court; yet, shocking as the details are, I confess it is not easy to repress a smile at the style in which those adventurous scenes are described. The affidavits are generally the composition of country attorneys. The maltreated process-server puts the story of his injured feelings and beaten carcass into the hands of one of those learned penmen; and I must do them the justice to say, that they conscientiously make the most of the task confided to them. They have all a dash of national eloquence about them, the leading qualities of which — metaphor, pathos, sonorous phrase, impassioned delineation, etc.— they liberally embody with the technical details of facts, forming a class of oratory quite unknown to the schools: 'The Oratory of the Affidavits.' What British adviser, for instance, of matters to be given in on oath, would venture upon such a poetical statement as the following, which I took down one day in the Irish Court of Common Pleas:

"'And this deponent farther saith, that on arriving at the house of the said defendant, situate in the county of Galway aforesaid, for the purpose of personally serving him with the said writ, he the said deponent knocked three several times at the outer, commonly called the hall, door, but could not obtain admittance; whereupon this deponent was proceeding to knock a fourth time, when a man to this deponent unknown, holding in his hands a musket or blunderbuss, loaded with balls or slugs, as this deponent has since heard and verily believes, appeared at

one of the upper windows of said house, and, presenting said musket or blunderbuss at this deponent, threatened, that if said deponent did not instantly retire he would send his, this deponent's, soul to hell, *which this deponent verily believes he would have done*, had not this deponent precipitately escaped.' "

To this may be added the affidavit of the Troy policeman who swore as follows:

"The prisoner set upon me, calling me an ass, a precious dolt, a scarecrow, a ragamuffin, and idiot, all of which I certify to be true."

SHARP ON A SHARPER.

The spectators in a court-room always enjoy the retort, when a lawyer, badgering a witness, receives short replies at his own expense. Sympathy is always against the lawyer. Even half-witted persons sometimes hit the weak point in the harness.

"William Look! Tell us, William, who made you?"

William, who was considered a fool, screwed up his face, and looking thoughtful and somewhat bewildered, answered, "Moses, I suppose."

"That will do," said Counselor Gray, addressing the court. "Witness says he supposes Moses made him. That is an intelligent answer; more than I thought him capable of giving, for it shows that he has some faint idea of Scripture. I submit it was not sufficient to entitle him to be sworn as a witness capable of giving evidence."

"Mr. Judge," said the fool, "may I ax the lawyer a question?"

"Certainly," said the judge.

"Well, then, Mr. Lawyer, who do you suppose made you?"

"Aaron, I suppose," said Counselor Gray, imitating the witness.

After the mirth had somewhat subsided, the witness drawled out: "Wall, now, we do read in the Book that Aaron once made a calf, but who'd a thought the critter had got in here."

The Judge ordered the man to be sworn.

SPECIMENS OF ERSKINE'S WIT.

One of Lord Erskine's greatest fortes was his flow of genial and pleasant humor, and this made him extremely popular.

He was once called upon by an old friend and asked whether an action for damages would lie in a certain case; and the evidence being clearly insufficient, he replied with one of his best puns:

"The action will not *lie* unless the witnesses *do*."

And in the Thelwall case, the prisoner, becoming alarmed, wrote upon a slip of paper: "I'm afraid I'll be hanged if I don't plead my own case," and handed it to Erskine, his counsel, who replied:

"You'll be hanged if you do."

TOO CANDID BY HALF.

Admitting yourself out of court is a legal phrase, signifying a liberality of concession to your opponent by which you destroy your own cause. This excess of candor was well illustrated by the Irishman who boasted that he had often skated sixty miles a day. "Sixty miles!" exclaimed

an auditor, "that is a great distance; it must have been accomplished when the days were the longest."

"To be sure it was; I admit that," said the ingenious Hibernian.

DOES COUNSEL TAKE THE COURT TO BE A FOOL?

When Hon. J. T. Mills, of South Carolina, was upon the bench he had occasion to cut a counsel pretty sharply in the course of a trial. His name was Thomas F. Smith, and he had attempted to pull the wool over the eyes of the court by outrageously misstating the law in his address to the jury. When asked to charge the gentlemen of the jury accordingly, the judge became very angry, and, flushed with excitement, replied:

"Do you take this court to be a fool?"

"I hope your honor will not insist on an answer to that question, as in answering I might be committed for contempt of court," replied Mr. Smith.

"Fine the counsel ten dollars, Mr. Clerk," said the judge.

Smith paid the money, and as he did so remarked, "It's ten dollars more than this court can show."

"Fine him fifty dollars," said his honor, becoming very indignant at this outrage upon the dignity of the court; "I'll put a stop to such impudence."

The fine was accordingly entered, and Smith not having any money to respond, sat down.

The next morning the minutes of the preceding day's business were read over by the clerk, and upon them was the entry of Counselor Smith's fine.

Smith arose, and with much kindness and a great deal of surprise, said to the judge:

"If your honor please, the clerk took down that little joke of yours yesterday about the fifty dollars as a serious one, as I perceive from the minutes read this morning. Will you be kind enough to inform him of his error and have it removed from the record?"

This little movement so amused his honor that he remitted the fine.

STEPHEN GIRARD'S WILL.

Stephen Girard's will prohibited clergymen from ever entering the doors of Girard College. At a recent visit of the Knights Templar of Boston to the institution, one of the knights, a well-known physician, who wears a white neck-tie, was passing in. The janitor accosted him, saying, "You can't pass in here, sir; the rule forbids it." "The h—l I can't," replied the physician. "All right, sir," rejoined the janitor; "pass right in."

A SMART LAWYER AND A STUPID JUDGE.

James T. Brown, of Indiana, a smart lawyer, was once employed to defend a case in the Circuit Court of that State. The judge was not very learned in technicalities, knew but little Latin, and much less Greek. The jury were ordinary farmers. After the plaintiff's counsel had opened the case, Brown rose and spoke for two hours in a very flowery and eloquent manner, repeating Latin and Greek, and using all the technicalities he could think of. The jury sat and eyed him with their mouths wide open, the judge looked on with amazement, and the lawyers laughed aloud. Brown closed. To the jury and court the whole argument was as clear as mud. The case was sub-

mitted to them without one word of reply, and their verdict, without leaving the box, was against Brown.

In the morning Brown appeared in court, and, bowing politely to the judge, made a motion for a new trial:

"May it please your honor, I humbly rise this morning to move for a new trial; not on my own account, for I richly deserve the verdict, but on behalf of my client, who is an innocent party in this matter. On yesterday I gave wing to my imagination and rose above the stars in a blaze of glory. I saw at the time that it was all Greek and turkey tracks to you and the jury. This morning I feel humble, and I promise the court, if it will grant me a new trial, that I will try to bring myself down to the comprehension of the court and jury."

The Judge. "Motion overruled, and a fine of five dollars imposed upon Mr. Brown for contempt of court."

"For what?"

"For insinuating that the court don't know Latin and Greek from turkey tracks."

"I shall not appeal from that decision; your honor has comprehended me this time."

JUMPING AT A CONCLUSION.

A most amusing scene occurred in a case in one of the Western courts. It was up for argument on a question of law reserved.

The judge was dead set against the defendant and insisted that he understood the question in controversy and the legal points arising out of it.

Defendant's attorney endeavored to explain to the court wherein it was mistaken.

"If your hono please, that is not the point in question," said the attorney.

"The court thinks otherwise."

"But," said the attorney, somewhat excitedly, "I say your honor lies — " and here he was suddenly cut short by the judge.

"What do you say, sir! do you mean to insinuate the court lies?" sharply and quickly rapped his honor.

"No, I beg pardon, if the court so understood it. What I was about to say, when interrupted by your honor, and what I now say in the presence of the court is: 'That your honor lies' — and taking a long breath and coughing slightly, 'under a mistake.'"

This was a satisfactory explanation, and the court and audience enjoyed the scene with considerable merriment, and the case proceeded without further interruption.

EXPOSING A QUACK.

The late David Paul Brown, an eminent attorney of the Philadelphia bar, used to tell a very funny story:

A quack had instituted suit to recover his bill for medical services rendered. The defence was quackery and worthlessness of the services rendered. The doctor went upon the witness stand and was subjected to a rigid cross-examination as follows:

"Did you treat the patient according to the most approved rules of surgery?"

"By all means — certainly I did."

"Did you decapitate him?"

"Undoubtedly I did; that was a matter of course."

"Did you perform the Cæsarean Operation upon him?"

"Why, of course; his condition required it, and it was attended with very great success."

"Did you then subject his person to autopsy?"

"Certainly; that was the very last remedy I adopted."

"Well, then, doctor," said the counsel, "as you first cut off the defendant's head, then dissected him, and he still survives it, I have no more to ask; and if your claim will survive it, quackery deserves to be immortal."

GIVING THE PRECISE WORDS.

A witness was examined before a judge, in a case, who required him to repeat the *precise* words spoken. The witness hesitated until he riveted the attention of the entire court upon him, then, fixing his eyes earnestly on the judge, began:

"May it please your honor, you lie and steal, and get your living by stealing."

The face of the judge reddened, and he immediately said:

"Turn to the *jury*, sir."

SMITH *vs.* BROWN.

PLAINTIFF'S ATTORNEY WAS PLAYING POKER.

At a court in ———, Kentucky, the case of Smith *vs.* Brown was called up.

"Who's for the plaintiff?" inquired the judge, impatiently.

"May it please the court," said a rising member of the legal fraternity, "Pilkins is for the plaintiff; but I left him just now over in the tavern playing a game of *poker*. He's got a sucker there, and he is sure to skin him if he only

has time. He's got the thing all set to ring a cold deck, in which case he'll deal himself four aces and his opponent four queens; so that your honor will perceive he must rake the persimmons."

"Dear me!" said the judge, with a sigh; "that's too bad! It happens at a very unfortunate time; I am very anxious to get on with these cases."

A brown study followed, and at length a happy idea struck the judge.

"Bill," said he, addressing the friend of the absent Pilkins who had spoken, "you understand *poker* about as well as Pilkins. Suppose you go over and play his hand."

Not long ago, in the Court of Appeals, an Irish lawyer, while arguing with earnestness his cause, stated a point which the court ruled out.

"Well," said the attorney, "if it plaze the coort, if I am wrong in this, I have another point that is aqually as conclusive."

AN IRISHMAN'S PLEA.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk of the Criminal Court, to an Irish prisoner.

"An' sure," said Pat, "what are yees there for, but to foind that out?"

BAR-BAROUS WIT.

The bar is noted for its wit; but it is not always that the best things are said before the bar. A poor fellow, in his examination the other day, was asked if he had not been in that court before, and what for? (He had been up for body stealing.) "It was for nothin' at all," said

the humorist, "honly rescuing a feller cretur from the grave."

WHICH END?

A judge, pointing with his cane to a prisoner before him, remarked: "There is a great rogue at the end of this stick." The man replied: "At which end, your honor?"

AN IRISHMAN'S PLEA.

At the last term of our court, two prisoners, both Irishmen, were brought up on a charge of larceny. One of them pleaded guilty, but the other preferred to take his chance. The judge asked him if he had counsel, and finding that he had not, he assigned him a lawyer, Mr. Coons, a young gentleman not so remarkable for brains as for hair and gold buttons. The young lawyer rose to present the case of his new client; looked first at the prisoner, then at the judge, and then all over the court-house, but never a word could he find to utter. He was stuck!

The prisoner broke the silence. "Be jabers! your honor," said Pat, "if you can't do any better for me than that, I may as well plade guilty too!" which he did forthwith.

YOU WON'T STRIKE A MAN WHEN HE'S DOWN, ETC.

Curran, the Irish barrister, was a man of great magnetic force. His oratorical powers were of the most splendid style, and his wit, pathos, and sarcasm irresistible. He is said to have received a call before he had left his bed one morning, from a man whom he had roughly, and with a good deal of insolence, cross-examined the day before.

"Sir," said this irate man, presenting himself in Curran's bedroom, and arousing the barrister from slumber to a consciousness that he was in a very awkward position, "I am the gentleman you insulted yesterday in court, in the presence of the whole county, and I have come to thrash you soundly for it." Thus suiting the action to the word, he raised a horsewhip to strike Curran, when the latter quickly said:

"You don't mean to strike a man when he's down.

"No, bedad; I'll jist wait till you've got out of bed, and then I will give it to you."

Curran's eye twinkled humorously as he replied:

"If that's the case, by ——— I'll lie here all day."

So amused was the Irishman at this flash of wit, that he dropped his whip, and with a hearty roar of laughter, asked Curran to shake hands with him.

His wit, at times, was extremely bitter, as when asked by a young poet, whom he disliked:

"Have you seen my 'Descent into Hell?'" he replied:

"No; I should be delighted to see it."

At other times his humor was warm and delightful, as for example, when his physician one morning observed:

"You seem to cough with more difficulty!" he replied:

"That is rather surprising, for I have been practicing all night."

HUMOR OF A JUDGE.

It is related of the late Judge P—— of Massachusetts that he was very careless about himself and his dress. His friend Harrison G. Otis was just the reverse, exceedingly neat and genteel in his dress and graceful and kind in his demeanor. Meeting the judge one day, he said:

"Judge, how often do you change your linen in a week?"

"Once," was the reply.

"Well, you must be very dirty."

"How often do you change?" said the judge.

"Every day."

"Then you must be more dirty, to require a change so often."

A LAWYER'S FEE.

A story is told at the expense of a legal gentleman who was formerly well known in Norwich, Conn., who now lives in Oshkosh. One Smith had failed in business and sold out, and having two or three tough little bills, had given them to this lawyer for collection. Smith went to the office to receive the proceeds. The amount collected was about fifty dollars. "I'm sorry you've been so unfortunate, Smith, for I take a great interest in you. I sha'n't charge you so much as I should if I didn't feel so much interest in you." Here he handed Smith fifteen dollars, and kept the balance. "You see, Smith, I knew you when you were a boy, and I knew your father before you, and I take a good deal of interest in you. Good morning; come and see me again!" Smith, moving slowly out of the door, and ruefully contemplating the avails, was heard to mutter, "Thank God, you didn't know my grandfather."

AS INNOCENT AS A SUCKIN' BABE.

An Irishman being recently on trial for some offense, pleaded "not guilty;" and, the jury being in the box, the State's solicitor proceeded to call Mr. Furkisson as a

witness. With the utmost innocence, Patrick turned his face to the court, and said: "Do I understand yer honor that Mr. Furkisson is to be a witness forenenst me again?" The judge said dryly, "It seems so." "Well thin, yer honor, I plade guilty, sure, and yer honor plaze, not because I *am* guilty, for I'm as innocent as yer honor's suckin' babe at the brist, but jist on the account of saving Misther Furkisson's *soul*."

HOG AND BACON.

Lord Bacon as a wit, a lawyer, a judge and philosopher, will be remembered through the ages to come, down to the last syllable of recorded time. His life with all its accomplishments is marred with unpleasant scenes. Much humor is traced to him as its source. Perhaps the most amusing thing occurred in the case of the criminal Hogg, convicted of a felony, who begged his honor not to pass sentence of death upon him, because hog and bacon were so near akin to each other; to which he replied:

"My friend, you and I cannot be kindred unless you be hanged, for hog is not *bacon* until it is hung." And then sentence was passed upon him.

COULDN'T TELL TILL HE HEARD THE EVIDENCE.

Some years ago an Irishman was arrested and brought before a New York judge upon the charge of assault and battery. He listened very attentively while the indictment was being read, and when that was ended, was asked if he demanded a trial.

Pat, putting his hand to his ear, and leaning forward in utter ignorance of what had been asked him, said:

"What's that?"

The question was repeated, and his reply was: "The divil a thrial I want. Ye needn't give yourself the throuble of thryin' me; you may as well save the expense of that and put me down innocent. Contint am I to lave this wid my blessin' on ye; indade, I'm anxious, for me boss is waitin' for me beyant. Oh, no, no! the divil a thrial I want at all, at all!"

When the laughter in the court-room subsided, the question was changed, and the prisoner was asked:

"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"What's that?" he said, leaning forward again with his hand to his ear, as if he hadn't heard the question.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" said the judge.

"Arrah, now, your honor, how the divil can I tell till I hear the evidence?"

SAID NO SUCH THING.

The following anecdote is submitted to professional gentlemen who give evidence before coroner's juries: A witness for the prosecution in a murder case was thus questioned by his honor: "You say you saw the man shot at and killed?" "Yes, sir." "You said, I think, that the charge struck the deceased on his body between the diaphragm and the duodenum?" Witness. "No, sir; I didn't say no sich thing. I said he was shot between the hog-pen and the wood-house."

A BRIGHT IDEA.

Some years ago, in one of our Western courts, three men, an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman, were found guilty of murder, and sentenced to be hung. The

judge told them they could each choose the tree on which they would like to be strung up. The Scotchman promptly chose an ash tree, and the Englishman an oak tree. "Well, Pat, what will you be hung on?" "If it plaze your honor, I'd rather be hung on a gooseberry bush." "Oh," said the judge, "that's not big enough." "Begorry thin," replied Pat, brightening up, "I'll wait till it grows."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Judge (to intelligent juryman). "Would you convict a man on circumstantial evidence?" "I dunno wot dat is, jedge." "Well, what do you think it is?" "Well, 'cordin' to my judgment, sarcumstanshil is 'bout dis: Ef one man shoots annudder and kills him, he orter to be hung for it. Ef he don't kill him, he orter go to the plenipotentiary."

A PENNSYLVANIA BULL.

Mr. W——, an attorney, many years ago lived in a "backwoods" county of Pennsylvania. He was a genuine Irishman and as good-hearted a soul as ever landed from the "ould sod."

He was possessed of very little learning, and always went about business in a way peculiarly his own. A client of his had executed a bond, endorsed by some trick or fraud, for which he had received no consideration; and on reflection, having become alarmed, applied to Mr. W. for advice. Mr. W. examined the records, and finding that no judgment had been entered on the bond, suspected that the party to whom the bond had been given would not enter judgment until the court had adjourned, and the

judge had gone to another county, when he might enter judgment, issue execution, make the money, and pocket it before the defendant could obtain relief.

Mr. W. determined to head the villain, and accordingly prepared a motion, and an affidavit of the facts to support it, and coming into court in a great hurry, said:

"May it plaze yer honors, I jest want to move the co-r-r-rt to strike off a judgment that hasn't been entered at all, at all."

The judge said to him very pleasantly, "I think you are a little too premature, Mr. W——. Hadn't you better wait till the judgment is entered?"

"And may it plaze the co-r-r-rt," said W., "I'm jest fearin' they'll never enter it, and that's why I want it struck off."

VERY OBTUSE WITNESS.

Thackeray has been police reporting for the London *Diogenes*. Here is a sample:

Pat Fogarty went all the way from Manchester to London to thrash Mick Fitzpatrick, which he did, winding up the performance with the assistance of an "awful horse-shoe." He was detected and brought before Mr. Justice Simpleman. A part of the examination is annexed:

Court. "Well, sir, you came here from Manchester did you?"

Pat. "Your honor has answered correct."

Court. "You see the complainant's head; it was cut by a sharp instrument. Do you know what cut it?"

Pat. "Ain't your honor afther sayin' that a sharp instrument did?"

Court (becoming restive). "I see you mean to equivo-

cate. Now, sir, you cut that head; you came here to cut it, did you not? Now, sir, what motive brought you to London?"

Pat. "The locomotive, yer honor."

Court (waxing warm). "Equivocating again, you scoundrel!" (Raising up the horseshoe, and holding it before Pat), "Do you see this horseshoe, sir?"

Pat. "Is it a horseshoe, yer honor?"

Court. "Don't you see it is, sir? Are you blind? Can you not tell at once that it is a horseshoe?"

Pat. "Bedad, no, yer honor."

Court (angrily). "No?"

Pat. "No, yer honor; but can yerself tell?"

Court. "Of course I can, you stupid Irishman."

Pat (soliloquizing aloud). "Oh, glory be to goodness, see what education is, yer honor! Sure, a poor, ignorant creature like myself wouldn't know a horseshoe from a mare's."

When a Kentucky judge, some years ago, was asked by an attorney, upon some strange ruling:

"Is that law, your honor?" he replied:

"If the court understand herself, and she think he do, it are!"

"I say, Jim," said a creditor to a bankrupt the other day, "what'll you pay?"

"Wall, I'm going to pay fifty cents on the dollar if I have to pay it out of my own pocket."

THE STATE IS DRUNK.

A few years ago, the State's attorney of a northern county in Vermont, although a man of great legal ability,

was very fond of the bottle. On one occasion, an important criminal case was called on by the clerk, but the attorney, with owl-like gravity, kept his chair. "Mr. Attorney, is the State ready to proceed?" said the judge. "Yes — hic — no — your honor," stammered the lawyer; "the State is not — in a state to try this case, to-day; the State, your honor, is — drunk!"

DECORUM IN THE NEVADA COURTS.

The deference usually accorded to judicial dignitaries in the older sections of the country was not conspicuous in the early days of Nevada, judging from a scene that occurred in one of the lively towns of that region, related to us by one of the pillars of the Nevada bar.

On one occasion, court having been formally opened, counsel in the first case called took exceptions to the ruling of the court on a certain point, and a dispute arose.

"If the court please, I wish to refer to this book a moment," picking up a law-book.

"No use referring to any books; I've decided the p'int," responded the court.

"But your honor———."

"Now I don't want to hear anything further on the subject. I tell you I've decided the p'int."

"I tell you you are wrong," retorted the counsel.

"I am right," reiterated the court.

"I say you ain't," persisted the counsel.

"Crier!" yelled the judge, "I adjourn this court for ten minutes."

And, jumping from the bench, he pitched into the counsel, and, after a lively little fight, placed him *hors du com-*

bat, after which business was resumed. But soon another misunderstanding arose.

"Crier!" said the court, "we will adjourn this time for twenty minutes."

And he was about taking off his coat, when the counsel said:

"Never mind, judge; keep your seat. The p'int is yielded. My thumb's out o' j'int, and I've sprained my shoulder."

The court resumed her ermine.

REMOVING THE STATE CAPITAL.

One of the most amusing scenes in the Pennsylvania Legislature occurred on a motion to remove the State capital from Harrisburg to Philadelphia. A matter of fact member from the rural districts, who had heard of the great facility with which brick houses are moved from one part of a city to another, and who had not the least objection to the removal, rose and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I have no objection to the motion, but I don't see how on airth you are going to git it over the river."

A petrified negro has been found in an undertaker's garret at Roanoke, Miss. It is thought that he undertook the study of law and became absorbed in Blackstone.

THAT'S WHY HE MEASURED IT.

In a recent case for an assault the witness was asked by the counsel:

"How far were you from the parties, sir, when the assault occurred?"

"*Four feet five inches and a half.*"

"Ah?" fiercely demanded the lawyer, "how'd you come to be so very exact as to the distance?"

"Well, because I thought some confounded fool would ask me, and so I measured it."

This shot from the camp of the enemy stopped the further examination of the witness, and so he was dismissed amidst a burst of laughter that fairly made the old court-house shake.

Biddy (*to Pat, in charge about a difficulty*). "Never fear, Pat! Shure y'ave got an upright jidge to thry ye!"

Pat. "Ah, Biddy, darlin', the divil an upright jidge I want! 'Tis wan that'll *lane* a little!"

WOULD RATHER BE AN ASS.

A judge and a joking lawyer were conversing about the doctrine of transmigration of the souls of men into animals.

"Now," said the judge, "suppose you and I were turned into a horse and an ass, which would you prefer to be?"

"The ass, to be sure," replied the lawyer.

"Why?" asked the judge.

"Because I have heard of an ass being a judge, but a horse never."

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

Several years ago there was such a tremendous freshet on the Illinois River that it was for a long time referred to as the "flood!"

During a law-suit in Peoria, an old man named Adam,

living in a little hamlet on the river known as Paradise, was examined as a witness.

"What is your name?" was the first question asked him.

"Adam, sir," said he.

"Your name is Adam, is it? Well, where do you live?"

"In Paradise, sir."

"Oh, your name is Adam, and you live in Paradise, do you? How long have you lived there?"

"Ever since the flood, sir," replied the simple old man, whose words were drowned in a roar of laughter, in which the court, jury, and spectators all heartily joined.

DISPUTING THE LEGAL EXISTENCE OF A COURT.

It has been well remarked by a distinguished historian, "For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, the Heathen Chinee is peculiar," and this wise aphorism must be truthfully applied to the average California attorney. The latter mentioned individual is wont to walk in ways that are dark, whether it be hanging around the city prison and "heeling the peelers" in order that they may gobble up all the paying drunks and enjoy a monopoly of the business of the police court, or whether it be in serving summons in divorce suits upon fictitious wives and employing a retinue of professional swearers to rush their cases through the courts and insure the payment of a fat contingent fee. Now and then, however, as meteors are sometimes seen to flash across the sky, a young attorney, with ambition in his soul, will blaze across the legal firmament, and by a brilliant stroke of genius will create consternation in the minds of judges and spectators. A case

in which one of this class figured occurred in the Municipal Criminal Court last week. Mr. Blank, a young attorney of the last mentioned class, appeared as counsel for a villainous-looking Chinaman who was called to receive sentence on his conviction on a charge of grand larceny. Ah Shook was told to stand up, and the judge gazed upon him with an eye in which there was a varied assortment of stern justice and commiseration. Mr. Blank slowly rose from his chair, ran his bony fingers through his raven locks, and, extending his right arm in a dignified and authoritative manner, signified his intention of making a little speech.

"I propose," said Mr. Blank, waving his hand at the assembled spectators with rare self-possession, "I propose to contest the authority of this court in the matter of the People of the State of California *versus* my worthy and innocent client, Ah Shook; I propose, may it please your honor — I propose to establish the fact that this court has no authority and no legal existence, and that all its acts since its assumed organization have been null and void and *non compos mentis*."

"Hold on, young man!" exclaimed the court, with a depreciatory motion of the judicial hand, "that game won't play here worth a cent. While this court has the deal, the per centage remains in its favor, and you needn't think you can hog the game or bust the bank. May be you think you're playing it smart, but this court has had its eye-teeth filed and sand-papered long ago, and all traces of vegetation have been carefully extirpated from its opticular organs."

"May it please your honor," responded Mr. Blank, "I have a long line of authorities to present. 'Here, James,

bring in the documents.'" At these words several little boys entered the court-room, bearing about fifty ponderous tomes.

"Now, your honor," continued Mr. Blank, "I move that the defendant be discharged on the ground that the court has no legal existence."

The court adjusted its spectacles and remarked gravely: "Young feller, there are times when patience ceases to be a virtue."

At this juncture the deputy-sheriff stood behind the attorney, ready and willing to take him by the collar and throw him down stairs; the clerk, in an abstracted manner, laid his hand upon a heavy glass inkstand, and the porter stood at the door with a large sized broom in his hand.

"My friend," continued the court, mildly, "it is now Autumn, when the cottonwoods shed their leaves and nothing is green but the evergreen. But you make a — ahem — a condemned mistake when you take me for an evergreen. In all the experience of this court it has never happened that an attorney was fool enough to request the court to legislate itself out of office, and out of the perquisites and emoluments pertaining to the same. This court was at first disposed to deal leniently with this depraved heathen; but in order to vindicate its authority, it imposes a sentence upon your client of four years in the State prison. As for your authorities, you may go to — ahem — to the Supreme Court or anywhere else with them. This court stands upon its dignity, sir, and if it did not respect your poverty it would impose a fine of $1.50 upon you for contempt; but the court is magnanimous, sir. You may take your hand off his collar, Mr. Sheriff. The court now adjourns for refreshments."

The lawyer was seen half an hour later loading up an express wagon with his authorities.

A judge in Indiana threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of court. "I have expressed no contempt for the court," said the lawyer; "on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings."

SQUELCHING A LEGAL BULLY.

The following is old, and if it has been in print, it will bear printing again:

There was, five and twenty years ago, an attorney named Boonton. Had he been on the frontier he would have been either a blood-letter or an arrant coward; but here he was simply a noisy, coarse-grained bully; and his chief delight was to badger and bully witnesses of the opposing counsel on the stand.

One day a horse case was on trial, in which Boonton was for the defendant.

By-and-by counsel for the plaintiff called a witness who was supposed to be something of a horse-doctor.

He was a middle-aged, easy, good-natured man, clad in homespun, whose bronzed brow and hard hands betokened sweat and toil.

His testimony, which was clear, simple, and direct, made things look dark for the defendant, and when Boonton got hold of him, he proceeded to *cross*-question him in his usual brutal manner.

Said cross-examination wound up rather abruptly, as follows:

"Well, now," demanded the counsel, with a tomahawk-

like flourish, "what do you know about a horse, anyway? Do you really profess to be a *horse-doctor?*"

"No, sir, not exactly. I don't profess to be a horse-doctor, but I know a good deal about the nater of the beast."

"That is," cried Boonton, glaring first at the witness, and then smiling at the jury, nodding graciously at the court, and sweeping a triumphant glance over the audience, "that is to say, sir, you know a horse from a jackass when you see them?"

"Ah — ya-as — jes' so," returned the witness, with imperturbable good humor and gravity — "*between the two beasts I should never take* YOU *for the horse.*"

For once in his life, at least, the bully was effectually squelched, and amid the wild roar which followed he threw himself into his seat, and allowed the witness to leave the stand.

A WARM REJOINDER.

Some years ago up in Connecticut, a long, lean Yankee dropped into the old Franklin hotel. The weather was cold, and a knot of lawyers were in the bar-room sitting around the fire, smoking, drinking, and chatting.

A young sprig spoke to him and said:

"You look like a traveler."

"Wall, I 'spose I am; I come from Wisconsin afoot, 'tany rate."

"From Wisconsin! that is quite a distance to come on one pair of legs. I say, did you ever pass through the 'lower regions' in your travels?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, a kind of wicked look stealing over his ugly phizmahogany, "I 'ben through the outskirts."

"I thought it likely. Well, what is it like down there?"

"Oh," said the Yankee, deliberately, half shutting his eyes, and drawing around the corner of his mouth, "you'll find it much the same as in this region — *the lawyers sit nighest the fire.*"

"I wish to ask the court," said a facetious lawyer, who had been called to the witness stand to testify as an expert, "if I am compelled to come into this case, in which I have no personal interest, and give a legal opinion for another?"

"Yes, yes, certainly," replied the mild-mannered judge, "give it for what it is worth."

AN AVERAGE JUROR.

Questions alternately by the court, the State's attorney, and the defense, as usually answered by an "intelligent juror."

"Are you opposed to capital punishment?"

"Oh, yes — yes, sir."

"If you were on a jury, then, where a man was being tried for his life, you wouldn't agree to a verdict to hang him?"

"Yes, sir — yes, I would."

"Have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Your mind, then, is made up?"

"Oh, no — no, it ain't."

"Have you any bias for or against the prisoner?"

"Yes, I think I have."

"Are you prejudiced?"

"Oh, no, not a bit."

"Have you ever heard of this case?"

"I think I have."

"Would you decide, if on the jury, according to the evidence or mere rumor?"

"Mere rumor."

"Perhaps you don't understand; would you decide according to evidence?"

"Evidence."

"If it was in your power to do so, would you change the law of capital punishment or let it stand?"

"Let it stand."

The court: "Would you let it stand or change it?"

"Change it."

"Now, which would you do?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Are you a freeholder?"

"Yes — sir, oh yes."

"Do you own a house and land, or rent?"

"Neither — I'm a boarder."

"Have you formed an opinion?"

"No, sir."

"Have you expressed an opinion?"

"Think I have."

The court. "Gentlemen, I think the juror is competent. It is very evident he has never formed or expressed an opinion on the subject."

"What would be your notion of absent-mindedness?" asked Rufus Choate of a witness whom he was cross-examining. "Well," said the witness, with a strong Yankee accent, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch to hum, and took it out'n 'is pocket

to see if he'd time to go hum and get it, was a *leetle* absent-minded."

A LAW REPORT IN RHYME.

Two cousins claimed an account, each against the other, and litigated very spiritedly. The case was reported as "Owen Kerr *vs.* Owen Kerr." While this trial was in progress, a prominent member of the bar, possessing a decided poetical turn of mind, composed the following lines on the true merits of the case, which are too good to be lost, though not legitimately belonging to the regular "law report:"

OWEN KERR *VS.* OWEN KERR.

If the strife in this case is extremely perverse,
'Tis because 'tis between a couple of "Kerrs,"
Each Owen is Owen — but here lies the bother —
To determine which Owen is owin' the other.
Each Owen swears Owen to Owen is owin',
And each alike certain, dog-matic and knowin'.
But 'tis hoped that the jury will not be deterred
From finding which "Kerr" the true debt has incurred;
Thus settling which Owen by owin' has failed,
And that justice 'twixt curs has not been curtailed.

A negro witness in a trial the other day was asked what he was doing in a certain liquor shop at a certain time. He explained that he had gone there to "change his breff." The explanation was accepted.

CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

Attorney Generals have curious law questions submitted for answers. *Vide* the following from a State not very far distant:

To the Attorney General:

Dear Sur — Please releave a perplexed colecktor:

1. If a man is assessed for a dog and won't pay it, what shall I do?

2. If the dog dies after it is assessed and before it is payable, must I collect it?

3. If a man is assessed for a dog who never had a dog, how shall I get rid of it?

Every good citizen will regret to hear that the subordinates made fun of it, and sent back the following unseemly reply:

1. Make the dog pay it.

2. Yes, unless it is too far gone.

3. Tie a tin pan to its tail.

An Irishman was brought before a justice of the peace on a charge of vagrancy, and was thus questioned:

"What trade are you?" "Shure, now, your honor, an' I'm a sailor." "You a seafaring man? I question whether you have ever been to sea in your life." "Shure, now, an' does your honor think I come over from Ireland in a wagin?"

A negro being asked what he was in jail for, said it was for borrowing money. "But," said the questioner, "they don't put people in jail for borrowing money." "Yes," said the darkey; "but I had to knock the man down free or fo' times before he would lend it to me."

A CLASSICAL JUDGE.

The late Judge Thayer, of Iowa, was a man of whom many good stories are told. His classical education was

sadly neglected. He was very severe upon prisoners, and generally gave them the full penalty of the law. One time he was holding court, and a man named Were was on trial for murder. The name in the indictment was written Wear, and a motion was made to quash the indictment on that account. The prosecuting attorney objected, and read the law of *Idem sonans* (similar sound) as applicable to the case. The judge, somewhat impatient at the delay, cried out:

"Exactly, sir — exactly — just so — just so. The counsel will proceed to trial. The law of *Sonans tonans* applies to this case!"

PADDY'S ALIBI.

In the Court of Quarter Sessions of Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, a few years ago, a party of five unfortunate Hibernians were on trial, charged with riot and assault, with intent to kill. The circumstances of the affair were of an aggravated character, and the interest felt in the case by the friends of the accused was great. The Commonwealth had made out a strong case, and rested. The defense was an *alibi.*

By the showing of the prosecution the riot commenced after ten o'clock at night. One of the witnesses for the defense, Patrick, testified that Dennis, one of the accused, was at home and in bed with him, before eight o'clock on the evening of the affray, and never left it until the row was over — a rather improbable story of two Irishmen within sound of a "nate little bit of a fight."

"How do you know that it was before eight o'clock?" asked the attorney for the State.

"Sure we had a clock in the house," promptly replied Pat.

"And did the clock strike eight after Dennis came in?" inquired the attorney.

"Well no; the clock wasn't shtriking at that time," said Pat.

"Ah! and what was the matter with the clock?" asked the attorney.

"It was out of order and not going for a few days," replied the witness.

"Then, if the clock was not going, how do you know that Dennis was in before eight o'clock?"

"*Well, I know that he was in before the time when the clock used to be shtriking eight when it did shtrike!*" triumphantly answered Patrick.

This was a clincher; poor Dennis was convicted — a victim of unfortunate circumstances, one of which was the ownership of a clock that didn't "*shtrike*" while the jury was satisfied that the owner did.

COLONEL SPENCER'S "SPOONS."

It is told of Colonel Charles Spencer, counselor at law, that some years ago he had to defend one Marshall, charged with larceny, and against whom there was very strong evidence. Before the trial Spencer went to his client and told him that his only chance of escape was in a plea of insanity, and he advised him to play the lunatic, and to answer all questions put to him with the word "spoons." The day of the trial came on, and Marshall took his place in the dock, pale, haggard and wild-looking.

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk.

"Spoons!" drawled the prisoner, with a blank stare.

"Come, plead guilty or not guilty," repeated the clerk.

"Spoons!" was the only reply.

"Prisoner, will you answer the question put to you, or do you want to be punished for contempt?" asked the judge.

"Spoons," bawled the prisoner, still unmoved.

At this point the counsel for the prisoner interfered, and told the court that his client was not in a condition to be put on trial, as he was evidently not responsible for his actions, and it was an outrage on a free citizen, etc.

"Do you understand what is said?" asked the judge, addressing the prisoner.

"Spoons," was his reply, in accents wild.

It was evident that the man was crazy, and the judge ordered him discharged. He was taken charge of by his friends, who were present, and left the court with them. Counselor Spencer followed them, and, congratulating him on his escape, suggested that it might be a good idea to pay him his fee. His client stared at him with blank amazement, and moved away with the simple remark, "Spoons."

WANTED TO GET OFF THE JURY.

Some years ago an amusing and laughable scene occurred before Judge Oakey, of New York.

Counsel were about to proceed to open a case to a jury, when one of the jurymen got up and said:

"If your honor please, I'd like to get off the jury."

"You can't get off without a good excuse."

"I have a good reason."

"You must tell it, or serve," said the judge.

"But, your honor, I don't believe the other jurors would care to have me serve."

"Why not? out with it!"

"Well —" (hesitating).

"Go on!"

"I've got the itch."

"Mr. Clerk," was the witty reply, "scratch that man out." It is needless to say that this was one of the most mirth-provoking scenes that ever occurred in the court-room.

— ——

"BUMP *vs.* BAKER."

At the last term of the Court of Common Pleas of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, there happened to be upon the docket a case of "Bump against Baker." When Judge Beer reached this case upon the first call there was no answer, and the judge called out to the attorney for the plaintiff:

"Mr. J——, 'Bump against Baker.'"

Mr. J——, who had not been paying strict attention, and evidently not comprehending the situation, looked up and said:

"*Bump against him yourself*," at which the court and bar took a good laugh at *his* expense.

———

AN INTELLIGENT JUDGE — PRICE OF A COW'S TAIL.

A correspondent writing from Glenville, Kentucky, gives the following particulars of a remarkable law suit:

In my last I promised to give you the particulars of the Hadley-Turner cow trial. There was some trouble in procuring a jury, as the parties could agree on no number less than twelve, but our indefatigable constable soon succeeded in getting the requisite number, and the trial commenced.

It seems that Turner's dog had bitten off Hadley's cow's tail, and there was a conflict in the testimony as to whether the dog was acting on his own free will or whether he was obeying the commands of his master. The jury would have been troubled to make a verdict had it not been for the very explicit instructions of his honor, the court. I regret that I can not give you a *verbatim* copy of the instructions; as it is, I can only report from a very treacherous memory.

1. The court instructs the jury that if they believe from the evidence beyond the influence of a reasonable doubt, plaintiff's cow's tail was bitten off by defendant's dog, they should find for the plaintiff and assess his damage at such sum as they think the tail was proven to be reasonably worth, not to exceed the amount in the petition.

2. The court further instructs the jury that if they believe from the evidence that the dog was acting on his own responsibility, and not under the control of the defendant, then the case partakes naturally of the nature of a proceeding *in-rem*, and they must find for the defendant and against the dog.

3. The court, at the instance of defendant's attorney, further instructs the jury that a cow knoweth not the value of a tail until she loses it, and, in assessing the damages, they have a right to take into consideration all the facts and circumstances in the case; the disadvantages as well as the advantages of a cow's tail; the value to the cow; the information gained by the loss of the tail, and deduct said sum from the total assessment.

The jury retired, and returned with a verdict in these words: "We, the jury, find for the plaintiff one dollar and fifty cents. SAM POTTS, *Foreman.*"

WORKED ON THE FARM EVER SINCE HE WAS BORN.

A woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore "that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born."

The lawyer who cross-examined her, said:

"You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born?"

"I do."

"What did he do the first year?"

"*He milked.*"

The lawyer evaporated.

An irritable and obstinate judge gave great offence to Mr. H———, by refusing attention to his argument, upon which the lawyer, turning to a friend, observed rather sharply:

"That judge has every quality of a jackass — except patience."

HUMORS OF THE SCAFFOLD.

An Irishman had been convicted of a robbery at the Old Bailey Sessions, London, England, for which he was brought up with others, to receive judgment of death.

The prisoner, on being called on by the officer of the court, in the usual way, to declare what he had to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, advanced to the front of the dock, with a vacant stare, and inquired:

"What was the question?"

"You have been convicted of robbery. What have you to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you according to law?"

"Faith," answered the prisoner, "I have nothing much to say, except that I do not think I am safe in your hands."

The court laughed; sentence was passed, and the prisoner was about to retire, when the officer of the court called him back and demanded to know his age.

"My age you mane?"

"What is your age?"

"I believe I am pretty well as ould as ever I'll be."

Again the whole court was convulsed with laughter; but the wretched man whose mirth-provoking powers were quite involuntary, was doomed even at the scaffold to "set the people in a roar." In the press-room his irons were removed, and his arms confined with cords. This being done, he seated himself, and in spite of the calls of Jack Ketch, and of the sheriffs, to accompany them in the procession to the scaffold, he remained sullenly on the bench where he had taken up his position.

"Come," at last urged the hangman, "the time has arrived."

But the Irishman would not move.

"The officers are waiting for you," said the sheriff. "Can anything be done for you before you quit this world?"

No answer was returned. Jack Ketch grew surly.

"If you won't go, I must carry you," he said.

"Then you may," said the prisoner, "for I'll not walk."

"Why not?" inquired a sheriff.

"I'll not be instrumental to my own death," replied the prisoner.

"What do you mean?" asked the ordinary.

"What do I mane?" retorted the hapless man; "I mane that I'll not walk to my own destruction."

And in this determination he persisted, and was carried to the scaffold, where he was turned off, refusing to do anything which might be construed into his being a party to his own death.

"All the judges of the United States courts follow the Pennsylvania decisions as a beacon," said Mr. ———, addressing the court.

"Well, then, it's no wonder," said the court, "that they are so often *wrecked* or *run ashore*."

A GOOD ONE ON THE BENCH.

One of the most amusing anecdotes ever related of the legal profession, was published in the "Editor's Drawer" of *Harper's Magazine*, many years ago. It comes from the interior of the Keystone State, and is told as follows:

"Wiggins is an Irish lawyer at our bar, an honest fellow, as all lawyers are (!!!); and Prince is the prince of jokers, and another of our set. They met as usual at the Supreme Court. Wiggins had argued a case very much to his own satisfaction, in the course of his argument addressing the court as *gentlemen*, instead of using the customary form, 'your honors.'

"After adjournment, Prince took Wiggins aside and said: 'You made a great mistake in your remarks, in addressing the court as *gentlemen;* the chief justice was very much offended, and you had better apologize for it in the morning, or your case will suffer.' Wiggins determined to make the matter all right. At the opening next morning, he rose and said:

"'May it please the court, I rise to beg your honors' pardon for a blunder of mine, committed yesterday. In the heat of debate I so far forgot myself as to call your honors *gentlemen.* I will endeavor not to make the mistake again.'

"The gravity of the bench was overset, and court, bar, and audience applauded the Irishman."

AN ATTEMPT TO PROVE AN ALIBI.

The following took place in an attempt to prove an alibi:

Attorney S. "You say that Ellis plowed for you all day on the 29th of November?"

Witness (referring to his book). "Yes."

S. "What did he do on the 30th?"

W. "He chopped wood."

S. "On the 31st?"

W. "That was Sunday, and he went a squirrel hunting."

S. "What did he do on the 32d?"

W. "He threshed the wheat on that day."

S. "What did he do on the 33d?"

W. "It was raining, and he shaved out some handles."

S. "What did he do on the 34th?"

W. "He chopped wood."

S. "What did he do on the ——."

But before the question could be finished, the witness' wife seized him by the collar and whisked him outside of the witness box, yelling in his affrighted ear, "You old fool! don't you know that there are only *thirty-one* days in the month of November?"

HUMOR OF JUDGE UNDERWOOD.

Judge Underwood, of Georgia, was one of the happiest men of his time, and ever ready for any thing that savors of the humorous.

"Don't you think," said an attorney to the judge, "that Jim Pearson is the greatest liar of a lawyer that you ever saw?"

"I should be sorry to say that of Brother Pearson," replied his honor, "*but he certainly wrestles harder with the truth than any other lawyer* on the circuit."

Another good one is told of the judge: He was once on his way, by rail, from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and the passengers were considering what hotels they should go to on their arrival. One of the party said:

"Let's go to Lloyd's; he's a Know Nothing."

"Oh," said the judge, "I shall stop at Thompson's; *he knows little enough for me.*"

RUFUS CHOATE SILENCED.

Mr. Choate rarely failed to show mental supremacy anywhere, and generally came off with flying colors from any play of wit with judge, lawyer, or witness, but occasionally when teasing a witness, the great lawyer found his match and was silenced. Here is a case:

Choate, in an important assault and battery case at sea. had Dick Barton, chief mate of the clipper ship Challenge, on the stand, and badgered him so for about an hour, that Dick got his salt water up, and hauled by the wind to bring the keen Boston lawyer under his batteries.

At the beginning of his testimony, Dick said that the night was dark and rainy.

Suddenly Mr. Choate asked:

"Was there a moon that night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, yes! a moon" ——

"Yes, a full moon."

"Did you see it?"

"Not a mite."

"Then how do you know there was a moon?"

"The 'Nautical Almanac' said so, and I will believe that sooner than any lawyer in the world."

"What was the principal luminary that night?"

"Binnacle lamp aboard the Challenge."

"Ah! you are growing sharp, Mr. Barton."

"What in blazes have you been grinding me this hour for — to make me dull?"

"Be civil, sir! And now tell me what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator in."

"Sho — you're joking!"

"No, sir, I am in earnest, and I desire you to answer me."

"I shan't."

"Ah! you refuse, do you?"

"Yes; I can't."

"Indeed! You are the chief mate of a clipper ship, and are unable to answer so simple a question?"

"Yes! — 'tis the *simplest* question I ever had asked me. Why, I thought every fool of a lawyer knew that there was no *latitude* at the equator?"

That shot silenced the great lawyer.

"This world is all a fleeting show," said a priest to a culprit on the gallows.

"Yes," was the prompt reply, "but if you have no objection I'd like to see the show a little longer."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

In the hearing of an Irish case for assault and battery, counsel, in cross-examining one of the witnesses, asked him what they had the first place they stopped at?

"Four glasses of ale," was the reply.

"Next?"

"Two glasses of whisky."

"Next?"

"One glass of brandy."

"Next?"

"A fight."

A KENTUCKY VERDICT.

There are ludicrous climaxes oftentimes in the oratory of the pulpit — oftener in political speeches — but oftenest, perhaps, in the sublime attempts of pettifoggers at the bar. One of these latter, in a small town in Kentucky, pleading the cause of a client who had been accused of stealing a small quantity of cotton yarn, argued against the *probability* of such a transaction — the probability, rather, of there being any *motive* for such an act, in the following forcible and highly grammatical style:

"Gentlemen of the jury! you have heard the argument, you have listened patiently, and I have seen that your ears was open to conwiction. And now, gentlemen of the jury, I ask you, *du* you suppose that in the plentiful State of Kentucky, where the land are plenty, and the sile am rich, that my client broke into Mr. Bowding's store, and stole

three hanks of cotting yarn? Gentlemen of the jury, I 'magine *not!* I s'pose HE DIDN'T."

And the jury agreed with the eloquent counsel, at least in part, for after they had made a joint stock company of their wisdom, they brought in this verdict, influenced by some personal dislike:

"*Not guilty*, if he'll leave the State!"

DIDN'T GET MUCH OUT OF HIM.

The prosecuting attorney had more than his match in Mr. Parks, when that witness took the stand, and the following examination took place:

Prosecuting Attorney. "Mr. Parks, state, if you please, whether you have ever known the defendant to follow any profession?"

Witness. "He's been a professor ever since I knew him."

"Professor of what?"

"A professor of religion."

"You don't understand me, Mr. Parks; what does he do?"

"Generally whatever he pleases."

"Tell the jury, Mr. Parks, what the defendant follows."

"Gentlemen of the jury, the defendant follows the crowd when they go to drink."

"This kind of prevarication, Mr. Parks, will not do here. Now state what this defendant does to support himself."

"I saw him last night support himself against a lamp-post."

To the court. "May it please your honor, this witness has shown a disposition to trifle with the court."

Judge. "Mr. Parks, if you know anything about it, state what the defendant's occupation is."

"Occupation, did you say?"

Counsel. "Yes, what is his occupation?"

"Well, if I am not mistaken, he occupies a garret somewhere in town."

"That's all, Mr. Parks."

Cross-examined. "Mr. Parks, I understood you to say that the defendant is a professor of religion. Does his practice correspond with his profession?"

"I never heard of any correspondence passing between them."

"You said something about his propensity for drinking; does he drink hard?"

"No, I think he drinks as easy as any man I ever saw."

"You can take your seat, Mr. Parks;" and Mr. Parks took his seat with the air of a man who had made a clean breast of it, and told all he knew of the subject in hand.

"What brought you to prison, my colored friend?" said a Yankee to a negro.

"Two constables, sah."

"Yes, but I mean had intemperance anything to do with it?"

"Yes, sah, dey was bof of 'em drunk."

TOO MUCH LEVITY.

David P. Brown, in his "Forum," has a very good story to relate:

Mr. Levy applied to the court for a rule to show cause why a new trial should not be granted. His application was in these words:

"I move your honors for this rule, on the ground that John Hunt was admitted as a witness for the gaining party. *I suppose your honors know John Hunt. Everybody knows John Hunt.*"

The rule was allowed.

A LEGAL POINT.

Jesse is of the opinion that the following legal point is about as important as many others, published on knotty questions of the law:

A few mornings since, one of our lawyers was startled from his dreams of rich clients and fat fees by a loud knocking at his office door. He opened the door, when a "gentleman of Africa," known as Mariposa Jack, stood before him.

"Look heah, judge," said he, "I wants your 'pinion on a law pint."

"Well, go on."

"S'pose a man brings some eggs to town, an' hires anudder nigger to sell 'em, an' dat nigger can't do it, an' he gibs 'em to me, an' I loses de money, kin he do anyting wid me?"

The learned counsel, putting on his wisest look, informed him that he knew of no law to punish him.

"Yah! yah!" chuckled Jack, "I know'd he couldn't in de fust place—kase de—kase de eggs was rotten, anyhow. Judge, when dus you want your boots blacked?"

NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE.

A certain judge was once obliged to sleep with an Irishman in a crowded hotel, when the following conversation ensued:

"Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could have slept with a judge, would you not?"

"Yes, your honor," said Pat; "and I think your honor would have been a long time in the ould country before ye'd been a judge, too."

BLOCKHEADS.

When James T. Brady first opened a lawyer's office in New York, he took a basement room, which had previously been occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers, and irritated by the fact that he had few of his own. One day an Irishman entered.

"The cobbler's gone, I see," he said.

"I should think he has," tartly responded Brady.

"And what do ye sell?" he said, looking at the solitary table and a few law books.

"Blockheads," responded Brady.

"Be gorra," said the Irishman, "ye must be doing a mighty fine business — ye hain't got but one left."

KETCHUM & CHEATHAM, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Isaac Ketchum and Uriah Cheatham were attorneys-at-law, and everybody has heard of the sign over their office-door: "Ketchum & Cheatham," which was so significant of the trade that they took it down and had another painted with the addition of these initials:

"I. Ketchum & U. Cheatham," which was no better. It required the full names, and then the *idea* was very clearly expressed, but it left the inference that Isaac would Ketch'em and Uriah would Cheat'em.

They finally dissolved partnership, and often did for each other what they were willing to do for the public at large.

WHAT HE DROVE.

A witness in court, who had been cautioned to give a precise answer to every question, and not talk about what he might think the question meant, was interrogated as follows:

"You drive a wagon?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Why, sir, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"Now, sir, I put it to you on your oath, do you drive a wagon?"

"No, sir."

"What is your occupation, then?"

"I drive a horse."

WHEREFORE HE PRAYS THAT A WARRANT MAY ISSUE.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

Is you de Jestice ob de Peace? I has a little case
About a little matter, sah, dat happened on de place.
I's nuffin but a nigger, but I's feelin' all de same;
An' de way dat Massa Henry went an' done me is a shame.

Las' Spring I found a little chicken, runnin' in de road,
An' took it to de quarters, sah, an' kep' it till it growed;
I nebber stole it, 'kase de law says eberyting you fin'
Belongs to you; an' so, ob co'se, de chicken he was mine.

A week dis comin' Tuesday, I was comin' from de fiel',
An' happen for to 'member I was out of meat an' meal;
So I begins to study 'bout what I'se a-gwine to do,
An' thinks, says I, "Dat chicken's gettin' big enough to stew."

So when I reached de quarters, sah, I says unto my wife:
(I wouldn't tell a lie to you — no, not to sabe my life!)
Says I to her, "Ole 'oman!" (you kin b'lieve me, sah, or not),
"Go catch dat Dominica, quick, an' put him in de pot!"

She says to me, "I tink, myse'f, dat chicken would be good;
But how's I gwine to cook him, when dar ain't a bit ob wood?"
Dat was de conbersation, sah, I gibs it word for word,
An' Chloe she kin testify dat dat was what occurred.

Says I, "Go kill dat chicken! Don't you tink I has no sense?"
An' I went to massa's wood-pile, in de corner ob de fence;
I looked, an' didn't see no one, nor hear nobody speak,
An' so I toted off enough to do me for a week.

I wasn't stealin' when I went an' fetched de wood away,
For ebery stick I s'pected to return some oder day;
An' if a man kain't borry wood dat's layin' out ob nights,
I'd like for you to tell me what's de use ob swivel rights.

Well, Chloe picked de chicken, an' she soused him in de pot,
De fire was burnin' lively, an' de water gettin' hot,
When sumfin went "b-rum! b-rum!" right in de chimney-place,
An' all de smoke an' ashes come a-blowin' in my face.

I thought it was de debil, an' it skeered me mos' to deff,
De smoke it come a-puffin' so I couldn't draw my breff;
De wood, de pot, de chicken, dey was scattered 'bout de floor,
An' me an' Chloe had important bisness at de door.

De folks dey come a-runnin'; dere was Bob an' Pete an' Bill,
An' dere was Massa Henry, jes' a-laughin' fit to kill.
Says he, "I knowed, you rascal, you was takin' wood away,
An' I put a load ob powder in a crooked stick to-day!"

Dat's why I wants a warrant, sah; my right is all I ax;
An' I has lots ob witnesses to summon to de fac's.
I ain't gwine t'be imposed on, an' I 'peals unto de law
To go for Massa Henry, sah, an' fotch him up to taw!

"Prisoner, why did you follow this man and beat and kick him so shamefully?"

"I am sorry, your honor—I was a little drunk, and I thought it was my wife."

Challenging lawyer to a colored juryman in Clinton, Louisiana:

"Do you know what a verdict is?"

"No, sah."

"Did you ever see one?"

"No, sah! I nebber was at a show in my life."

HAD HIS DOUBTS ABOUT IT.

A man in North Carolina who was saved from conviction for horse-stealing by the powerful plea of his lawyer, after his acquittal by the jury, was asked by the lawyer:

"Honor bright, now, Bill, you did steal that horse, didn't you?"

"Now, look a-here, judge," was the reply, "I allers did think I stole that hoss, but since I hearn your speech to that 'ere jury, I'll be doggoned if I a'n't got my doubts about it."

STRUCK HER WITH IMPUNITY.

"And now, Mrs. Sullivan," said the counsel, "will you be kind enough to tell the jury whether your husband was in the habit of striking you with impunity?"

"Wid what, sir?"

"With impunity."

"He wuz, sir, now and thin; but he sthruck me ofthener wid his fisht."

WOULDN'T SAY HE WAS DRUNK.

"I don't say, Mr. Judge, that the defendant was drunk. No, not by no means; but this I will say — when I last seen him he was washing his face in a mud puddle, and drying it on a door mat. Whether a sober man would do this, in course, I can't say."

The court thought he wouldn't.

The consequence was, the "defendant" went up for sixty days.

An attorney, on being called to account for having acted unprofessionally in taking less than the usual fee from his client, pleaded that he had taken *all* the man had.

He was thereupon honorably acquitted.

"Pay me that six-and-eightpence you owe me, Mr. Malrooney," said a village attorney.

"For what?"

"For the opinion you had of me."

"Faith, I *never* had any *opinion* of you, in all my life."

A witness, in describing an event, said "the person I saw at the head of the stairs was a man with one eye named Wilkins."

"What was the name of the other eye?" spitefully asked the opposing counsel.

The witness was disgusted with the levity of the audience.

A CONCEITED JUDGE.

A conceited American judge went to a hotel in Switzerland, and, strutting up to the proprietor, said in an overpowering manner, "I want a room, the best you have, for I am Judge ———, of New York."

"It makes no difference, sir," said the hotel keeper, "I will try and treat you as well as anyone else."

A fellow stole a saw, and on his trial he told the judge that he only took it as a joke.

"How far did you carry it?" inquired the judge.

"Two miles," answered the prisoner.

"Ah! that's carrying a joke too far," said the judge, and the prisoner was sentenced to jail for three months.

AN IRISH IDEA.

A judge was once about to pronounce sentence of punishment on an Irishman for theft.

"And it is upon the oaths of them two witnesses yer honor is going to condimn me?" asked Pat.

"Certainly," said the judge, "their testimony was ample to convince the jury of your guilt."

"Oh, murther!" exclaimed Pat, "to condimn me on the oaths of two spalpeens who swear they saw me take the goods, whin I can bring forth a hundred who will swear they didn't see me do it."

Judge. "Have you anything to offer to the court before sentence is passed on you?"

Prisoner. "No, judge. I had ten dollars, but my lawyers took that."

POLITICAL.

'For honesty, integrity, and reform I bate the divil. So I do."

SHORT SPEECHES AND CURT CORRESPONDENCE.

One of our most distinguished countrymen was apt to overindulge himself at public dinners, but managed, when called upon, to make a speech — if a brief one. At Rochester, New York, he once delighted the company with the following:

"Men of Rochester! I am glad to see you; and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which, I am told, are one hundred and fifty feet high; that is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus; but Rome in her proudest days, had never a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates; but Greece, in her palmiest days, never had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high. Men of Rochester, go on! No people ever lost their liberty who had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high!"

On another occasion he finished up with:

"Gentlemen, there's the national debt — it should be paid; yes, gentlemen, it should be paid. I'll pay it myself. How much is it?"

This was sufficiently brief; but perhaps the shortest speech ever delivered in any legislative chamber was that of the member of the United States Congress, who, having got out this sentence: "Mr. Speaker: The generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general," was pulled down to his seat by a friend, with the remark: "You'd better stop; you are coming out at the same hole you went in at!"

Mr. Kendall, some time Uncle Sam's Postmaster Gen-

eral, wanting some information as to the source of a river, sent the following note to a village postmaster:

"Sir: This Department desires to know how far the Tombigbee River runs up. Respectfully yours," etc.

By return mail came: "Sir: The Tombigbee does not run up at all; it runs down. Very respectfully yours," etc.

Kendall, not appreciating his subordinate's humor, wrote again:

"Sir: Your appointment as postmaster is revoked; you will turn over the funds, etc., pertaining to your office to your successor."

Not at all disturbed by his summary dismissal, the postmaster replied:

"Sir: The revenues of this office for the quarter ending September 30th have been 95 cents; its expenditures, same period, for tallow candles and twine, $1.05. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance."

His superior officer was probably as much disgusted with his precise correspondent as the American editor who, writing to a Connecticut brother: "Send full particulars of the flood" (meaning an inundation at that place), received for reply: "You will find them in Genesis."

A CORNERED LEGISLATOR.

A gentleman who occupied a seat in the upper branch of the New York Legislature, but at the time was a member of the Assembly, relates the following:

Perkins was as honest a man as ever set foot in Albany. Money wouldn't buy him, and I knew it, but I thought I would have a little fun with him, so I went down to his room one evening and said, "Perkins, what do you think

of that underground railroad bill? Are you going to vote for it?"

"Well," said Perkins, "I haven't made up my mind yet exactly. I am inclined to think it is a good bill; but why do you ask?"

"I thought you were in favor of it," said I, "and as you have concluded to vote for it, I just want to say to you that the men interested in it are paying five hundred dollars for votes, and as it is coming up on its final passage to-morrow, you can just as well have the money as not; you'll vote for the bill anyway."

"Vote for the bill! I'll be hanged first," cried the irate Perkins. "No, sir. If improper means are being taken to pass the thing, as you say, I, for one, will vote against it every time. You can put me down 'no.'"

"Oh, I don't care anything about the bill," said I. "I was only trying to do you a favor, and I think I can yet; for, to tell the truth, the rival companies are here in full force, and are moving heaven and earth to defeat it. They are paying the same amount for 'noses,' and as long as you are bound to vote that way, I'll get you the five hundred dollars all the same."

"Can such things be," exclaimed Perkins, rising from his seat and tearing up and down the room in a whirlwind of righteous wrath and virtuous indignation. "What a state of things this is! A plague on both of your houses. I won't vote at all!"

"All right," said I, "I'll get you the five hundred dollars for being absent."

And as the jolly senator brought to mind the horror of perplexity in which this last proposition involved old Perkins, he roared with laughter.

THE CITIZENS' MOVEMENT.

They have a "citizens' movement" in Pittsburgh, Pa., and it was all going on very smoothly till one man got up in the meeting and asked:

"Ain't I nominated for mayor?"

"No," said the meeting.

"Nor for treasurer?"

"No."

"Nor for controller?"

"No."

"Then blam' me if I don't make it warm for the movement, that's all!"

FIGHTING BY PROXY.

How many Congressmen and Presidents have been made by happy wounds on the battle-field! Here is a hero with new claims to fame:

When Colonel L—— was a candidate for Congress in one of the Northwestern States, he was opposed by a gentleman who had distinguished himself in the war of 1812. Discovering, in the course of the canvass that his opponent's military reputation was operating strongly to his own prejudice, he concluded to let the people know that he was not unknown to fame as a soldier himself; and accordingly, in his next speech, he expatiated on his achievements in the tented field, as follows:

"My competitor has told you of the services he rendered the country in the last war. Let me tell you that I, too, acted an humble part in that memorable contest. When the tocsin of war summoned the chivalry of the West to rally to the defense of the national honor, I, fellow-

citizens, animated by that patriotic spirit which glows in every American bosom, *hired a substitute for that war, and the bones of that man now lie bleaching on the banks of the Raisin!*"

As Colonel L—— was elected by a large majority, it is to be presumed that his constituents properly appreciated the glory of fighting and dying by proxy.

HUMORS OF POLITICS.

GEORGE A. SHERIDAN'S AMUSING ACCOUNT OF HOW HE FAILED TO GET THE NEW ORLEANS INSPECTORSHIP.

In a speech at Toledo, in discussing the question of civil service reform, Mr. Sheridan convulsed the house by the following statement of his effort to secure an office:

"I did not see how it was possible (and I tried very hard to see) for Mr. Hayes to make a success of his administration, especially in his Southern policy, unless I was appointed Collector of Customs at New Orleans. I knew there would be a new collector appointed, because President Hayes told me so. He did me the further honor of asking who, in my judgment, would be the best man for the place. To me this was a somewhat delicate question, and I asked time for reflection, which he very cheerfully gave me (and, by-the-by, that is the only thing he has given me up to date). [Uproarious laughter.]

"I knew how important the Collector of New Orleans was to the business interests of the city. I felt the government should have a man of integrity in the place, who should also be of good moral character, as well as of more than average ability. I knew the collector should be a representative man and a Republican. I spent two or

three days in prayerful deliberation upon the question, and at last reluctantly came to the conclusion that, perhaps, all things considered, I came nearer filling the bill than any other man in the State who was likely to be appointed. [Shouts and cheers.] I was deeply anxious for the business interests of the city. I had no doubt of my integrity. [Laughter.] My moral character was — well, it was as fair a moral character as a somewhat tropical man could develop in a very tropical country. As for ability, I knew I possessed that; upon this point I was unanimous; I might possibly have had a shadow of a doubt upon some other questions, but upon this point I was solid. [Great laughter.] I knew I was a representative man, for I had once served in Congress with great satisfaction to my constituents. It is true I did not serve long, but that was not my fault. I would have been serving the State yet if the people had elected me. [Cheers and laughter.] I was elected for two years; I had a hard contest for my seat; it was finally awarded me about four hours before the final adjournment of the Congress to which I had been accredited. I hadn't much time to make a record, but I worked hard; I voted on both sides of every bill that came up; I yelled 'Mr. Speaker!' every chance I had; I called one member a liar, and told another he was a fool; I put my boots on my desk, spit tobacco-juice on the floor, ogled the ladies in the galleries, went into innumerable committee-rooms to take a look at the documents, borrowed some money, and went home. [Long continued laughter.] Considering the time I had, I made a pretty good 'average member record.' Several people told me they actually took me for an old member. [Great laughter.]

"Considering all things, I think you will agree with me

that I was but doing my duty to my country in consenting to take the Collectorship of New Orleans. I stated the result of my reflections to the President. The manner in which he received my suggestions was happy and cordial (he is a very *cordial* man). He promised to make out at once the commission of the Collector of New Orleans. He did so, but by some strange oversight he commissioned a man I had never thought of in connection with the office. [Loud laughter.] Do you blame me for thinking the administration a failure? The solid earth seemed to slip from under me. I felt the Republic was gone — clean gone. In the distress of my soul I cried out, 'Is this what I made one hundred and twenty-seven Republican speeches for in the last campaign?' Or, to state it more correctly, the same speech one hundred and twenty-seven times [Immense laughter.] Can this government go on if I am left out? Alas, poor country! who will care for you now that I am banished by the edict of a tyrant, and can have no chance to sustain you, to say nothing of sustaining myself? I stated something of this kind to Mr. Hayes; my words moved him — moved him to console me, moved him to advise me. He advised me either to 'pull down my vest' or to 'go west' [long continued laughter], which, owing to the excitement I was laboring under at the time of the interview, I can not certainly remember; but it was one or the other, and (as he is known to be a liberal man) perhaps it was both. My first impulse, after listening to the consoling words of the President, was to go and take a — a stroll. I did; I took three or four. They braced me up; I felt better. [Laughter.]

"Nothwithstanding I am not Collector of Customs in New Orleans, the government still runs on, the revenues

are collected, and the Republican party lives. I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that I am not absolutely essential to the maintenance of a republican form of government upon this continent. [Cheers and laughter.] That there are men as well qualified to administer an office as I am, that the President, being responsible to the nation for the acts of his appointees, should be allowed the largest latitude in their selection, and that good sense and true patriotism should convince me that in declining to give me the position I asked, the President acted for what he felt and believed to be the best interests of the country. My fellow citizens, those of you who, like myself, have been disappointed in your aspirations and ambitions, will, I think, upon calm reflection, reach in your cases the same conclusion I have reached in mine."

We have never seen an audience more thoroughly convulsed with merriment than during the delivery of the above. Sheridan looked, while he was talking, like the personification of injured innocence, and seemed to think it strange that the audience found anything to laugh at in what he was saying. To him, losing the office was evidently a serious thing.

The peroration of the speech was a magnificent burst of eloquence, and as elegant and elaborate a compliment as the orator could possibly have paid the great State of Ohio. He mentioned a long list of distinguished men whom Ohio has given to the country, pronouncing a brief, but most appropriate eulogy on the life and character of each.

A. H. STEPHENS.

A. H. Stephens is said to weigh but seventy-four pounds; yet, he was always considered in the South as a man of weight.

This gentleman once severely worsted a gigantic Western opponent in debate.

The big fellow, looking down on Stephens, burst out, "You! — why, I could swallow you — whole."

"If you did," answered the latter, "you would have more brains in your bowels than ever you had in your head."

HAD THEIR EYES OPEN.

A large Republican meeting was held in Clermont, Ohio, which was attended by a small boy who had four young puppy dogs which he offered for sale. Finally one of the crowd, approaching the boy, asked:

"Are these Hayes pups, my son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well then," said he, "I'll take these two."

About a week afterward the Democrats held a meeting at the same place, and among the crowd was to be seen the same chap and his two remaining pups. He tried for hours to obtain a purchaser, and finally was approached by a Democrat and asked:

"My little lad, what kind of pups are these you have?"

"They're Tilden pups, sir."

The Republican, who had purchased the first two, happened to be in hearing, and broke out at the boy:

"See here, you young rascal, didn't you tell me that those pups that I bought of you last week were Hayes pups?"

"Y-e-s, sir," said the young dog merchant; "but these ain't — *they've got their eyes open!*"

HE WAS AS WISE AS AN OWL.

Many years ago there was considerable excitement and feeling respecting a senatorial election in Savannah. The Democratic candidate was Judge McAllister, a man eminent both at the bar and the forum. His opponent (Whig) was a wealthy merchant of German extraction, who had but little to say. The Whigs were successful, and Snider was elected. At the expiration of the term, the same parties were again in the field. At a Democratic meeting, Mr. Millan, a witty Irish lawyer and stump speaker, was advocating the claims of Judge McAllister, when he introduced the following excellent story:

"Once upon a time a countryman of his wished to purchase a parrot; a friend offered to sell him a bird, remarking that it was quite young and had not yet learned to speak, but if he would take pains with it, he could teach it almost anything. So the bargain was concluded. Pat bought the bird and carried it home. Some years afterward, meeting his friend, he asked how the bird came on. Pat replied that 'it had not learned to spake yet, but had done a dale of thinkin'!'" Mr. Millan then said the bird was an owl; and so it was with Mr. Snider. He had been two years in the Senate, and had not yet spoken, but no doubt "had done a dale of thinking."

LOUDER, LORD! LOUDER!

The late Tom Marshall, of Kentucky, was a noble, good-hearted fellow, and brimful of sparkling humor that never failed to amuse even his political opponents.

One time he was speaking to a large gathering in Buffalo, when some one present, every few moments, kept shouting, "Louder! louder!"

Tom stood this for a while, but at last, turning gravely to the presiding officer, he said: "Mr. Chairman: At the last day, when the angel shall, with his golden trumpet, proclaim that time shall be no longer; when the quick and dead shall appear before the Mercy Seat to be judged, I doubt not, sir, that the solemnity of that solemn and awful scene will be interrupted by some drunken fool from Buffalo, shouting, "Louder, Lord! louder!"

Another exceedingly funny story is told of Mr. Marshall:

At a political meeting, Tom began his speech and had made but little progress before he was assailed with a torrent of abuse by a big Irishman in the crowd. Not at all disconcerted, Tom yelled out at the top of his voice:

"Be jabbers, that's me fren', Pat Murphy, the man that spells God with a little 'g' and Murphy with a big 'M!'"

This floored Pat, amidst roars of laughter.

CANDIDATES AND DOGS.

The innumerable candidates in the field in this country, and their itinerant system of "button-hole" canvassing have called to mind an anecdote we heard when a boy. A gentleman accosted a red-haired boy, in the vicinity of a country barn, who was building "bake-ovens" in the mud, with, "I say, boy, where's your father?" The boy happened to have an impediment in his speech, and replied: "Wha-wha-what?"

"Where's your father?"

"Whe-whe-why he-he's down at the cree-creek bu-

burying of Tow-Tow-Towser. The da-da-da-darned old foo-fool, he barked hisself to death at the can-can-candidates; sa-say, be you one of them fe-fellers?"

"Sir," said a Yankee, "you promised to vote for my bill."

"Vell," said the Dutch member, "vat if I did?"

"Well, sir, you voted against it."

"Vell, vat if I did?"

"Well, sir, you lied!"

"Vell, vat if I did?"

"Can there be anything brought into this House?" asked a disgusted member during the last session of the Legislature, "that will not be repealed sooner or later?"

One of the opposition suggested, "Yes, a skinned orange."

Said a member of Congress from Ohio to a New Yorker, who was trying to tell him something about hogs: "You can't tell me anything about hogs. I know more about hogs than you ever dreamt of. I was brought up among hogs."

MR. HENRY!

At a political meeting, the speaker and audience were very much disturbed by a man who constantly called for Mr. Henry. Whenever a new speaker came on, this man bawled out, "Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry!"

After several interruptions of this kind at each speech, a young man ascended the platform, and was soon airing

his eloquence in magnificent style, striking out powerfully in his gestures, when the old cry was heard for Mr. Henry.

Putting his hand to his mouth like a speaking-trumpet, this man was bawling out at the top of his voice, "Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry to make a speech!"

The chairman now arose, and remarked that it would oblige the audience if the gentleman would refrain from any farther calling for Mr. Henry, as that gentleman was now speaking.

"Is that Mr. Henry?" said the disturber of the meeting. "Thunder! that can't be Mr. Henry! Why, that's the little cuss that told me to holler."

"You can not keep me down," shouted a somewhat windy orator at a public meeting; "though I may be pressed below the waves I rise again; you will find that I come to the surface, gentlemen."

"Yes," said an old whaler in the audience, "you come to the surface to blow."

JOB DOWLING'S FUNERAL.

Many years ago I was one of a party in Washington City, when North and South vied with each other in convivial life. Another of the party was General Dawson, member from Western Pennsylvania, whose homestead was Albert Gallatin's old home. He was an admirable story-teller. I recall somewhat sadly now that he is gone, how well he illustrated the laziness of a class of Virginians. The story was a part of his Congressional canvassing. On one occasion he got across the Pennsylvania line into a little village of Virginia. He was in the midst of a group

around the tavern. While treating and talking, a procession approached, which looked like a funeral. He asked who was to be buried.

"Job Dowling," said they.

"Poor Job!" sighed the general. "He was a good-natured, good-for-nothing, lazy fellow, living on the few fish he caught and the squirrels he killed, but mostly on the donations of his neighbors."

"So, poor Job is dead, is he?"

"No, he ain't dead 'xactly," said they.

"Not dead—not d—Yet you are going to bury him?"

"Fact is, general, he has got too infernal all-fired lazy to live. We can't afford him any more. He got so lazy that the grass began to grow over his shoes — so everlastin' lazy that he put out one of his eyes to save the trouble of winkin' when out a gunnin'."

"But," says the general, "this must not be. It will disgrace my neighborhood. Try him a while longer, can't you?"

"Can't; too late — coffin cost $1.25. Must go on now."

About this time the procession came up and halted, when the general proposed, if they would let Job out, he would send over a bag of corn. On this announcement the lids of the coffin opened, and Job languidly sat up. The cents dropped from his eyes as he asked:

"Is the corn shelled, general?"

"No, not shelled."

"Then," said Job, as he lazily lay down, "go on with the funeral."

General Butler tells of a civil service candidate writing against the question, "What is the distance of the sun

from the earth?" that he couldn't tell the exact distance, but he didn't think it was near enough to interfere with his duties as postoffice clerk.

A MODEL SPEECH.

The following speech is commended to the careful study of all candidates before the people. It was delivered in Illinois, by a candidate for the legislature, is brief and pithy, and the man who delivered it was elected as he deserved to be:

"Fellow citizens: I am no speech-maker, but what I say I'll do. I've lived among you for twenty years, and if I've shown myself a clever fellow, you know it without a speech; if I'm not a clever fellow, you know that too, and wouldn't forget it with a speech. I'm a candidate for the legislature; if you think I'm the clear grit, vote for me; if you think Major R——— of a better stripe than I am, vote for him. The fact is, either of us will make a tip top representative.

A THUMPING BIG BABY.

Mistakes are made by the best of men. Mr. Jones was running for Congress in the western district of ——, many years ago, and while filling his round of appointments, made a speech at the close of which, by way of commending himself to the "bone and sinew," the regular "sovereigns" of the country, he told the people that he was a self-made man of "obscure birth and humble origin;" that, in fact, he was sprung from the "very dregs of the people."

"Why, fellow-citizens," said he, warming up and elevating his voice, "my parents were so poor that when I

was *eighteen years* old my mother used to have to tie me to the bed-post, to keep me from falling into the fire, whenever she went to the spring for a pail of water!"

Of course he intended to say *eighteen months.* The Hon. —— ——, now in the United States Senate, and at that time running for the legislature, was present and cried out:

"Ah! Jones, Jones, what a thumping baby you must have been!"

It is said that the unfortunate speaker broke down at once, amidst the jeers of the crowd.

MARSHALL AND PERKINS.

A Kentucky correspondent says — and probably he is right about it — that Tom Marshall is now made the father of all the good hits that have been made in that region for half a century past, and then he tells the following:

"General Perkins and Tom Marshall were canvassing the State in a hotly-contested election. The general was a roaring Democrat, and by way of catching the flats, was fond of boasting that his father was a cooper by trade in an obscure part of the State. The great failing of the general was his fondness for old whisky, but the more he drank the more of a Democrat he became, and the prouder of being the son of a cooper. Of this fact he had been making the most, when Marshall, in replying to his speech, looked at him with great contempt, and said:

"Fellow-citizens, his father may have been a very good cooper — I don't deny that; but I do say, gentlemen, he put a mighty poor head into *that* whisky barrel!"

The politician who recently "*fell* in the estimation of the public," is now trying to crawl up again.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

One day, in a fit of abstraction, the juvenile George cut down Bushrod's favorite cherry tree with a hatchet. His purpose was to cut — and run.

But the old gentleman came sailing round the corner of the barn just as the future Father of his Country had started on the retreat.

"Look here, sonny," thundered the stern old Virginian, "who cut that tree down?"

George reflected a moment. There wasn't another boy or another hatchet within fifteen miles. Besides, it occurred to him that to be virtuous is to be happy. Just as Washington senior turned to go in and get his horsewhip, our little hero burst into tears, and, nestling among his father's coat-tails, exclaimed, "Father, I can not tell a lie. It must have been a frost."

A Mississippi man puts it thus: "At the earnest solicitation of those whom I owe money I have consented to become a candidate for county treasurer."

A WISCONSIN JOKER.

Bill S——, the chairman of the Champion Lecture Association, in Stevens Point, Wis., is the joker of the Northwest. He is not a joke-teller, but a joke-perpetrator, for he stammers so that it is almost impossible for any one to understand him.

Last week Bill disappeared from the Point, and this week the villagers heard of him down at Madison, the State capital. He was getting some kind of a bill through the Legislature.

"What is the nature of the bill you're getting through?" I asked of Mr. S—— this morning.

"It ain't a bi-bi-bill at all, Mr. Perkins; it's an amendment to the Con-Con-Con-Constitution," stammered Mr. S.

"What's the nature of the contemplated amendment?" I asked.

"Why, I w-w-want the d-d-dang thing amended because it's a l-lie, sir!"

"What! the Wisconsin Constitution a lie? Why, what is wrong?" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Well, the Con-Constitution guarantees to every man fr-fr-free sp-sp-speech, don't it?"

"Yes, the Constitution guarantees free speech to every citizen in Wisconsin, I believe."

"Well, do-do-dog on it, then I wa-wa-want fr-fr-free sp-sp-speech, or I want the d-d-dang thing ch-ch-changed!" exclaimed Bill.

AN AMUSING SCENE.

At a Democratic meeting held in a neighboring city it was deemed that a good thing to do would be to have a barbecue. The subject was referred to a committee, who reported favorably and recommended that it be held on Friday week.

Upon the announcement of the date, an excited Irishman jumped to his feet and exclaimed:

"Mr. Prisident! I'd have ye to understand, sur, that the *great heft* of the Dimmicratic party don't ate mate on Friday!"

Patrick put this undeniable fact in a very concise and pointed way. He couldn't have done it better.

The barbecue was not held on Friday.

DISCONCERTING A STUMP SPEAKER.

It is astonishing how a little matter will sometimes disconcert a man who has been accustomed to speaking in public, and to have his thoughts about him and ready at command on almost all occasions.

"I was once opening a speech from the stump," said a distinguished Western political orator, "and was just beginning to warm with my subject, when a remarkably clear and deliberate voice spoke out behind me, saying:

"'Reckon he wouldn't talk quite so hifalutin if he knew that his trowsers was bu'st clean out behind.'

"From that moment I couldn't get on. The people in front began to laugh, and there was a loud roar behind me, and I dared not reverse my position for fear of having a new audience for my condition."

There was nothing like innuendo in the remark of an outspoken member of a Western legislature:

"Mr. Speaker," said he, "I would just like to know how long that blackguard is to go on boring me to death with his speech?"

A CAPITAL HIT.

A number of politicians, all of whom were seeking office, were scattered on the tavern porch talking, when an old toper, named D——, came upon them.

The said D—— is a person who is ever loquacious when "corned," but exactly the opposite when sober. At the present time, being "tight," he said if the company had no objections he would tell them a story. They told him to "fire away," when he spoke as follows:

"A certain king had a philosopher, upon whose judg-

ment he always depended. Now, it so happened that one day the king took it into his head to go a-hunting, and, making all his necessary preparations, he summoned his philosopher and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and he and his nobles departed.

"While journeying along, they met a countryman mounted on a jackass; he advised them to return, 'for,' said he, 'it will certainly rain.' They smiled contemptuously upon him and passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as a heavy shower came up and they were drenched to the skin. When they returned to the palace, the king reprimanded the philosopher severely for telling him it would be clear when it was not.

"'I met a countryman,' said he, 'and he knows a great deal more than you, for he told me that it would rain, whereas you told me that it would not.'

"The king then gave his philosopher his walking papers, and sent for the countryman.

"'Tell me,' said the king, 'how you knew it would rain?'

"'I did not know,' said the rustic, 'my jackass told me.'

"'And how, pray, did he tell you?' asked the king in astonishment.

"'By pricking up his ears, your majesty.'

"The king now sent the countryman away; procuring the jackass, he placed the jackass in the office the philosopher had filled. And here," observed D——, "here is where the king made a mistake."

"How so," asked the auditors.

"Why, ever since that time," said D——, "every jackass in the country has been running after office."

DER GANDIDATE.

Who shtands der streets and gorners around
Mit sefrel agzes to be ground,
Und shmiled, und bowed, und nefer frowned ?
Der Gandidate.

Who hold your hand ven you would start,
Und told you you was mighty shmart,
Und how he luved you mit his heart ?
Der Gandidate.

"I stand upon the soil of freedom!" cried a stump orator.

"No, you don't," exclaimed his shoemaker, "you stand in a pair of boots that have never been paid for."

INTELLIGENCE AND REFORM.

"I say, Dinnis, d'ye see this bit ov paper I have here?"

"I do, Moichael. Rade it for me."

"Divil a worrud ov it can I rade at all, only I know it's my naturalization papers, an' that I belong to the party, body an' sowl, an' that I'm towld to vote as many times as I kin on 'lection day, for our party manes reform."

TOO IGNORANT TO VOTE.

A very dirty, debased and ignorant-looking man came in to vote in a township in Michigan. Said one of the ladies, offering him a ticket: "I wish you would oblige us by voting this ticket."

"What kind of a ticket is that?" said he.

"Why," said the lady, "you can see for yourself."

"But I can't read," he answered.

"Why, can't you read the ballot you have there in your hand, which you are about to vote?" asked the lady.

"No," said he, "I can't read at all."

"Well," said the lady, "this ballot means that you are willing to let the women, as well as the men, vote."

"Is that it?" he replied; then I don't want it; the women don't know enough to vote."

LIKE THE FINANCIAL MOVEMENT.

"Well, and how did you enjoy your dinner?" asked a passenger of another on a European steamer, the first day out.

"Don't mention it," said the other, feelingly; "don't mention it. It's a good deal like the financial question in Congress."

"How's that?"

"Why, it's apt to come up at any moment."

An orator lately said to his audience:

"I am speaking for the benefit of posterity," when some one shouted:

"Yes, and if you don't get through soon, they'll be here!"

DISSOLVING THE UNION.

Lieutenant-Governor Ford was addressing a political gathering before the late civil war, and related, in his own inimitable way, the following capital story:

"Dissolve the Union!" said Ford; "I should like to see them attempt to dissolve the Union. Why, this silly cry reminds me of an Irishman who went down into a well to clean it out. When he was through, he made the signal

to be hauled up. His companions, who were determined to have a joke at his expense, hauled him up about half way and then stopped. There he hung — no way to get up — no safe way to get down, if that were desirable. He begged and entreated, but it was of no use. He stormed and raved, but it did no good. At last he sung out:

"'Haul it out, ye spalpeens, or, by the piper that played before Moses, I'll be after cuttin' the rope!'

"Let them cut the rope, if they like the plunge," was Ford's application of the story.

Excited orator. "We have taken Atlanta, we have taken Savannah, Columbus, Charleston, and now at last we have captured Petersburg and occupy Richmond; and what remains for us to take?"

An Irishman in the crowd shouts, "Let's take a drink!"

The crowd disperses in various directions.

Twenty-five years ago a Missouri boy left his home and started out to become President of the United States. He got as far as Cincinnati. The boy is now a man, and is also one of the best shoemakers in the Ohio State Prison.

INTERVIEWING THE PRESIDENT.

Petroleum V. Nasby writes that he had an interview with the President recently, which terminated thus:

"Is ther any little thing I kin do fer you?" sez he.

"Nothin' partickler. I wood accept a small post-orfis, if sitooated within ezy range uv a distilry. My politikle daze is well nigh over. Let me but see the old party wunst more in the assendency; let these ize wunst more behold the Constitooshun ez it iz, the Uneyun ez it wuz,

and the nigger ware he ought 2 be, and I will rap the mantel uv private life around me, and go in2 delirium tremens happy; I hev no ambishen. I am in the sear and yaller leef. These whitnin' locks, them sunkin cheeks, warn me that age and whisky hev dun ther puffek wurk, and that I shell soon go hents. Hayes, scorn not my words. I hev sed. Adoo."

"I rise for information," said a member of the legislative body.

"I am very glad to hear it," said a bystander, "for no man *needs* it more."

SIR BOYLE ROCHE'S BULLS.

Sir Boyle Roche was an Irish baronet, who had a seat in Parliament and was the droll and humor of the House.

He was famous for bulls, in which, though the expression might be incorrect, generally involved aphorisms of sound sense.

Once, when it was stated, on a money grant, that it was unjust to saddle posterity with a debt incurred to benefit the present, Sir Boyle rose and said:

"Why should we beggar ourselves to benefit posterity? What has posterity done for us?" The laugh which followed rather surprised him, as he was unconscious of his blunder. He explained:

"Sir, by posterity I do not mean our ancestors, but those who come immediately *after them.*"

On another occasion, in 1794, when the leather tax was being debated in the House, Mr. Vandeclure said:

"The tax on leather will be *severely felt* by the *bare-*

footed peasantry of Ireland." To which Sir Boyle replied that "this can be very easily remedied, by making the *under leather* of wood."

He also assisted in preparing a bill to provide for the erection of a new jail in Dublin, and stated that the new prison should be built on the site and with the materials of the old one, and that the prisoners should continue to reside in the old prison until the new one was completed.

And it was he who said: "Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater."

Fearing the progress of revolutionary opinions, Sir Boyle drew a frightful picture of the future, remarking that the House of Commons might be invaded by ruffians who, said he: "would cut us to mince meat and throw our bleeding heads on that table, to stare us in the face." Here, as in most of his bulls, the idea is fully conveyed, but, in the hurry of clothing the thought with language, the mode of expression is incorrect, and such is that amusing thing, an Irish bull.

On another occasion Sir Boyle was arguing for the Habeas Corpus Suspension Bill in Ireland: "It would surely be better, Mr. Speaker," said he, "to give up not only a *part*, but, if necessary, even the *whole* of our Constitution, to preserve *the remainder!*"

And when writing home to a friend during the Irish Rebellion of 1798, he said: "To give you some idea of the danger we are in, I will only say that while I am writing this letter I have a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other."

BULLS AND BLUNDERS.

The Irish have achieved a great celebrity in the matter of bulls and blunders. By the uninitiated these are terms which are constantly confounded; but, when they are looked into, it will be seen there is the greatest difference between them. Blundering arises from stupidity, and the stupid are a race who are found all over the world; but the bull — a peculiarity that belongs exclusively to Ireland — is always connected with thought, and originates in the imaginative power of its people. It is not at all a dull absurdity which no one can comprehend — it is always comprehensible, even when it is most confused. It proceeds, not from the want, but the superabundance of ideas, which crowd on each other so fast in an Irishman's brain that they get jammed together, so to speak, in the doorway of his speech, and can only tumble out in their ordinary disorder.

Confusion may, indeed, be called a national characteristic. It pervades all Irish history. If the stream of the latter in early days has its gleams of bright tranquility, sorely troubled does it become as it descends the steeps of Time, till, as it flows on in later ages, it encounters obstructions, political and religious, which give it a turmoil and perplexity that we can not survey without deploring. As with the affairs of unhappy Ireland, so has it ever been with its peasantry. Public and social disorders have communicated a jar to the brains of Pat; and, if he can be accused now and then of being a little erratic in his sayings and doings, he can at least console himself by pointing to a long historical authority. He may say:

"Arrah! now, why wouldn't I be confused? Wasn't all

of us confused, and from the airliest time, and isn't a man to be consistent? Would you have him turn his coat when scarcely a rag of it is left him?"

A good example of a bull may be cited in the case of the two Irishmen who, fancying that they knew each other, crossed the street to shake hands. On discovering their error:

"I beg your pardon!" cried the one.

"Oh, don't mention it," said the other. "It's a mutual mistake; you see, I thought it was you, and you thought it was me, and after all, it was neither of us!"

A good pendant to this is told of two friends who met, and referred to the illness of a third:

"Poor Michael Hogan! Faith, I'm afraid he's going to die."

"And why would he die?"

"Oh, he's got so thin! You're thin enough, and I'm thin—but, by my sowl, Michael Hogan is thinner than both of us put together!"

A bull is sometimes produced by the false use of a word, as in the case of an Irish watchman giving evidence at a police office:

"What is this man's offense?"

"He was disorderly, your worship, in the strates, last night."

"And did you give him warning before you took him into custody?"

"I did, your honor. I said to him, 'Disparse!'"

An Irish judge said, when addressing a prisoner:

"You are to be hanged, and I hope it will prove a warning to you."

And, again, a bull may be owing to a limited amount of knowledge — as in the case of an old woman going to the chandler's for a farthing candle, and, being told it was raised to a halfpenny on account of the Russian war:

"Bad luck to them!" she exclaimed; "and do they fight by candle-light?"

An Irish lover remarks that it is a great comfort to be alone, "especially when yer swateheart is wid ye."

An eminent spirit-merchant in Dublin announced, in one of the Irish papers, that he has still a small quantity of the whisky on sale *which was drunk by his late Majesty while in Dublin.*

A grocer in Washington advertises that he has "whisky for sale that has been drunk by all the Presidents, from Gen. Jackson down to the present time."

A physician gave a patient a box of pills, with directions to "take *one pill five times a day*"

An American lecturer solemnly said one evening:

"Parents, you may have children, or, if not, your daughters may have."

And it was a German orator who, warming with his subject, exclaimed:

"There is no man or child in this vast assembly who has arrived at the age of fifty years, that has not felt the truth of this mighty subject thundering through his mind for centuries."

An Irishman, hearing of a friend who had a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed:

"Faith, that's good. Sure an' a stone coffin 'ud last a man a lifetime."

A Yorkshire clergyman, preaching for the Blind Asylum, began by gravely remarking:

"If all the world were blind, what a melancholy *sight* it would be!"

An Irish editor says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

"It is very sickly here," said one of the sons of the Emerald Isle the other day to another.

"Yes," replied his companion "a great many have died this year that never died before."

Captain. "How many fathoms?"

Pilot. "Can't touch bottom, sir."

Captain. "Well, d——n it, how near do you come?"

An advertisement in an Irish paper, setting forth the many conveniences and advantages to be derived from metal window sashes, among other particulars observed "that these sashes would last forever — and afterwards, if the owner had no use for them, they might be sold for old iron."

"As I was going over the bridge the other day," said a native of Erin, "I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' says I, 'how are you?'

"'Pretty well, thank you, Donnelly,' says he.

"'Donnelly,' says I, 'that's not my name.'

"'Faith, then, no more is mine Hewins.'

"So with that we looked at each other agin, an' sure enough, it was nayther of us."

An Irishman who was standing on London bridge, said to a youth:

"Faith, and I think I know yees; what's yer name?"

"Jones," said the boy.

"Jones, Jones," said the Irishman; "and I knew seventeen ould maids by that name in Dublin. Was aither of them your mither?"

"It's thrue," said Paddy to Dennis one day, "it wor a grand soight. But whoile ye're standin' sit down, an' oi'll tell ye all about it."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said an Irish manager to his audience of three, "as there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all; the performance of this night will not be performed, but will be repeated to-morrow evening."

Two Irishmen, recently arrived in America, were traveling along a country road one cold morning, when, as they were passing a house, their conversation was interrupted by the sudden appearance of several dogs. One seized hold of a stone, but finding it frozen fast to the ground, he exclaimed: "My, what a counthry! The sthones are tied fast and the dogs are tied loose!"

An Irish doctor lately sent in his bill to a lady as follows: "To curing your husband till he died."

"A man who'd maliciously set fire to a barn," said Elder Podson, "and burn up a stable full of horses and cows, ought to be kicked to death by a jackass, and I'd like to be the one to do it."

Servant. "Please, sir, you ain't got no bread and the baker says he won't trust you any longer?"

Irate Hibernian. "Och, the mane baste. No bread! Bedad, then, I must have toast."

Some years ago two Irishmen were carrying the hod, at a new brick building going up on the street fronting on

the North River, New York. At noon, one of the Cunard steamers, going out to sea, fired off the usual guns. "Do you hear that, Larry?" "The goons do you mane? What is it?" "Why, ov coorse, it's *an arrival goin' out!*"

Two deacons once disputing about a proposed new graveyard, one remarked: "I'll never be buried in that ground as long as I live!" "What an obstinate man!" said the other. "If my life is spared I will."

An Irishman once ordered a painter to draw his picture and to represent him standing behind a tree.

That was a triumphant appeal of an Irishman who was a lover of antiquity, who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said, "Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient?"

An Irish magistrate, censuring some boys for loitering in the streets, argued: "If everybody were to stand in the street, how could anybody get by?"

"Where did you put the hoe I saw you wid?" "It's gone intirely, feyther." "Thin I'll break ivery bone in your body wid it if you don't find it."

Lord and Master (*small-sized, but resolute*). "You are wrong, madam; quite wrong."

His Slave. "But I say I am not wrong."

Lord and Master. "But I have proved you are wrong."

His Slave. "I beg your pardon, I am not wrong. I may be mistaken, but I am not wrong."

Two Irishmen were working in a quarry when one of them fell into a deep quarry hole. The other, alarmed, came to the margin of the hole and called out, "Arrah, Pat, are ye killed intirely? If ye're dead, spake." Pat

reassured him from the bottom by saying in answer, "No, Tim, I'm not dead, but I'm spachless."

At a crowded concert the other evening, a young lady, standing at the door of the hall, was addressed by an honest Hibernian, who was in attendance on the occasion. "Indade, miss," said he, "I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full."

"Gentlemen, is not one man as good as another?" "Uv course he is," shouted an excited Irish chartist, "and *a great deal bether.*"

Said an Irish justice to an obstreperous prisoner on trial: "We want nothing but silence, and but little of that."

A lady the other day meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please, ma'am, I don't live *nowhere* now," replied the girl; "*I am married.*"

Old Dr. Cook, of Albany, in a flaming advertisement, speaking of the extent of his fame and his powers, says: "There is no part of this country *where people do not reside* whom I have not cured."

An Irishman got out of his carriage at a railway station for refreshments, but the bell rang and the train left before he had finished his repast. "Hould on!" cried Pat, as he ran like a madman after the car, "hould on, ye murthen ould stame injin—ye've got a passenger on board that's left behind."

An Irishman, describing the trading powers of the genuine Yankee, said: "Bedad, if he was cast away on a

desolate island, he'd get up the next mornin' and go round selling maps to the inhabitants."

An illiterate farmer, wishing to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition, wrote to the secretary as follows: "Also enter me for the best jackass; I am sure of taking the premium."

Biddy was bad with the colic. She was sure she was going to die, and that she was. Various remedies were suggested to her. "Indade," said she, "I would take anything to make me well, if I knew it would kill me."

An Irishman, with a heavy bundle on his shoulders, riding on the front of a horse-car, was asked why he did not set his bundle down on the platform. He replied: "Be jabers, the horses have enough to drag me; I'll carry the bundle."

An Irish agricultural journal advertises a new washing-machine under the heading: "Every man his own washer-woman," and in its culinary department says that, "potatoes should always be boiled in cold water."

There are bulls in Portugal, as well as in Ireland. The Mayor of Estremadura, offering a reward for the recovery of the remains of a drowned man, enumerated among the recognizable marks, that the lamented had a "marked impediment in his speech."

An Irish editor, in speaking of the miseries of Ireland, says: "Her cup of miseries has been for ages overflowing, and is not yet full."

When Paddy heard an Englishman speaking of the fine echo at the lake of Killarney, which repeats the sound forty times, he very promptly observed:

"Faith, that's nothing at all to the echo in my father's garden, in the county of Galway. If you say to it:

"'How do you do, Paddy Blake?' it will answer:

"'Pretty well, thank you, sir.'"

A new and enterprising paper advertises thus:

"Run away—A hired man named John; his nose turned up five feet eight inches high, and had on a pair of corduroy pants, much worn."

How that nose must have looked, dressed up in corduroy pants!

A Towanda (Penn.) sign reads thus:

"John Smith—teacher of cowtillions and other dances—gramer taut in the neetest manner—fresh salt herrin on draft—likewise Godfreys cordial—rutes, sassage and other garden truck.—N. B. A bawl on frida nite—prayer meetin chuesday also salme singin by the quire."

STARTLING INFORMATION.

A recent advertisement contains the following startling information:

"If the gentleman who keeps the shoe store with a red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an ivory handle to the slate-roofed grocer's store, he will hear something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother, now no more, with the name engraved upon it."

Among the replies to an advertisement of a music committee for "a candidate as organist, music-teacher," etc., was the following: "Gentlemen, I noticed your advertise-

ment for organist and music-teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."

A colored clergyman in Philadelphia recently gave notice as follows from the pulpit: "There will be a four days' meeting every evening this week, except Wednesday afternoon."

A music dealer, not long since, received the following order:

"Please send me the music to 'Strike the Harp in Praise of God and Paddle Your Own Canoe.'"

A gushing but ungrammatical editor says: "We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend, Mr. Tompkins, for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly one inch in diameter."

MIND YOUR STOPS.

The omission of a comma has frequently given a very awkward turn to a sentence. We remember an epitaph which suffered severely from such an oversight. It ran pretty much as follows:

"Erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

A printer, meddling with the verdict of a coroner's jury, struck out a comma after the word "apoplexy," making it read thus:

"Deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

A correspondent introduces a piece of poetry to the editor of an American newspaper in these words:

"The following lines were written fifty years ago by one who has for many years slept in his grave merely for his amusement."

A comma at "grave" would have rendered the sentence, at all events, comprehensible, though nothing would efface its absurd diction.

The compositor on a Philadelphia paper, by misplacement of a space, informed the *masses* of that city that Mr. —— would address *them asses* at National Hall.

IRISH WIT.

The proneness of Irish wit to hyperbole is well illustrated in the story of the man who described the gluttony of a young pig by saying that he had fed him with two pailfuls of milk and meal, and then put the pig in the pail, which he didn't half fill.

Another specimen of the same exaggeration is reported by a correspondent traveling in Ireland, who overheard an Irishman describing to some companions the country he was urging them to emigrate to.

"Ameriky," said he, "is a mighty sizable place. I'm tould ye might roll England through it, an' it would hardly make a dint in the ground. There's a fresh water ocean inside of it that ye might drown Ireland in, an' save Father Matthew a wonderful soight of trouble. An' as for Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner of their forests, an' ye'd never be able to find it, except, it might be, by the smell of the whisky."

Two Irishmen were talking about an accident, when the following colloquy occurred:

"Shure, how is the man that was hurt?"

"An' he's no bether."

"Is he conscious?"

"Yis, he's conscious, but divil a thing does he know."

"Pat, do you understand French?"

"Yis, if it's shpoke in Irish."

AN IRISH HOSTLER.

An Irish hostler was sent to the stable to bring forth a traveler's horse.

Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stalls belonged to the traveler, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. The traveler pointed out his own horse, saying, "That's my nag."

"Certainly, yer honor; I know that, but I didn't know which one of them was the other gentleman's."

PAT-ENT GUN.

I've heard a good joke on Emerald Pat,
Who kept a few brains and a brick in his hat;
He was bound to go hunting; so taking his gun
He rammed down a charge—this was load number one;
Then he put in the priming, and when all was done,
By way of experiment, he thought he would try
And see if by perchance he might hit the "bull's eye."
He straightened himself until he made a good figure,
Took a deliberate aim and then pulled the trigger.
Click! went the hammer, but nothing exploded;
"And sure," muttered Paddy, "the gun isn't loaded."
So down went another charge, just as before,
Unless this contained a grain or two more;
Once more he made ready and took a good aim

And pulled on the trigger — effect quite the same.
"I wonder, can this be, still shootin'?" said Pat;
"I put down a load, now I'm certain of that;
I'll try it again, and then we shall see!"
So down went the cartridge of load number three.
Then trying again with a confident air,
And succeeding no better, he gave up in despair.
Just at that moment he happened to spy
His friend, Michael Milligan, hurrying by.
"Hello, Mike! Come here and try on my gun;
I've been trying to shoot until I'm tired and done!"
So Mike took the gun and picked up the powder,
Remarking to Pat, "it would make it go louder."
Then placing it firmly against his right arm,
And never suspecting it might do him harm,
He pointed the piece in the proper direction,
And pulled on the trigger without more reflection,
When off went the gun like a county election
Where whisky and gin have exclusive selection
Of those who are chosen to guard the inspection —
There's a great deal of noise — and some little inspection,
And Michael "went off" in another direction.
"Hold on!" shouted Pat, "Hold on to the gun,
I put in three loads, and you fired off but one!
Get up, and be careful, don't hold it so level,
Or else we are both us gone to the — cemetery!"
"I'm goin'," says Michael, "it's time that I wint,
I've got meself kicked and I'll just take the hint."

Now, old boys, and young, here's a moral for you;
Don't make Pat your pattern whatever you do.
Don't carry too much in the crown of your hat;
Of all things you lodge there beware of the bat!
I don't mean the little mouse flying in the air,
The ladies so fear that may get into their hair,
But the dangerous brick bat, so much worse than that,
Nobody can wear it that isn't a "flat,"

And then don't forget it is one of Old Nick's
Diabolical methods of playing his tricks
On foolish young men who become "perfect bricks;"
He don't give the hint until *after* he kicks!

"Bridget, I wish you would go and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning."

Bridget returned in a few minutes with the information that Mrs. Jones was seventy-two years, ten months, and eight days old.

NO SMOKING ALLOWED.

The captain of a steamboat, seeing an Irishman smoking away abaft the wheelhouse, stepped up to him and said:

"Don't you see that notice stuck up there?"

"D'ye mane that bit o' painted tin?"

"To be sure I do. Why don't you follow it?"

"I haven't sayn it move; it's nailed fast, I'm considerin'."

"I mean, have you read that notice?"

"Divil a bit; shure I don't know how to rade."

"Well, it says: 'No smoking allowed here.'"

"By the powers! it doesn't consarn me a smite, thin, for I never smoked 'aloud' in my life."

ANNOYED BY MOSQUITOES.

The other evening, two Irishman, new in the country, arrived in Toledo late in the evening, and put up at the Island House. They were shown to a room far up in the building, the gas lighted, and they were left alone.

The weather was hot, the windows open, and the two gentlemen sat down to enjoy a chat. Soon, attracted by

the light and the prospect of a square meal, a troop of the hungriest mosquitoes bore down upon the ill-fated Hibernians. They fought and bled, but the enemy constantly received reinforcements, and the travelers were in despair. The clerk was summoned and asked, agonizingly:

"Is there no defence against these bloodthirsty craturs?"

He told the travelers that if they put out their gas and closed their windows, they would experience relief.

They acted on the suggestion, and placed themselves between the sheets. Just as they began to doze, a lightning-bug caught the eye of one of the travelers. He roused his companion with a punch.

"Jamie, Jamie, it's no use. Here's one of the craturs sarchin' for us wid a lantern!"

SELF-CONVICTED.

An English gentleman was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and perceiving an Irishman stationed behind him reading it, said nothing, but finished his letter in these words:

"I would say more, but a big, tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write."

"You lie, you scoundrel!" said the self-convicted Hibernian.

"I'M QUITE OF YOUR WAY OF THINKIN'."

Some people are so wedded to their own notions that they will not have any persons for friends, or even for servants, who do not entertain similar views.

A certain Irish lord always made a point of strictly examining his domestics, as to their religious and political faith, before he engaged them. While residing on his

Irish estates, a groom presented himself to be hired, and he had resolved beforehand not to compromise himself by any inconsiderate reply.

"What are your opinions?"

"Indeed, then, your lordship's honor, I have just none at all, at all."

"Not any! nonsense! you must have some, and I insist upon knowing them."

"Why, then, your honor's glory, they are for all the world just the same as your lordship's."

"Then you can have no objection to state them, and to confess frankly what is your way of thinking?"

"Och! and is it my way of thinking you mane by my opinion? Why, then, I am exactly the same way of thinking as Pat Sullivan, your honor's game-keeper, for, says he to me, as I was coming up stairs, 'Murphy,' says he, 'I'm thinking you'll never be paying me the two-and-twenty shillin's I lent you, last Christmas was a twelve-month.' 'Faith!' says I, 'Pat Sullivan! I'm quite of your way of thinkin'.'"

WIDOW MALONEY'S PIG.

Mike Murphy was taken to task by his spiritual adviser for having stolen widow Maloney's pig. The evidence against Mike was so direct and positive, that it was worse than useless for him to deny the crime, and he listened with downcast eyes and much meekness to a well-deserved lecture from the priest, upon the wickedness of the theft he had committed, till the reverend gentleman asked him what he would say in the day of judgment when he should be confronted by Mrs. Maloney and her pig? when he brightened up at a happy thought, and said:

"And ye say that the pig 'll be there, yer riverence?"

"Yes, the pig 'll be there, and Mrs. Maloney 'll be there, too, living witnesses against you. What, I repeat, can you say in such a presence?"

"Yer riverence, I'll say, Widow Maloney, there's yer pig, take it!"

AN UNEXPECTED REPLY.

Jonathan and Paddy were riding together one day when they came in sight of an old gallows. This suggested to the American the idea of being witty at the expense of his Irish companion. "You see that, I calculate," said he, "and now where would you be if the gallows had its due?"

"Riding alone," coolly replied Paddy.

HOW MANY WERE AT THE PARTY.

Mr. O'Flaherty undertook to tell how many were at the party: "The two Crogans were one, myself was two, Mike Finn was three, and — and — who was four? Let me see" (counting on his fingers). "The two Crogans was one, Mike Finn was two, myself was three, and bedad! there was four of us, but I couldn't tell the name of the other. Now, it's meself that has it. Mike Finn was one, the two Crogans was two, myself was three — and — by my soul, I think there was but three of us after all."

WHERE ARE THE SAUSAGES?

A lady in Cincinnati has recently had a remarkable experience with a new Irish girl:

"Biddy," said she, one evening, "we must have some sausages for tea this evening, I expect company."

"Yes, ma'am."

Tea time arrived, and with it the company; the table was spread, the tea was simmering, but no sausages appeared.

"Where are the sausages, Biddy?" the lady inquired.

"And sure they're in the ta-pot, ma'am! Didn't you tell me we must have 'em for ta?"

DID YOU HEAR THE THUNDER?

Two good-natured Irishmen, on a certain occasion, occupied the same bed. In the morning one of them inquired of the other:

"Dennis, did you hear the thunder last night?"

"No, Pat; did it raily thunder?"

"Yes, it thundered as if hiven and airth would come together."

"Why in the divil, then, didn't ye wake me, for ye know I can't slape whin it thunders."

NOT A BIT O' DIFFERENCE, BE DAD.

A business man of James Street hired a laborer last week to cut the grass in his yard and tidy up about the premises. At noon the man returned to the office, saying: "I've cleaned up the yard and cut most of the grass, an' sure, sir, a man he tould me I was in the wrong yard, but he said it would not make the divil a bit o' difference, be dad."

A pedagogue told one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle, to spell hostility.

"H-o-r-s-e, horse," began Pat.

"Not horse tility," said the teacher, "but hostility."

"Sure," replied Pat, "an' didn't ye tell me the other day not to say hoss? Be jabers, it's one thing wid ye one day and another the nixt."

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

An instance of the distinction *without* a difference was offered by the Irishman who, having legs of different sizes, ordered his boots to be made accordingly. His directions were obeyed, but as he tried the smallest boot on his largest foot, he exclaimed petulantly: "Confound that fellow! I ordered him to make one larger than the other; and instead of that he has made one smaller than the other."

Two Irishmen, in crossing a field, came in contact with a jackass, which was making "daylight hideous" with his unearthly braying.

Jemmy stood a moment in astonishment, then turning to Pat, who was also enraptured with the song, he remarked:

"It's a fine ear the bird has got for music, but he's got a wonderful cowld."

DIDN'T HAVE THE SIXPENCE.

An Irishman asks a Long Island woman the price of a pair of fowls, and is told:

"A dollar."

"And a dollar it is, my darlint? Why, in my country you might buy them for sixpence apiece."

"And why didn't you stay in that blessed cheap country?"

"Och, faith, and there was *no sixpence there*, to be sure!"

GOT AHEAD OF THE MUSICIAN.

An Irishman hearing of a wonderful musician, concluded to take lessons from him, and inquired of his terms. The answer was:

"Six dollars for the first month and three dollars for the second month."

"Then," said the Irishman, "I'll come the second month."

AN IRISH BOUQUET.

An acceptable bouquet of Irish fun can always be had. A good one is that of the Irishman who said, in response to an inquiry:

"Sick is it! Sick! Faith and I laid spachless sivin long weeks in the month of August, and did nothin' but cry 'Wather, wather,' all the time."

A very good one is told of the fellow who was present at a fire. The building was a dwelling-house, and a lady appeared at a third-story window, crying for help to save her life. The Irishman, greatly moved at this, commenced shouting for a rope, when a by-stander interrupted him with:

"What do you want with a rope?"

"Why, to haul her out, ov coorse," was the ready reply.

And still another:

Jimmy. "I was up at the menagerie yisterday afthernoon."

"I was there too," responded Mike.

"By me soul," said Jimmy, scratching his head, "I was lookin' for ye; which cage were you in?"

"Mike," said one Irishman to another, "will you lend me your face?"

"What for?"

"To go begging with."

"Is yours worn out already?" was the witty rejoinder.

"That was a good thing you got off the other day," said one Irishman to another.

"Yis! phat's this it was?"

"A dirty shirt," was the laughable reply.

"Did ye ever know such a cold Summer as this?" asked Mike of a fellow Irishman.

"Yes," answered Pat.

"When?"

"Last Winter, be jabers!"

A man, referring to the sudden death of a relative, was asked if he lived high.

"Well, I can't say he did," said Terrence, "but he died high."

Like the banks in these days, he was suspended.

"Why, you'd better knock the door down. What do you want?"

"Och, my darling! don't let me wake any of your family. I'm just using your knocker to wake the people next door. I'm locked out, d'ye see, and they've niver a knocker."

STRONG FILIAL AFFECTION.

Perhaps the strongest recorded instance of filial affection is that of an Irish son, if we may receive, without any suspicion, the evidence of a fond and doting father:

"Och, now, my darlint," exclaimed the latter, when his boy threatened to enlist in the army, "would you be lavin' your poor ould father who dotes upon ye? You, the best and most dutiful of all my children, and the only one that never struck me when I was down!"

AN IRISH LOVE LETTER.

The following genuine specimen of a love letter is now published for the first time:

"DEAR MISS: I have been in love for you a long time, and take this opportunity to inform you by letter; and would ye like to cort for marriage, if so I would like to have you if you are not spoke for. And if you are spoke for is your sister spoke for. You and she is both so hansom it is hard to tell which is the hansomis. I have got a little farm big enuf to lie down on, and don't you think I am pretty good-looking. I think you are very good-looking. And if you want me and if you don't want me be sure and answer me yis or no."

AN EQUIVOCAL ANSWER.

A literary gentleman, wishing to be undisturbed one day, instructed his Irish servant to admit no one, and if any one should inquire for him, to give him an equivocal answer. Night came, and the gentleman proceeded to interrogate Pat as to his visitors:

"Did any one call?"

"Yes, sir; wan gintleman."

"What did he say?"

"He axed was yer honor in."

"Well, what did you tell him?"

"Sure, I gave him a quivikle answer, jist."

"How was that?"

"I axed him was his grandmother a monkey."

On the arrival of an emigrant ship, some years ago, when the North Carolina lay off the Battery, an Irishman, hearing the gun fired at sunset, inquired of one of the sailors what it was. "What's that? Why, that's sunset," was the contemptuous reply.

"Sunset!" Paddy exclaimed, with distended eyes; "sunset! Howly Moses! and does the sun go down in this country with sich a clap as that?"

THE VERY MAN FOR HIM.

An athletic specimen of the Emerald Isle called on a wharfinger for a job.

"The top o' the mornin' to ye, Muster P. I've been told that ye're in want of help."

"I've but little to do," replied P., with mercantile gravity.

"I'm the very boy for yees! It's but little I care about doing — it's the money I'm after, shure!"

The *naive* reply procured him a situation.

THE IRISHMAN TOO SHARP FOR THE DUTCHMAN.

A rather amusing, but improbable, story is told of the Dutchman and the Irishman. It was agreed between them to grip, with their teeth, the two ends of a strap, the one betting the other that he could pull it out of his mouth. The parties got ready, and had the strap fixed between their teeth, and at the word "pull" were to commence.

The Irishman, as Irishmen always are, was full of fun; and with a tight grip between his teeth, muttered through his nose:

"Are ye ready?"

"Yah," said the Dutchman, opening wide his mouth and teeth.

"Thin pull," said Paddy, as he drew the strap from the Dutchman's mouth, before he had time to close his teeth down again and secure a tight hold.

WHY IT WAS A ROOSTER.

Two Hibernians were passing a stable that had a rooster on it for a weather-vane, when one addressed the other thus:

"Pat, what's the reason they didn't put a hin up there instead of a rooster?"

"An' sure," replied Pat, "that's aisy enough; don't you see, it would be inconvanient to go for the eggs."

THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

"Fat's all this talk about the currency, and the five-twenties, and the sivin-thirties that I hear about, Mike?"

"Why, bliss your sowl, don't ye know, Pat? It manes that the Government wants to make the laborin' men work from five-twinty in the mornin' till sivin-thirty in the evening."

"Och, the spalpeens, may the divil take them."

BIDDY MALONE'S CERTIFICATE.

Biddy Malone was in a great fever of excitement when she landed in America, direct from the "ould sod." Her

certificate of character was lost on shipboard, and what would she be after doin'. To her great happiness and consolation, Tim Mulligan, her Irish friend, volunteered and wrote her a beautiful recommendation, as follows:

"This is to certify that Biddy Malone had a good character before she left the 'ould counthry,' but lost it on shipboard comin' over."

A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master, one morning, a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other.

"How comes it that these boots are not of the same length?"

"I raly don't know, sir; but what bothers me the most is that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

An Irishman went to the theater for the first time. Just as the curtain descended on the first act, a boiler in the basement exploded, and he was blown through the roof, coming down in the next street. After coming to his senses, he asked:

"An' what piece do yez play nixt?"

A RELIGIOUS COW.

Near Zanesville, Ohio, an Irishman lives who is the proprietor of a beauty of a shanty a little way east of that thriving place. He purchased a cow a few weeks ago, and as she was rather wild, he had to halter her and lead her home. As soon as he reached the lovely cot wherein his wife and the little Pats were lodging, they came out to meet him, whereupon Mrs. Pat thus began:

"Well, Pat, my darling, and where did you git that baste of a cow?"

"Sure an' I got her of old Mr. Higgins up the road."

"What, did you buy a cow of that old Protestant?"

"And why not, Bridget, dear? Just you bring out that bottle of holy water, and I'll be after pouring it on her, and it will make her all right in no time."

Bridget did as she was bid, and bringing the bottle to Pat, he took it and poured it on the animal's back, making the cross with all due devotion as he poured. But the old woman, by mistake, had brought him a bottle of vitriol, and Pat was astonished to find that the cow was frantic under the operation, kicking worse, by far, than before he applied the holy water. He tried it again, and poured on more, when the cow broke loose from Pat, and kicked him over, as she dashed away, to the terror of poor Bridget, who cried out:

"Holy Virgin, and mither of Moses! *isn't the Protestant strong in her yet?*"

"My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to a friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?"

"Is it betray that you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to some one that could keep it?"

A COLD JOKE.

An Irishman, being annoyed by a howling dog in the night, jumped out of bed to dislodge the offender.

It was in the month of January when the snow was three feet deep. He not returning, his wife ran out to see what was the matter. There she found her husband in his

night suit, his teeth chattering and his whole body almost paralyzed with cold, holding the struggling dog by the tail.

"Holy Mother! Pat," says she, "what would ye be afther doin'?"

"Hush!" said he. "Don't ye see? I'm tryin' to fraze the baste!"

A STRANGE STORY.

An Irishman, addicted to telling strange stories, said he saw a man beheaded with his hands tied behind him, who directly picked up his head and put it on his shoulders in the right place.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said a by-stander; "how could he pick up his head when his hands were tied behind him?"

"And, sure, what a purty fool ye are!" said Pat; "and couldn't he pick it up wid his teeth? To ould Nick wid yer botheration!"

"The sun is all very well," said an Irishman, "but the moon is worth two of it; for the moon affords us light in night-time, when we *want it*, whereas the sun's with us in the day-time, when we have *no occasion for it*."

PAT WENT TO THE POST-OFFICE.

Pat, having been sent by his master to the post-office after the letters, was asked, on his return:

"Well, Pat, what was there for me?"

"Two letters and a paper, sir."

"Well, hand them to me; what are you standing there for?"

"Indade, sir, and you didn't tell me to bring them, at all, at all!"

"What did you go to the office for?"

"You told me to go to the office and see what was in the box, and haven't I done it sure?"

Pat had to go back again — but muttering as he went, that he wished his honor would "be after maning what he said next time."

WANTED TO SEND A MESSAGE.

A venerable Irish lady in Taunton, Mass., went into the telegraph office, the other evening, and stated her wish to send a message to her son in a neighboring city. Whereupon the obliging operator asked her if he should write it for her, to which she hesitatingly responded:

"Av ye plaze, Mister, I'll do it meself, for James knows my handwriting."

"What are you writing such a big hand for, Pat?"

"Why, you see that my grandmother is dafe, and I am writing a loud letter to her."

A teetotaler asked Pat the other day if ever he saw a teetotaler drunk?

"Och!" replied Paddy, with earnestness, "I've seen many a man drunk, but I couldn't tell whether he was a teetotaler or not."

PAT'S REFLECTION.

Patrick saw a bull pawing in a field, and thought how amusing it would be to jump over, catch him by the horns, and rub his nose in the dirt. The idea was so funny, that he laughed to think of it. The more he thought of it, the funnier it seemed, and he determined to do it. Bovus

quickly tossed him over the fence once more. Somewhat bruised by this, Patrick leisurely picked himself up, with the very consolatory reflection:

"Well, it is a moighty foine thing I had my laugh foorst."

CAUGHT BY A TURTLE.

An Irishman, fresh from the old country, saw a turtle for the first time, and at once made up his mind to capture it. The turtle caught him by the finger, and he, holding it out at arm's length, said: "Faith, and ye had better let loose the howlt ye have, or I'll kick ye out of the very box ye sit in, be jabers."

TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

The traits of character peculiar to the many that make up our people, are very happily hit off in the following anecdote:

It was agreed to make a proposition to the representatives of the several countries as they were met in the street, to ascertain the answer that each would make. The first met was Mr. John Bull, who was asked:

"What will you take to stand all night in the tower of that church?"

"I should not wish to do it short of a guinea."

The Scotchman came along, and to the same inquiry, answered:

"And what would you be willing to give?"

A Frenchman was met, and, bowing very politely, said:

"I would be most happy to oblige you, but I beg to be excused at present, as I am engaged."

Jonathan promptly replied to the question:

"What will you take to do it?"

"I'll take a dollar."

And last of all came Patrick, and when the inquiry was put to him, he replied:

"An' sure, I think I would take cowld."

An Irish peasant being asked why he permitted his pig to take up his quarters with his family, made an answer abounding with satirical *naivete:* "Why not? Doesn't the place afford every convenience that a pig can require?"

THE TWO DREAMS.

A Scotchman and an Irishman happened to be journeying together through a most interminable forest, and by some mishap lost their way and wandered about in a pitiable condition for a while, when they fortunately came across a miserable hovel, which was deserted save by a lone chicken. As this poor biped was the only thing eatable to be obtained, they eagerly despatched and prepared it for supper.

When laid before them, Pat concluded that it was insufficient for the support of both himself and Sawney, and therefore a proposition was made to his companion that they should spare the chicken until the next morning, and the one who had the most pleasant dream should have the chicken, which was agreed to.

In the morning Sawney told his dream. He thought angels were drawing him up to heaven in a basket, and he was never before so happy. Upon concluding his dream, Pat exclaimed:

"Och, sure and be jabers, I saw ye going, and thought

ye wouldn't come back, so I got up and ate the chicken myself."

"How much for the broad-faced chicken on the fence?" inquired an Irishman of a farmer.

"That's not a chicken — it's an owl," replied the farmer.

"I don't care how ould he is; I would like to buy him," said the Irishman.

A gentleman going up Sixth Avenue, New York, met a laborer to whom he said: "Will you tell me if I am half way to Central Park?"

"Faith, an' I will," was the reply, "if you tell me where you started from."

Our traveling friend pursued his walk and his inquiries, and seeing a very large funeral procession, he asked another native whose funeral that was.

"Be gorrah, sir," said Pat with a most innocent look, "it's myself that can not say for sartain, but I'm after thinkin', it's the *man's in the coffin.*"

"Mike! Mike! stop scratchin' yer head, bye."

"I won't, marm; they began on me first."

"Please, sir, what's the fare from Dublin to Glasgow?" inquired a son of the Emerald Isle one day, of the clerk at a shipping office.

"Eighteen shillings," replied the latter.

"An' what d'ye charge for a pig or cow?"

"Oh, eighteenpence for a pig, and three shillings for a cow."

"Well," directed Pat, "book me as a pig."

TWENTY MILES TO NEW YORK.

Two Irishmen were once walking toward New York, when they met a man and asked him how much farther they had got to travel, and were told that it was yet twenty miles to the great city.

"Faith, we'll not reach it the night," said one of them, evidently much dejected.

"Och, Pat, come on. Twinty moils! Shure that's not much; only tin moils apiece. Come on."

An Irish post-boy, having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, was asked if he was not very wet?

"Arrah! I wouldn't care about being so *very wet*, if I wasn't so *very dry*, your honor."

A young man, searching for his father's pig, accosted an Irishman, as follows: "Have you seen a stray pig about here?"

To which Pat responded: "Faith, how could I tell a stray pig from any other?"

An Irishman, who lived in an attic, being asked what part of the house he occupied, answered: "If the house was turned *topsy turvy*, I'd be livin' on the first flure."

HOW PADDY CONVERTED THE JEW.

Not long ago, in one of the obscure streets of a city not far from our own, a son of the Emerald Isle by birth, and a son of the sea by trade, was on his bed to die. The priest had been sent for, and was ready to administer the last rites of the church to the dying seaman, so soon as he should

confess his sins. But Patrick had none of that kind of thing to boast of; indeed, he said that, to the best of his recollection, he had no sins to confess at all. He had been a sailor, he said, and he had done his duty — swearing a little, and drinking his grog as well as the next man; but he had always come to time in a fight, and was never licked in his life, so that, for his part, he did not believe he had anything on his mind to be sorry for; and so, "plase your riverence, let me off asy, and if you can't let me off asy, let me off as asy as you can."

"Bethink thee again, my son," said the priest. "Has no man ever lost his life, or perhaps his soul from thy hands? Be honest now, for death is at the door."

"Your riverence is right," groaned the poor fellow; "I did once convert a Jew, but I had forgotten it."

"Convert a Jew! and sure, Pat, there was no sin in that. But how did you manage the matter, pray?"

"Well, your riverence must let me tell the story in my own way. I was setting him ashore in the ship's boat — me and Pete Mullins were — and we got to disputationing like about our religion, for he thought we were no better than pagans, and I knew he was worse, for I had seen the hathun niggers and Indians at home, and they ain't half as bad as Jews, and I told him so. He got very wrothy like, and when he laped up to give me a clip, the boat went over onto one side, and over he went into the sea. As he came up I caught him by the hair of his head, and it came to me all at once that it would be a good time to convert him; and so, says I, as I drew his head out of the water:

"'Honey dear' — for I thought I would spake kindly to him — 'honey, dear, do you believe in the Holy Catholic Church?'

COMPULSORY WORSHIP.

"Are you *obliged* to attend public worship?"

"N-o-o; not exactly *obliged*, ye kno', sir; but *we should lose our grog if we didn't!*"

"'Not a bit of it!' said he, as he cleared his mouth of the sea-water, and so I settled him down into it again. Once more I brought his chin to the top of the brine, and asked him tinderly:

"'Do you believe in the Holy Catholic Church now?'

"'I don't think I do,' he said, but not as decidedly as before, and I ducked him again; and now for the third time I raised him, and said:

"'Do you believe in the Holy Catholic Church *now?*'

"His voice was almost gone, but I heard him distinctly but feebly answer, 'Yes, I do;' and so, as these fellows, and especially the Jews, give up their religion so asy after they get it, I thought I would make him sure for the kingdom of heaven, and so I let him go. He never came up, and I hope to meet him in Paradise. That, your riverence, is the way I converted the Jew, and sometimes I feel as if I ought to have taken him into the boat, and let him take his chances on getting into the kingdom."

The holy father admonished Pat that he did very wrong to let the Jew go to the bottom, and the poor fellow said he was very much of the priest's opinion. So he repented him sorely of his converting the Jew, received absolution according to the rites of the Church, and in a few minutes breathed his last.

An old negro minister, in a sermon on Hell, pictured it as a region of ice and snow, where the damned froze through eternity.

When privately asked his purpose in representing Gehenna in this way, he said:

"I don't dare to tell them people nothing else. Why, if I was to say that Hell was warm, some of them old rheu-

matic niggers would be wanting to start down the first frost."

"If the wind blows this way for another hour," said the captain on board of a ship in danger of being wrecked, to a passenger, who was a clergyman, "we shall all be in Heaven."

"God forbid!" was the prayerful answer of the divine.

A NEW VERSION OF THE PARABLE OF THE VIRGINS.

The preacher was a mulatto, about forty years old. He read the 25th chapter of Matthew—parable of the virgins—until, as he got near the end of the parable and the foot of the page and went up to the next page, he found something was wrong. The pages did not hitch. He studied for a minute, and said:

"Brudderin, de ress of de parable am not hyar. But I'll tell you all de ress. Dem foolish virgins got de do' shet in dere face, and it sarved dem right."

Then he took for his text, "Dese shall go into eberlastin' punishment, but the righteous into life eternal."

Here are some of his inspirations:

"Why are so many of dese hyar seats vacant?

"Where is de brudders and sisters who ought to be settin' hyar?

"Oh, some of dem is down on Bay Street sparkin', and some of dem is in card houses, and some is in drunken houses, and some is sittin' at home bekase deyse too tired!

"Oh-er! brudderin, when you true believers gets up to de white frone den people will come to you and say:

"'Gib us of your oil, for our lamps done gone out,' and you will say-er, 'You can't come dat game on us.' No-er,

for de tex says, 'Dese shall go into eberlastin' punishment, but the righteous inter life eternal.'

"Dere's a great many people talks 'ligion bery loud down in Bay Street in de day time, but where is dey to-night?

"Why-er, deyse foolin' round expectin' when de bride-groom comes-er to borry oil from dem dat's got mo'.

"But what does the Scripter say-er?

"Why, it says, 'Let dem go radder to him dat sells it at de sto',' and while dey is gone de do' is slammed shet, for de tex says, 'Dese shall go into eberlastin' punishment, but de righteous into life eternal.'

"Now brudderin and friends, what would you think of any of you ladies and gentlemen who would go splurging down Bay Street with a hat, a watch, a coat, or dress or bonnet on what didn't belong to you? Stickin' up your nose becase you's so berry fine, and everybody sayin' as you go long dem wan't your own close, wouldn't you feel cheap?

"But dey's going to be fooled, for de tex says-er dese shall go into eberlastin' punishment, but de righteous into life eternal!

"Oh, yes-er, my beloved brudderin and sisters, you can't go a sailin' into hebben on borrowed close, as you sails down Bay Street, for it is written, 'Ebery tub mus' stand on its own bottom, and ebery knee shall bow, and ebery tongue shall confess dat fire and brimstone shall be dere po'tion for eber and eber,' and de tex says, 'Dese shall go into eberlastin' punishment, but de righteous into life eternal.'"

The Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, was in the habit of proposing, on festive occasions, a certain young lady as

his toast. Having abandoned the practice, he was asked for a reason.

"Because," said he, "I have toasted her for sixteen years without being able to make her brown, and so I've resolved to toast her no longer."

A STREAK AHEAD OF NOAH.

A dispute once arose between two Scotchmen, named Campbell and McLean, upon the antiquity of their families. The latter would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the McLeans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were in existence as a clan since the beginning of the world.

Campbell had a little more Biblical knowledge than his antagonist, and asked him if the clan of the McLeans was before the flood.

"Flood! what flood?" asked McLean.

"The flood, you know, that drowned all the world but Noah and his family, and his flock," said Campbell.

"Pooh! you and your flood," said McLean; "my clan was afore the flood."

"I have not read in my Bible," said Campbell, "of the name of McLean going into Noah's ark."

"Noah's ark!" retorted McLean, in contempt: "Who ever heard of a McLean that hadn't a boat of his ain?"

ASKING A BLESSING.

A Western cattle dealer, who rarely had the privilege of sitting down to meat with a family, and had never been in a minister's house in his life, was not long ago benighted and lost in his ride across the prairies, and compelled to ask for lodgings at the first house he could find. Happily

for him it proved to be the dwelling of a good man, a parson, who gave him a cordial welcome, and what was specially agreeable, told him supper would soon be ready. The traveler's appetite was ravenous, and the moment he was asked to sit down he complied; and without waiting for a second invitation, he laid hold of what he could reach.

"Stop, stop!" said the good man of the house, "we are in the habit of saying something here before we eat."

This hint to wait till a blessing was asked, the rough customer did not understand, but with his mouth full, he muttered:

"Go ahead, say what you like; you can't turn my stomach now!"

HEALTHIER AT HOME.

A Jerseyman was very sick and not expected to recover. His friends got around the bed, and one of them says:

"John, do you feel willing to die?"

John made an effort to give his views on the subject, and answered with a feeble voice:

"I think I'd rather stay where I am better acquainted."

UNCLE PETE WOULDN'T SUBSCRIBE.

"Uncle Pete" was asked to subscribe fifty cents to his parson's salary the other day.

"Can't do it, I tell ye. Kase dere's mighty hard times 'proachin' on hyar!"

"Oh, no, Pete, de craps is good, and we hab plenty of money dis Winter."

"You'se a fool! How kin dat be when I heer Mr. Jeemes up der at de bank say dat de Chloraforney Bank done busted, jis like dat Freedman Bank did? Can't

'scribe nuthin, honey; but I'll lend de preacher my wood-saw and buck ef he wants to yearn somefin."

This proposition was not accepted.

"It isn't loud praying which counts with the Lord so much as giving four full quarts for every gallon," says an Arkansas circuit rider.

DAVY CROCKETT'S LITTLE TALE.

Somewhere in the then far West, two Pennsylvania Germans had built grist-mills on one of the many streams of the country, and by thrift and industry had established a good trade. They were joined not long after their coming by a friend from Berks County, and together the three exiles passed the time pleasantly, growing gray together under the combined influence of age and flour-dust.

The last arrival of the three, although an honest, hard-working German, was at times possessed of a strange, but harmless, hallucination. At certain seasons he imagined himself to be the Almighty, and on such occasions he would send for his two friends to come and be judged.

Taking a seat in a high chair in the mill, he would call up one of the pair for judgment.

"Well, Hans Fuldeveiller, vots you been doing in dis lower world?"

To which Hans would immediately reply:

"Lord, I does not know."

"Ish you a miller, Hans Fuldeveiller?"

"Yaw, Lord!"

"Did you ever dake too much toll, Hans?"

"Ven der water vos low, and mine shtones vos dull, I did somedimes took too much toll."

"Den, Hans Fuldeveiller, you go on der left mid der goats."

The other miller was then called up, questioned like his predecessor, returned the same answers, and was sentenced to the same punishment; after which the judge tried himself, as follows:

"Yake Snyder, stood up!"

"Here I ish, Lord!"

"Ish you a miller, Yake Snyder?"

"Yaw, Lord."

"Did you never took too much toll, Yacob?"

"Yaw, good Lord, ven der water vos low and mine shtones vos dull, I did somedimes took too much toll."

At this point there was a slight change in the order of the proceedings. In the other cases the culprits had been sentenced immediately upon the acknowledgment of their guilt; but now the Creator, as personified by the eccentric miller, paused, and for a while was lost in deep thought. At length he said:

"Yake Snyder, vot did you do with dot extra toll?"

"Lord, I gives it to der poor."

Another pause, and then the judge says:

"Well, if dot is der case, Yacob, you may go on der right mit der sheep, but it is a mighty tight squeeze!"

DARLIN' MIKE.

The following is as true as it is absurd:

An Irish woman in this vicinity had a husband lying at the point of death; again and again she declared that she would rather die than lose "darlin' Mike." A set of graceless scamps determined to try her conjugal affection. Hav-

ing seized a large turkey, they stripped him entirely of his feathers. Biddy was alone, groaning and calling on death to come and take her and not Mike. Silently the shanty door opened and the hideous turkey entered, and, led by her shrieks, stalked to her.

"Oh! och hone! Howly Mary defind us! take Mike first, that's a good cretur! Howly Mary! how can I die before my time? Take Mike first!"

Dr. Newman spoke, in a recent sermon, of "the sad funeral procession" which followed Abel to the grave. An irreverent woman in the audience nudged her companion and whispered: "Not such a large procession, but very select. None but the first families."

Mr. Moore, who derived his pedigree from Noah, explained it in this manner: "Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and one *more*."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

During a class-meeting held by the Methodist brethren of a Southern village, Brother Jones went among the colored portion of the congregation. Finding there a man notorious for his endeavor to serve God on the Sabbath and Satan the rest of the week, he said:

"Well, Brother Dick, I am glad to see you here. Haven't stole any turkeys since I saw you last, Brother Dick?"

"No, no, Brudder Jones, no turkeys."

"Nor any chickens, Brother Dick?"

"No, no, Brudder Jones; no chickens."

"Thank the Lord, Brother Dick! That's doing well, my brother!" said Brother Jones, leaving Brother Dick, who immediately relieved his overburdened conscience by saying to a near neighbor, with an immense sigh of relief:

"If he'd said ducks, he'd had me!"

An ignorant old lady was asked by a minister visiting her, if she had religion? She replied: "I have slight touches of it occasionally."

ONCE COLORED ALWAYS COLORED.

A negro woman was relating her experience to a gaping congregation of color, and among other things said she had been in Heaven. One of the ladies of color asked her:

"Sister, did you see any black folks in Heaven?"

"Oh, get out! you 'spose I go in the kitchen when I was dar?"

This reminds us of the anecdote of a colored man who was so convinced of the lowliness of his position, and that labor was his natural lot, that he was even indifferent as to a future state, believing that "dey'll make nigger work eben if he go to Hebbin."

A clergyman tried to argue him out of this opinion by representing that this could not be the case, inasmuch as there was absolutely no work for him to do in Heaven. His answer was:

"Oh, you g'way, Massa. I know better. If dere's no work for culled folks up dar, dey'll make some fur 'em, and if dere's nuffin better to do, dey'll make 'em *shub de clouds along.* You can't fool dis chile, Massa."

VERY EASILY FRIGHTENED.

A foolish Irish fellow went to the parish priest, and told him, with a very long face, that he had seen a ghost.

"When and where?" said the pastor.

"Last night," replied the timid man, "I was passing by the church, and up against the wall of it did I behold the spectre."

"In what shape did it appear?" inquired the priest.

"It appeared in the shape of a great ass."

"Go home and hold your tongue about it," rejoined the priest; "you are a very timid man, and have been frightened by your own shadow."

THE LAST OF THE SARPINTS.

"The serpent, is it?" said Picket in reply. "Sure, everybody has heard tell of the blessed St. Patrick, and how he *druve the sarpints*, and all manner of venomous things, out of Ireland — how he bothered all the *varmint* entirely; but for all that, there was one ould sarpint left, who was too cunning to be talked out of the country and made to drown himself. St. Patrick didn't well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc; till at last he bethought himself, and got a strong iron chest made, with nine boults upon it.

"So one fine morning he takes a walk to where the sarpint used to keep; and the sarpint, who didn't like the Saint in the least — and small blame to him for that — began to hiss and show his teeth at him like any thing. 'Oh,' says St. Patrick, says he, 'where's the use of making such a piece of work about a gentleman, like myself, coming to see you? — 'tis a nice house I have got made

for you agin the winter; for I am going to civilize the whole country, man and beast,' says he, 'and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you.'

"The sarpint, hearing such smooth words, thought that though St. Patrick had druve all the rest of the sarpints into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the sarpint walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about. But when the sarpint saw the nine great boults upon the chest, he thought he was *sould*, and was for making off with himself as fast as he could.

"'Tis a nice warm house you see,' says St. Patrick, 'and 'tis a good friend I am to you.'

"'I thank you, kindly, St. Patrick, for your civility,' says the sarpint, 'but I think it's too small it is for me;' meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going.

"'Too small!' says St. Patrick; 'stop, if you please,' says he; 'you're out in that, my boy, anyhow—I am sure 'twill fit you completely; and, I'll tell you what,' says he, 'I'll bet you a gallon of porter,' says he, 'that if you'll only try and get in, there'll be plenty of room for you.'

"The sarpint was as thirsty as he could be with his walk, and 'twas great joy to him the thoughts of doing St. Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, he got into the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. 'There, now,' says he, 'I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail.' When, what does St. Patrick do but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two hands to it, down he flaps it with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a sarpint saw the lid coming down, in went his tail like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him,

and St. Patrick began at once to boult the nine iron boults.

"'Oh! murder! Won't you let me out, St. Patrick?' says the sarpint — 'I've lost the bet fairly, and I'll pay you the gallon like a man.'

"'Let you out, my darling?' says St. Patrick, 'to be sure I will, by all manner of means, but you see, I haven't time now, so you must wait till to-morrow.'

"And so he took the iron chest, with the sarpint in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour, for certain; and 'tis the sarpint struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man," continued Picket, "besides myself, has heard the sarpint crying out from within the chest under the water: 'Is it to-morrow yet? — is it to-morrow yet?' which, to be sure, it never can be. And that's the way St. Patrick settled the last of the sarpints, sir."

Two colored men took refuge under a tree in a violent thunder shower:

"Julius, can you pray?" said one.

"No, Sam," was the reply. "Nebber prayed in my life."

"Well, can't you sing a hymn?"

"No, Sam; don't know no hymn."

"Well, see heah, honey, sumfin' 'ligious 's got to be done heah mighty sudden. S'pose you pass round the contribution box?"

A PRACTICAL JOKER.

The Rev. Hosea Brown, an eccentric Methodist minister, stopped one night at one of the hotels in Ann Arbor, and inquired if he could have a room and bed to himself. The

clerk told him he could, unless they should be so full as to render it necessary to put another in with him.

At an early hour the reverend gent went to his room, locked the door, and soon retired to his bed, and sank into a comfortable sleep.

Along toward midnight he was roused from his slumbers by a loud knocking at his door.

"Halloo! you there," he exclaimed, "who do you want *now?*" — particular stress on the last word.

"You must take another lodger, sir, with you," said the voice of the landlord.

"What! another yet?"

"Why, yes — there is only one in here, isn't there?"

"One! why here is Mr. Brown, and a Methodist preacher, and myself, already, and I should think that enough for one bed, even in Michigan."

The landlord seemed to think so too, and left the trio to their repose.

"Sal," cried a girl, looking out at the upper story of a small grocery, addressing another girl who was trying to enter at the front door, "we've all been to camp meeting and been converted; so when you want milk on Sunday, you'll have to come round to the back door."

WHO ARE THE WOLVES?

An old and weather-worn trapper was recently seen sauntering along the main street of one of our Western villages. Pausing in front of a little meeting house for a moment, he went in and took his seat among the congregation The preacher was discoursing on the text of "the

sheep and the wolves," and had evidently been drawing a contrast between the two subjects. Says he:

"We who have assembled here from week to week and do our duty, and perform our part, are the sheep; now who are the wolves?"

A pause, and our friend the trapper rose to his feet:

"Wa'al, stranger, rather than see the play stopped, I will be the wolves." The preacher was vanquished.

The Rev. Mr. A—— was more prominent in his day for the brilliancy of his imagination than the force of his logic. At one time he was preaching on "The Ministry of Angels," and in the peroration he suddenly observed: "I hear a whisper?" The change of tone startled the deacon, who sat below, from a drowsy mood, and, springing to his feet, he spoke: "*I guess it is the boys in the gallery.*"

BRUDDER DICKSON.

Mr. Dickson, a colored barber in a large New England town, was shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen, one morning, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connection with a colored church in that place:

"I believe you are connected with the church in Elm Street, are you not, Mr. Dickson?" said the customer.

"No sah, not at all."

"What! are you not a member of the African church?"

"Not dis yeah, sah."

"Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"Well, I'll tell you, sah," said Mr. Dickson, stropping a

concave razor on the palm of his hand, "it was just like dis. I jined the church in good fait. I gave ten dollars toward the stated gospil de fuss year, and de church people call me '*Brudder* Dickson;' de second year my business was not so good, and I gib only *five* dollars. That year the people call me *Mr.* Dickson. Dis razor hurt you, sah?"

"No, the razor goes tolerably well."

"Well, sah, de third year I feel berry poor; had sickness in my family; I didn't gib *noffin'* for preachin'. Well, sah, arter dat dey call me '*dat old nigger Dickson*' — and I left 'em."

It rather hit the nail on the head when a lady, on being asked the meaning of the words: "The pestilence that walketh in the darkness," replied, "that, in her opinion, it was bed bugs."

A NICE, AISY JOB.

Two sons of Erin, shoveling sand on a hot day, stopped to rest, and exchanged views on the labor question.

"Pat, this is mighty hard work we're at."

"It is, indeed, Jimmy; but what kind of work is it you'd like if ye could get it?"

"Well," said the other, leaning reflectively upon his shovel, and wiping the perspiration off with the back of his hand, "for a nice, aisy, clane business I think I would like to be a bishop."

TOO GREEN TO LIVE.

A greenhorn from the country got lost the other day from his sweetheart, and was rushing hurriedly down the crowded streets to find her. After running about two

squares he saw quite a number of people going into a large building, which happened to be a church, and he concluded to rush in and see if she was there. Before he discovered where he was, he landed in the middle aisle, half way down the church. The minister, seeing the excited lunatic, thought he was seeking religion, stopped preaching and asked:

"I say, young man, are you looking for salvation?"

"No, sir, I don't know her at all. I'm looking for Sal Stickem; is she here?" At this point the congregation smiled, and the ushers had business for this fellow at the front door, and hustled him out.

A QUARTETTE OF GOOD ONES.

That singular Western sect, the "Anti-means Baptists," otherwise known as the "Hard-shells" or "Whisky Baptists," have many sins of ignorance to answer for; but ignorance pure is only amusing. The man who took his text from the "Book of one-eyed Samuel" was at least interesting in the outset, and that was something. An ear-witness tells of a cantankerous Kentucky Hard-shell who read from Revelations, "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven: a woman—" Pausing here, he added, "Yes, John, it was a wonder if there was a woman there. It was the first one and the last one as'll ever get there." This was a spicy and unconventional application of Scripture, and reminds one in its frankness of the better one of Owen Lovejoy, who, when he was a minister in Maine, was outraged by the persistency of the mill-owners in their habit of sawing logs bearing other men's marks. He read for his text one Sunday: "Thou shalt not steal logs," and added vehemently, "Now, do you know what that means?"

He was not a Hard-shell, either, who rendered himself immortal by telling an audience in Southern Illinois that "they persecuted John the Baptist, and put him in a ca'ldern of bilin' ile, an' that ile was the ile of Patmos, wherein he writ his revelation."

An illiterate negro preacher once said to his congregation: "My bredrin, when de fust man, Adam, was created, he was made ob wet clay, and set up agin de palins to dry."

"Do you say," said one of the congregation, rising to his feet, "dat Adam was made ob wet clay, an' set up agin the palins to dry?"

"Yes, sar, I do."

"Den who made de palins?"

"Set down, sar," said the preacher, sternly; "sich questions as dat would upset any system ob theology."

A market man was mercilessly swindled in the town of B——. His misfortune gave him a very unfavorable opinion of the residents, and he expressed his opinion of them by saying that if the Angel Gabriel stopped at B—— there would be no resurrection. "Why?" asked a listener. "Because the people would swindle him out of his horn before he had time to blow a single toot."

WISH I WAS A JUNE BUG.

She was a colored lady, and attending a revival of religion, and had worked herself up to the extreme pitch of going to the place in a moment, or sooner if possible. As her friends gave vent to their feelings, she likewise gave vent to her feelings, and exclaimed:

"I wish I was a June bug!"

A brother of sable hue, standing near by, inquired:

"What do you want to be one for?"

"That I might fly to Heaven."

"You fool nigger; woodpecker ketch you 'fore you get half way dar."

A small child being asked by Sunday-school teacher, "What did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea?" answered, "I don't know, ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves."

AN EASY CREDITOR.

Some time ago, on the Sabbath day, we wended our way to one of our churches, and instead of a sermon, heard an address upon some missionary or other benevolent subject. After the address was concluded, two of the brethren were sent round with the basket for contributions, Parson L——, who was one of the basket bearers, taking the side upon which we sat. Immediately in our front, and upon the next seat, negligently reclined our friend Bill H——, a gentleman of infinite humor and full of dry jokes. Parson L—— extended the basket, and Bill slowly shook his head.

"Come, William, give us something," said the parson.

"Can't do it," replied Bill.

"Why not? Is not the cause a good one?"

"Yes, but I am not able to give anything."

"Pooh! pooh! I know better; you must give a better reason than that."

"Well, I owe too much money—I must be just before I'm generous, you know."

"But, William, you owe God a larger debt than you owe anybody else."

"That's true, parson, but then He *ain't pushing me like the balance of my creditors.*"

The parson's face got into rather a curious condition, and he passed on.

ALWAYS THOUGHT SO.

"I always thought so!" is the very wise remark which everybody makes when the most unlikely thing in the world has just happened. It argues great penetration and foresight; and as no one has a right to dispute the remark, we may fancy it is believed.

The Rev. Mr. Jones was chaplain to the State prison in ——, and a very judicious appointment it was. The old gentleman had retired from active pastoral life, and his venerable appearance and gentle manners were fitted to inspire respect even among thieves. When the fact of his appointment was made known, a member of the Methodist Church, residing within one of the circuits where Father Jones had preached for many years and was well known, having some business to transact with one of his neighbors, thought he would have a joke at the expense of old Mr. Jones, and astonish his neighbor in the bargain. Now, this neighbor, Brown, had been a great admirer of Father Jones, had shouted the loudest under his preaching, and cheered him with the heartiest AMEN! So, to him came the humorous friend, Mr. Smith, and cried out to him over the fence, as he found him at work:

"Brother Brown, have you heard the news?"

"Why, no. What news, Brother Smith?"

"Well, they say old Father Jones has been sent to the State's prison!"

"You don't say so, Brother Smith! Is it really a fact?"

"I guess it's so," says Smith; "I heard it from Brother Cook, and he saw it in the paper, and I guess there's no mistake about it."

"Well, well! Now, Brother Smith, I'll tell you a thing or two that I never did tell nobody before, not even my wife. The fact is, between you and me and that stone wall, I always thought that old Jones wasn't exactly the right kind of a man; and when he was here I used to think he'd get into the State's prison one of these days. I think the old sinner is better in it than out among honest folks."

Mr. Smith left him without explaining the misapprehension, preferring that the scandal-loving Brown should find out his error by degrees. All the world does love to kick a man going down hill.

A preacher in one of the fashionable London churches is reported to have said, "St. Paul remarks, and I *partially* agree with him." This reminds us of the judge who, in sentencing a prisoner to death, observed, "Prisoner at the bar, you will soon have to appear before another and *perhaps* a better Judge."

Teacher. "What bird did Noah send out of the ark?"

Smallest boy in the class, after a pause. "A dove, sir."

Teacher. "Very well, but I should have thought some of you big boys would have known that."

Tall pupil. "Please, sir, that boy ought to know, sir, 'cause his fat'.er's a bird ketcher, sir."

WHAT WAS THE MIRACLE?

A darkey returning from church was asked to give an account of the sermon:

"Well, sah, de sermon was upon de miracle ob de loaves and de fishes. De minister said how der was seven thousand loaves and five thousand fishes divided between de twelve apostles."

"Well, what miracle was there about that?"

"Why, sah, de miracle was dat dey didn't *bust!* Dat's my perception ob de circumstance."

A Scotchman asked an Irishman, "Why were half-farthings coined in England?"

Pat's answer was: "To give Scotchmen an opportunity of subscribing to charitable institutions."

"Why," said a country clergyman to one of his flock, "do you always sleep in your pew when I am in the pulpit, while you are all attention to every stranger I invite?"

"Because, sir," was the reply, "when you preach I'm sure all's right; but I can't trust a stranger without keeping a sharp lookout."

COULDN'T PRAY WITHOUT BEING DISTURBED.

A negro, who was suspected of surreptitiously meddling with his neighbor's fruit, being caught in a garden by moonlight, nonplussed his detectors by raising his eyes, clasping his hands, and piously exclaiming: "Good Lord! dis yere darkey can't go nowhere to pray any more without bein' 'sturbed."

"I take my tex dis morning," said a colored preacher, "from dat po'tion ob de Scriptures whar de Postol Paul pints his pistol to de Fessions."

A parson reading the funeral service at the grave, forgot the sex of the deceased, and asked one of the mourners, an Emeralder: "Is this a brother or a sister?"

"Neither," replied Pat, "only a cousin."

A DIFFICULT QUESTION TO ANSWER.

In the western part of the State of Pennsylvania it is the custom of the Methodists to hold camp-meetings, during which there is much loud preaching and shouting by the members. Some years since one of these meetings was in full blast, and the noise attracted an old backwoodsman, who had never seen anything of the kind before. He came to the edge of the camp, seated himself on a log, rested his rifle on his knees, and became an attentive listener. The sermon over, the "exhorters" began to circulate, and one of them singled the old fellow out as a good subject to operate upon. He began by questioning him and *supposing* cases to him, until he could neither say "yes" nor "no," he would or he wouldn't. He finally broke out (and he stuttered "orfully") with "Mister p-preacher, m-m-may I ax y-you a q-question?"

"Certainly."

"*S-sposin'* y-you w-was out y-yere in the w-woods, and *s-sposin'* a great b-big b-b'ar was ter come along and swal-swal-swallow you, and *s-sposin'* y-you was ter look out er the b-b'ar's m-mouth and see a p-pack er w-wolves a-comin', *what would y-you do?* Would you p-pull yer h-head in or w-would you k-kick like blazes ter make him r-run faster?"

Before "Mister Preacher" could decide, the old fellow had shouldered his rifle and disappeared in the woods.

LET BRUDDER RYAN PRAY.

We don't often find in a religious journal much to laugh at, but the following, from the *Religious Telescope*, relating to a revival among some colored brethren, will bring a smile to almost everybody.

We were present a few evenings since, and witnessed, with much gratification, their earnest devotion in the good cause. All seemed to feel the need of a more thorough reformation. Of the incidents consequent we can not fail to note one. A brother was supplicating the Throne eloquently when another brother called out in a stentorian voice:

"Who dat prayin' ober dar?"

The response was:

"Dat's brudder Mose."

"Hold on dar, brudder Mose," was the dictum of the former, "you let brudder Ryan pray, he's better 'quainted wid de Lord dan you am!"

MUTTON VERSUS SOULS.

Let me tell you an incident. I know it to be true, for it occurred here in Zanesville. Judge A——, the individual mentioned, is our present member of Congress, and Parson Jones, the old negro preacher (Heaven rest his bones), with his old gray mare and rickety cart, has long since returned to dust. The judge was present at the delivery of one of his sermons, and was brought in by the speaker by way of illustrating a certain position then and there taken by him.

"My dear friends and brethren," said he, "de soul ob de brack man is as dear in de sight ob de Lord as de soul

ob de white man. Now you all see Judge —— a-sitting dah leaning on his golden headed cane; you all know de judge, niggas, and a berry fine man he is, too. Well, now, I'se gwine to make a little comparishment: Suppose de judge, some fine mornin' puts his basket under his arm and goes to market to buy a piece of meat. He soon finds a nice fat piece of mutton and goes off with it. Do you 'spose de judge would stop to 'quire wedder dat mutton was ob a white sheep or ob a brack sheep? No, nuffin ob de kind; if de mutton was nice an' fat it would be all de same to de judge; he would not stop to ax wedder de sheep had white wool or brack wool. Well, jis so it is, my frens, wid our Hebenly Master. He does not stop to ax wedder a soul 'longs to a white man or a brack man — wedder his head was kivered wid straight har or kivered wid wool; the only question he would ax will be, 'Is dis a good *soul?*' and if so de Massa will say, 'Enter into de joy ob de Lord, an' sit down on de same bench wid de white man; ye's all on a perfect 'quality."

CAMP-MEETING INCIDENT.

Our readers may remember the story of the "soaping" of the signal horn. The story runs that when a certain revivalist celebrity took up the horn, to summon the worshippers to service, after dinner, one day, he blew a strong blast of soft soap all over the astonished brethren. It is also said by the chronicler of this "item" that the brother was so wroth at this joke that he cried out aloud, "Brethren, I have passed through many trials and tribulations, but nothing like this. I have served the ministry for thirty years, and in that time have never uttered a profane word,

but I'll be cussed if I can't whip the man that soaped that horn."

Well, this is a story; but we have from a *reliable* authority, something a little stronger in the sequel to the same incident. This is given to us as follows:

Some two days after the horn-soaping, a tall, swarthy, villainous-looking desperado strolled on the grounds, and leaned against a tree, listening to the eloquent exhortation to repent which was being made by the preacher. After a while he became interested, finally affected, and then took a position on the anxious seat, commenced groaning in "the very bitterness" of his sorrow. The clergyman walked down and endeavored to console him. No consolation—he was too great a sinner, he said. Oh, no—there was pardon for the vilest. No, he was too wicked—there was no mercy for him.

"Why, what crime have you committed?" said the preacher; "have you stolen?"

"Oh, worse than that!"

"What! have you committed perjury?"

"Worse than that—oh, worse than that?"

"*Murder*, is it?" gasped the horrified preacher.

"Worse than that!" groaned the smitten sinner.

The excited preacher commenced "peeling off" his outer garments.

"Here, Brother Cole!" shouted he, "hold my coat—I've found the fellow that soaped that horn!"

A farmer who wished to invest the accumulation of his industry in United States securities, went into a broker's office to obtain "some five-twenties." The clerk inquired:

"What *denomination* will you have them, sir?"

Having never heard that word used except to distinguish sects, the farmer, after a little deliberation, replied: "Well, you may give me a part in Old School Presbyterian, to please the old lady; but give me the heft on't in Free Will Baptist."

An elderly darkey inquired of a policeman if he knew anything of his son Pete.

The policeman replied that there was a young darkey in the lock-up for breaking up a prayer-meeting with an ax-handle.

"Dat's him," exclaimed the overjoyed parent "He told me he was gwine to 'muse himself."

Two little girls were comparing progress in catechism study:

"I've got to original sin," said one. "How far have you got?"

"Me? Oh, I'm way beyond redemption," said the other.

THE NEW PRISON CHAPLAIN.

A new prison chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town. He was a man who greatly magnified his office, and, entering one of the cells on his first round of inspection, he, with much pomposity, thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it:

"Well, sir, do you know who I am?"

"No, nor I dinna care," was the nonchalant reply.

"Well, I'm your new chaplain."

"Oh, ye are! Well, I hae heard o' ye before."

"And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity.

"Weel, I heard that the last twa kirks ye were in ye preached them baith empty; but I'll be hanged if ye find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this ane!"

Ritualistic hostess. "Are you going to church with us this evening, major?"

The Major. "Thanks, no! I was at the morning performance!!"

AS DRY AS EVER.

A Scotch minister thus discoursed on the carelessness of his flock:

"Brethren, when you leave the church just look down at the Duke's swans; they are very bonny swans, an' they'll be sooming about an' aye dooking doon their heads and laving theirsels wi' the clear water till they're a' drookit; then you'll see them sooming to the shore, an they'll gae their wings a bit o' flap and they're dry again. Now, my friends, you come here every Sabbath, an' I lave you a'-ower wi' the Gospel till ye're fairly drooit wi' it. But you just gang awa' hame, an' sit down by your fireside, gae your wings a bit o' flap, an' ye're as dry as ever again."

Some people seem to be extremely sensitive. At one of the churches Sunday, the minister read the prayer for a person in deep affliction, and a man who had just been married got up and went out. He said he didn't want public sympathy obtruded on him in that way.

A few years ago, at a negro camp-meeting, held near Flushing, the colored preacher said:

"I tell you, my blubbed bredern, dat de debble is a big

hog, an' one ob dese days he'll cum along an' *root* you all out."

An old negro, in one of the anxious pews, hearing this, raised himself from the straw, and, clasping his hands, exclaimed in the agony of his tears, "Ring him, Lord! ring him!"

"Children," said a country minister, addressing a Sunday school, "why are we like flowers? What do we have that flowers have?"

And a small boy in the infants' class, whose breath smelled of vermifuge, rose up and made reply:

"Worms!" and the minister crept under the pulpit chair to hide his emotion.

Old Deacon Sharp never told a lie; but he used to relate this: He was standing one day before a frog-pond, and saw a large garter snake make an attack upon an enormous bull-frog. The snake seized on the frog's hind legs, and the frog, to be on a par with his snakeship, caught him by the tail, and both commenced swallowing each other, and continued this carnivorous operation until nothing was left of them.

PERSONAL PREACHING.

Bishop Ames tells a story of a slavemaster in Missouri, in the olden time of negro vassalage, who said to his chattel:

"Pompey, I hear you are a great preacher."

"Yes, massa, de Lord do help me powerful sometimes."

"Well, Pompey, don't you think the negroes steal little things on the plantation?"

"I'se mighty 'fraid they does, massa."

"Then, Pompey, I want you to preach a sermon to the negroes about stealing."

After a brief reflection, Pompey replied:

"You see, massa, dat wouldn't never do, cause 'twould trow such a col'ness over the meetin'."

BRAVERY IN THE DARK.

A brave old darkey, during the last Millerite excitement, had boasted that "he wa'n't afraid ob de angel ob de Lord. No, sah!"

The darkey slept in a room finished off with a rough partition. One night, just as he was getting into bed, he was startled with a knocking on the partition, which made it jar.

"Who dar?"

"The angel of de Lord!"

"What ur want?"

"Want Sambo."

Out went the light, and under the bed-clothes went Sambo.

"No sich nigger here, sah! been dead dese tree weeks."

A thick-headed squire, being worsted by Sydney Smith in an argument, took his revenge by exclaiming: "If I had a son that was an idiot, by Jove, I'd make him a parson!"

"Very probable," replied Sydney, "but I see your father was of a very different mind."

NO MORE QUESTIONS FOR HIM.

The Rev. Dr. R——, of Edinburgh, although a very clever man, has met his match. When examining a student as to the classes he had attended, he said:

"And you attend the class for mathematics?"

"Yes."

"How many sides has a circle?"

"Two," said the student.

"What are they?"

What a laugh in the class the student's answer produced when he said, "An inside and an outside!"

But this was nothing compared with what followed. The doctor having said to the student:

"And you attended the philosophy class, also? Well, you would hear lectures on subjects. Did you ever hear one on cause and effect?"

"Yes."

"Does an effect ever go before a cause?"

"Yes."

"Give me an instance."

"A man wheeling a barrow."

The doctor then sat down, and proposed no more questions.

SOMEWHAT IN DOUBT.

A good one happened at a camp-meeting. An old lady, appearing to be greatly distressed, attracted the sympathy of one of the brethren, who went to her, and, in kindly tones, asked if he could do anything for her. He inquired if she had got religion.

She took on greatly, and finally answered:

"I don't know; *mebbe it's religion—mebbe it's worms.*"

VERY COMPLIMENTARY.

"Well, Father Brown, how did you like my sermon yesterday?" asked a young preacher.

"Ye see, parson," was the reply, "I haven't a fair chance

at them sermons of yourn. I'm an old man now, and have to set putty well back by the stove; and there's old Mrs. Smith, 'n Widder Taff, 'n Mrs. Rylan's darters, and Nabby Birt, 'n all the rest setting in front of me with their mouths wide open, a-swallerin' down all the best of the sermon; 'n what gits down to me is putty poor stuff, parson, putty poor stuff."

A STRONG ARGUMENT.

An old negro, near Victoria, Texas, who was the only Baptist in the neighborhood, always "stuck up for his own faith," and was ready with a reason for it, although he was unable to read a word. This was the way he "put 'em down:"

"You kin read, now, keant you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I s'pose you've read the Bible, hain't you?"

"Yes."

"You've read about John de Baptist, hain't you?"

"Yes."

Well, you never read about *John de Methodis'*, did you? You see I has de Bible on my side, den. Yah, ya-a-h!"

SIT DOWN, YE SPALPEEN.

One evening Pat chanced to drop into a quiet meeting-house belonging to the Quakers, and being rather astonished as to what manner of place it was, resolved to remain quiet and abide the course of events. He behaved himself with remarkable decorum, until a young broad-brim, no doubt moved by the spirit, and in a somewhat unusual tone, informed the hearers, "I have married a wife," evidently being about speaking in meeting from this as a text.

Pat was excited, and called out: "The divil ye have?"

This interruption rather confused the young man; but he continued: "I have married a daughter of the Lord."

This was too much for our Emerald Islander, who exclaimed: "Sit down, ye spalpeen! It'll be a long time before you see your father-in-law."

TAKING UP A COLLECTION.

The hat was passed around a certain congregation for the purpose of taking up a collection. After it had made the circuit of the church, it was handed to the minister—who, by the way, had exchanged pulpits with the regular preacher—and he found not a penny in it. He inverted the hat over the pulpit cushion and shook it, that its emptiness might be known; then, raising his eyes to the ceiling, he exclaimed with great fervor: "I thank God that I got back my hat from this congregation."

"Well, neighbor Slummidge, how much shall I put you down for to get a chandelier for the church?"

Neighbor S. "Shoo! what we want to git a chandeleer for? The' hain't nobody kin play on ter it when we do git it?"

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

Some of the most eloquent speakers we have ever heard have been very unlearned men. The most celebrated divines of this city would have labored through a two hours' sermon, from firstly to thirty-secondly, to show what is contained in the following extract from a sermon at a negro camp-meeting in Kentucky, on the uncertainty of life:

"Bredren and sisters, man am like the rooster; in de morning he fly upon de fence, clap his wings, crow and feel berry nice, but alas! before noon he may be killed, put in de pot, boiled and eat up."

To illustrate further the practical and concise nature of negro literature, we make the following extract from a work on Natural History:

"Man is de first animal in creation; he springs up like a sparrow-grass, hops about like a hopper-grass, and dies just like a jack-ass!"

"WHEN ABRAHAM BUILT THE ARK."

The Hard-Shell Baptists of the Southwest are well-known. They oppose all Bible, temperance, and educational societies, hate missions to the heathen, and are dead-set against all modern schemes for converting the rest of mankind. Of course they are opposed to learning, and speak as they are moved by the spirit.

A good one is told of one of their preachers:

Two of them were in the same pulpit together. While one was preaching he happened to say:

"When Abraham built the ark."

The one behind him strove to correct his blunder by saying out loud:

"*Abraham warn't thar!*"

But the speaker pushed on, heedless of the interruption, and only took occasion shortly, to repeat, still more decidedly:

"I say when Abraham built the ark."

"And I say," cried out the other, "*Abraham warn't thar!*"

The Hard Shell was too hard to be beaten down in this

way, and, addressing the people, exclaimed with great indignation: "I say Abraham was *thar, or thar abouts!*"

CUT FOR A NEW DEAL.

A Chicago parson, who is also a school-teacher, handed a problem to a class in mathematics the other day. The first boy took it, looked at it awhile, and said:

"I pass."

Second boy stared at it, and drawled out:

"I can't make it."

"Very well, boys," said the parson, "we'll proceed to cut for a new deal."

And with this remark the leather strap danced like lightning over the shoulders of these depraved mathematicians.

"HE."

Highlanders have the habit, when talking their English, such as it is, of interjecting the personal pronoun "he" where not required — such as "The King he has come," instead of "The King has come." Often, in consequence, a sentence or an expression is rendered sufficiently ludicrous, as the sequel will show.

A gentleman says he has had the pleasure of listening to a clever man, the Rev. Mr. —— (let his locality be a secret), and recently he began his discourse thus:

"My friends, you will find the subject of discourse this afternoon in the first Epistle general of the Apostle Peter, chapter 5th and verse 8th, in the words: 'The devil he goeth about like a roaring lion; seeking whom he may devour.' Now, my friends, with your leave, we will divide the subject of our text to-day into four heads:

"Firstly, we shall endeavor to ascertain 'Who the devil he was.'

"Secondly, we shall inquire into his geographical position — namely, 'Where the devil he was,' and 'Where the devil he was going.'

"Thirdly, and this is of a personal character, 'Who the devil he was seeking.'

"And fourthly and lastly, we shall endeavor to solve a question which has never been solved yet: 'What the devil he was roaring about.'"

A Scotch minister recently told his neighbor that he spoke two hours and a half the Sunday previous.

"Why, minister, were you not tired to death?" asked the neighbor.

"Aw nae," said he; "I was as fresh as a rose; but it would have done your heart good to see how tired the congregation was."

A minister at a colored wedding, who wished to be humorous, said:

"On such occasions it is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we will omit it."

To which malignant remark the bridegroom pertinently replied:

"On such occasions it is customary to pay the minister ten dollars, but in this case we will omit it."

An old Scotch divine, not remarkable for his gifts as an interpreter of Scripture, was once endeavoring to expound one of the Psalms, when the expression "ten-stringed instrument" came in his way.

"Now, my friends," said he, "div ye ken what that means — a ten-stringed instrument? Some say it means ane thing, and some say anither; but I hae aye a notion that it joost means *the ten commandments!* But that's only a thocht o' my ain."

A VERY CLEAR TEXT.

Father Rollins, out in Wisconsin, was preaching from the words, "He that believeth shall be saved." He opened at considerable length with a general view of the subject, and then, concentrating his force, proceeded to a *critical exegesis* of the text in this wise:

"My brethren, I wish to direct your attention closely and particularly to the *wording* of this Scripture, as thereby to reach the very meat and substance of it. The text says, 'He that believeth;' observe, my brethren, it does not say, 'He that *believes*,' nor 'He that believe*d*,' but it plainly and expressly declares, it is he that believe*th* who shall be saved. Mark, my brethren, the force, in the Scripture, of the little word *eth!*"

Perhaps they did mark it; but what the good preacher meant was more than the wisest of them could tell.

A negro, about dying, was told by his minister that he must forgive a certain darkey against whom he seemed to entertain very bitter feelings.

"Yes, sah," he replied, "if I dies, I forgive dat nigger, but if I gets well, dat nigger must take care."

A plain-spoken preacher delivered the following from his desk:

"I would announce to the congregation that, probably by mistake, there was left at the meeting-house this morning a small cotton umbrella, much damaged by time and tear, and of an exceedingly pale blue color; in the place whereof was taken a very large black silk umbrella of great beauty. Blunders of this sort, my brethren, are getting a little too common."

ENOCH'S VIOLIN.

Half a century ago or less, the pious, but sometimes facetious, Dr. Pond, dwelt in the quiet and out-of-the-way village of A——, in the State of "Steady Habits." The doctor's ideas were liberal — much more so than many of his congregation approved; nevertheless, he kept on the even tenor of his way, and disregarded the prejudices of some of his people. He had a son named Enoch, who, at an early age, manifested a remarkable talent for music, which the father cherished and cultivated with care. In the same village resided an antiquated maiden lady, who, having no cares of her own to occupy her time and attention, magnanimously devoted herself to those of her neighbors. One morning she called at the doctor's, and requested to see him. When he entered the room where she was seated, he perceived at a glance that something was amiss, and before he had time to extend to her the usual "How-d'ye-do," she began:

"I think, Doctor Pond, that a man of your age and profession might have had something better to do, when you were in New London last week, than to buy Enoch a *fiddle;* all the people are ashamed that our minister should buy his son a fiddle. A *fiddle!* Oh, dear, what is the world coming to when ministers will do such things!"

"Who told you I had bought Enoch a fiddle?" inquired the doctor.

"Who told me! Why, everybody says so, and some people have heard him play on it as they passed the door. But ain't it true, doctor?"

"I bought Enoch a violin when I went to New London."

"A violin! what's that?"

"Did you never see one?"

"Never."

"Enoch," said the doctor, stepping to the door, "bring your violin here."

Enoch obeyed the command, but no sooner had he entered with his instrument, than the old lady exclaimed:

"La! now, there; why it *is* a fiddle!"

"Do not judge rashly," said the doctor, giving his son a wink; "wait until you hear it."

Taking the hint, Enoch played Old Hundred. The lady was completely mystified; it looked like a fiddle, but then who had ever heard Old Hundred played on the fiddle! It could not be. So, rising to depart, she exclaimed: "I am so glad I came in to satisfy myself. La! me; just to think how some people will lie!"

A DEACON'S LUDICROUS MISTAKE

A *funny joke*, and all the more palatable, as its truth can be vouched for, says a New Jersey paper, occurred at a prominent church in that State. It seems that a worthy deacon had been very industrious in selling a new church book, costing seventy-five cents. At the service in question, the minister, just before dismissing the congregation, rose and said: "All ye who have children to baptize will please to present them next Sabbath."

The deacon, who, by the way, was a little deaf, having an eye on selling the books, and supposing the pastor was referring to them, immediately jumped up and shouted: "All you who haven't, can get as many as you want by calling on me, at seventy-five cents each."

A clergyman, who had been staying for some time at the house of a friend, on going away, called to him little Tommy, the four-year-old son of his host, and asked him what he should give him for a present. Tommy, who had great respect for the "cloth," thought it was his duty to suggest something of a religious nature, so he answered, hesitatingly: "I-I *think* I should like a Testament, and I *know* I should like a pop-gun!"

"Where was Bishop Latimer burned to death?" asked a teacher, in a commanding voice.

"Joshua knows," said a little girl at the bottom of the class.

"Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows, he may tell."

"In the fire," replied Joshua, looking very grave and wise.

Customer. "What did you think of the bishop's sermon on Sunday, Mr. Wigsby?"

Hair-dresser. "Well, really, sir, there was a gent a-settin' in front of me as 'ad his 'air parted that crooked that I couldn't 'ear a word."

A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

A Hard Shell preacher wished to bring forth a good illustration, as he thought, and hence he took a *walnut*, as

he called it, into the pulpit with him, and something to crack it with. On holding it up, in the course of his sermon, he said:

"My friends, you see this walnut—well, this outer hull here is like the Methodists, soft and spongy, with no strength into it; see, I even break it with my fingers," and suiting the action to the words, he disclosed the inner nut, and said: "this is like the Missionary Baptists, hard and dry, with no substance in it; but the kurnul—the kurnul, my friends, is like the good old primitive, full of fatness and sweetness." He then proceeded to crush the "walnut" and give his hearers an ocular demonstration of his illustration, but behold, it was rotten; and, to the utter astonishment of his hearers, he cried out:

"By jinks! it's rotten."

"But I pass," said a minister one Sunday, in dismissing one theme of his subject to take another.

"Then I make it spades!" yelled a man from the gallery who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre.

It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, assisted by one of the deacons with a full hand of clubs.

A STRANGER IN CHURCH.

A stranger wandered into a certain church in this city last Sunday, but the service not being of such a character as to agree with his peculiar temperament, he began to feel nervous and fidgety, and to wish that he hadn't come in. At last the presiding officer remarked that "they would now proceed with the ordination service."

The stranger picked up his hat and prepared to leave.

"And," continued the minister, "after that is over there will be a big collation spread upstairs, to which all are invited."

The stranger settled back into his seat, and his hat dropped to the floor. To his neighbor, who had been eyeing him rather quizzically, he whispered:

"I'll see this service out if it breaks every bone in my body."

"May I leave a few tracts?" asked a medical missionary of a lady who responded to his knock.

"Leave some tracks? Certainly you may," said she, looking at him most benignly over her specs. "Leave them with the heels towards the house if you please."

"Patrick," said the priest, "how much hay did you steal?"

"Well, I may as well confess to your riverence for the whole stack, for I am going after the rest to-night."

"Sister, are you happy?"

"Yes, deacon, I feel as though I was in Beelzebub's bosom."

"Not in Beelzebub's?"

"Well, in some of the patriarchs; I don't care which!"

HE OFFICIATED IN THE PULPIT.

"Mr. Smith, you said you once officiated in a pulpit; do you mean by that, that you preached?"

"No, sir; I held the light for the man that did."

"Ah, the court understood you differently. It supposed that the discourse came from you."

"No, sir; I only throwed a light on it."

"No levity, Mr. Smith. Crier, wipe your nose, and call on the next witness."

A German Jew was eating a pork-chop in a thunder-storm. On hearing an unusually loud clap, he laid down his knife and fork and observed:

"Vell, did any poty efer hear such a fuss apout a little biece of bork?"

BIG WORDS.

Big words pass for sense with some people, and sometimes may be very successfully employed when nothing else will answer. As when a man, in great alarm, ran to his minister to tell him he could see spots on the sun, and thought the world must be coming to an end:

"Oh, don't be afraid," said the good minister; "it's nothing but a phantasmagoria."

"Is that all?" said the frightened man; and he went away quite relieved.

"I've know'd that mule for free yeahs, an' I don't tink dat de animile would hurt a lam, cause——" our blank space is where the lecture was intended and the speaker forwarded to the other side of the fence.

VERY DISTANT RELATIVE.

Meeting a negro who was very sad, a friend said:

"You have lost some of your friends, I see?"

"Yes, Massa, I'se a heap of sorrow."

"Was it a near or a distant relative?"

"Well, purty distant—*'bout twenty-four miles*," was the reply.

"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat, whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock.

"I am going to Heaven, my son. I have been on the way eighteen years."

"Well, good-bye, old fellow; if you have been traveling towards Heaven eighteen years, and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, I'll take another route."

"Cæsar, is you a workin' man?"

"Don't you see me gettin' away wid dis watermillion?"

"Jess so; but does you call dat *work?*"

"Go 'long, nigga; don't you come foolin' 'round a man when he's 'tendin' to *business*, kase you might get *struck*. Go to de poor-house an' knock on de door, an' tell 'em I sent you dar;" and he walked off, leaving Cæsar scooping the works out of the hull of that watermelon with his left paw, and hiding it under his nose.

NEGRO PECULIARITIES — SCENE: BROADWAY.

A dandy darkey is met by a croney in dirty and ragged clothes:

Dirty Darkey. "Hello, Franklin Napoleon, whar you gwine all dressed up so? Got on your Forth ob July clothes, ain't you?"

Dandy Darky. "Don't spoke to me in your workin' clothes, in Broadway, when I'se all fixed up. I don't mind it in a back 'treet, but here on de promenade, and in de day-time, too, I don't like it, Eph, dat's a fac'. I t'ank you not to accostic me agin, under sich sarcumstances."

Dirty Darkey. "Eh! You shut up your'n. Mity stiff wid your new clothes and checker trowsers. I cood dress

up ebery day, and loaf all 'round town all the time, too, ef I had a mudder to take in washin', and lib on her as you do; but I hab had to stan' on my own bottom eber sence I was ten years old, I hab."

Dandy Darkey. "Yes, and you nebber got off of it yet; but an empty barrel will always stay on de end you put it."

Dirty Darkey (angry). "What you mean by dat? What you *stavin'* at?"

Dandy Darkey (perfectly cool). "I mean that you am like an empty barrel, and I belebe you'll bust ef you don't git hooped."

Dirty Darkey. "Maybe you kin hoop me. You had better try it! You'll get your eye *bunged.* Mind, I'll call de police ef you fool your time around me."

Exit dandy darkey in a hurry.

A colored philosopher thus unburdened himself on one of woman's weaknesses: "Jim, de men don't make such fools of demselves about women as de women do about men. If women look at the moon they see a man in it. If dey hear a mouse nibbling, it's a man; and dey all look under de bed de last thing at night to find a man. Why, I neber look under my bed to find a woman, does you?"

"Tom, where is that ten dollar counterfeit bill you had a while ago?"

"Well, Massa, I never was pos'tive about dat ar bill. Some days I tink it war a bad bill; oder days I tink it war a good bill; *so one o' dem days when I tinks it war a good bill I jes' dun gone and passed it.*"

A DARKEY'S EXPLANATION OF TELEGRAPHING.

"Now, you see, Sam, s'pose da was a dog, and dat dog's head was in Hoboken and his tail in Brooklyn."

"Go 'way, da ain't no such dog."

"Well, s'pose da was."

"Well, s'pose da was."

"Well, den, de telegram is jest like dat dog. If I pinch dat dog's tail in Brooklyn, what he do?"

"Dunno."

"Why, if I pinch dat dog's tail in Brooklyn, he go bark in Hoboken. Dat's the science of it."

BOILED DEM FIVE HOURS.

A story is told of a negro in Virginia, whose master threatened to give him a flogging, if he boiled his eggs hard again. Next morning the eggs came to the table still harder than before.

"You rascal!" shouted the enraged planter, "didn't I tell you to cook them eggs soft?"

"Yes, massa," said the frightened slave, "an' I got up at two o'clock dis mornin', an' biled them five hours, an' it seems to me as if I never kin get dese eggs softer!"

A FUNNY MISTAKE

Old negro slumbering with his feet pointing to a glimmering fire. Opens one eye and gets a glimpse of them as they stand up in the obscurity. Mistakes them for two little negroes, and cries: "Gif fum 'fore me," and relapses into sleep. After awhile opens the other eye, and still seeing the intruders, says: "Gif 'fum 'fore me, I say; I kick you in the fire if you don't; I will shu'—" and again he

snores. His dreams not being pleasant, he soon opens both eyes, and still seeing the little pests, he draws up his foot for the threatened kick, but is alarmed to see the enemy advance upon him, and exclaims: "Wha' where you comin' to now? Humph! my own feet, by golly!"

"Sampson, did you ever go to a military ball?"

"No, my dear, I had a military ball come to me, and what do you tink, it took my leg off. Since den I've been down on balls. Why, does you ever go to balls?"

"Oh, yes, I've bin to three balls dis winter, already.

"Where at?"

"Simpson, the pawnbroker's."

DERE'S A HEAP O' DIFFERENCE.

"Sambo, what's your opinion of traveling by railway and steamboat?"

"Now you're talkin', boss! Good gracious! I tole you dere's a heap o' difference. When youse on de railroad and an axident happens, you're right dar; but when youse on de steamboat and she busts and blows up, whar are you? dat's the question. I tell you, boss, you're no whar!"

A NIGGER ON A STUMP.

Tim Wilson was one of the best pilots on the Mississippi, but proud and cranky. He had the misfortune to run his boat smack up against the bank one morning, in a dense fog, and could see only a little nigger sitting on a stump, munching corn bread.

"Whose place is this?" cried the pilot.

"Massa's," cried the nigger.

"Well, who's your master?"

"Why, de gemman what owns the place," answered the little fellow.

"You rascal!" roared the pilot, "I'd crop your ears off if I had you here!"

"Yes, but you ain't got me dar," shouted the little nig, as the pilot backed out and escaped from the shore and the wit of the boy.

A SHARP OLD COLORED WOMAN.

A hater of tobacco asked an old negro woman, the fumes of whose pipe were annoying to him, if she thought she was a Christian.

"Yes, brudder, I spects I is."

"Do you believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, brudder."

"Do you know that there is a passage in the Scriptures that declares that nothing unclean shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven?"

"Yes, I've heard of it."

"Well, Chloe, you smoke, and you can not enter the kingdom of Heaven, because there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?"

"Why, I spects I leave my breff behind when I go dar."

HE WAS TOO BUSY.

"Jim, I'm glad to see you," said one darkey to another; "why don't you come down and see us?"

"I'd like to, but I'm too busy just now; you see we're movin'."

"Well, come down when youse get fixed up."

"Deed, Jim, I'd like to; but, to tell the truff, I can't do it; we're movin'."

"My golly, boss, youse only moves once a yeah."

"No, sah! we moves ebery month. I tell you we're movin' all de time."

"Why, dat's funny. What you move so often for?"

"'Case we find it cheaper to move dan pay de rent."

A Georgia colored lyceum discussed the question, "Which is de most useful, paper or gunpowder?" The debate was closed by a disputant who spoke as follows:

"Mr. President: S'pose dar war a bar at de do', an' you war to go dar and shake de paper at him, you'd see what de bar would do. But jess shoot a cannon at him and see what comes. I calls for de question."

The president forthwith decided in favor of powder.

STOP DEM PUSSONALITIES.

"Julius, s'pose dere is six chickens in a coop, and de man sells three, how many is dere left?"

"What time of day was it?"

"What has that got to do with it?"

"A good deal. If it was arter dark dere would be none left — dat is if you happened to come along dat way."

"Look heah, nigga, stop dem pussonalities, or I'll shy a brick at dat head of yourn."

A SHARP DARKEY.

Not long since a San Antonio darkey did some white-washing for a man living in Ward No. 5. On paying for the job the employer paid off Mose, for that was the darkey's name, in Mexican quarters at par. It was several days before Mose was very much hurt about it. "Jest so

think of Colonel —— cheatin' dis hard-working niggah outen thirty cents. Foah God, I wud neber hab believed it on him. I hadn't orter tuk de job in de fust place." And then he added, more cheerfully: "But ef I hadn't whitewashed de fence I neber would hab found out whar all dem chickens roosted what I sold next morning for a dollar. De banks habn't cotch up wid dis nigga yet, heah! heah!"

"Look here, Pete," said a knowing darkey to his companion, "don't stan' on de railroad."

"Why, Joe?"

"Kase ef de cars see dat mouf ob yourn, dey will tink it am de depo' an' run rite in!"

"Sambo, dis am a magnificent day for de race."

"What race, Pompey?"

"Why, de colored race, you stupid nigga."

GOING TO RESIGN.

In Forsyth one day last week, a gentleman, standing in the street, noticed a two-mule wagon drive up to one of the stores. There was nothing peculiar in this, but what particularly struck his attention was the fact that the driver — a colored man — had an exceedingly lengthy pair of reins, and was seated in the hindmost part of the wagon. When the team stopped, the negro cautiously fastened the lines to a standard and got out over the hind wheel, and made a circle of forty or fifty feet to get to the heads of the mules. This so excited the gentleman's curiosity that he walked up and asked:

"Look here, uncle, you are not crazy, are you?"

"Does I look like a crazy nigger, Mars Tom?"

"Well, what in the name of common sense are you cut ting up these antics for — walking almost twice around the wagon to get to your mules, and sitting on the 'gate' to drive?"

The negro looked at the gentleman a moment and then burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"What the —— do you mean?"

"Mars Tom, don't you know dat off mule dar? Dat's Mars Tump Ponder's roan mule."

"Well, what the mischief is the matter with that mule?"

"Why, Mars Tom, dat mule is a sight — dat mule is. She's the ongodliest mule in cra'shun. She got some sense like white folks. No nigger can't come foolin' round her. Only last Chuesday she kick a bre's pin off a town merlatter's shirt bozzum. Trufe, Mars Tom. An' de nigger don't know dat he ain't done gone an' los' it himself. Why, Mars Tom, when I goes to hitch up dat mule, I has to put de harness on wid a pole, an' I has to git a new pole ebery time. Lemme play with powder an' Chrismus shooters, but don' gimme no roan mule! I can't stay wid Mars Tump arter dis week. I'm too fon' of my fam'ly, an' don't b'long to no church nudder."

"My brudders," said a waggish darkey to a crowd, "in all afflictions, in all ob your troubles, dar is one place you can always find sympathy."

"Whar, whar?" shouted several of his audience.

"In de dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.

A colored man observed, while in conversation with a friend: "I dusn't b'lieve in having a pardener when you've

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on'y got a small business. If yer make enny thing, why, yer don't git it, and if yer lose, yer have to lose it all."

"Jesso," remarked his companion.

A negro held a cow while a cross-eyed man was to hit her on the head with an ax. The negro, observing the man's eyes, in some fear inquired: "Is you gwine to hit whar you look?"

"Yes."

"Den hold the cow yourself," said Cuffee.

The following reply has been cited as a specimen of the sly humor of the Southern negro, when thinking of catching a "brudder nigga" on the hip:

"Sambo, w'at am your your 'pinion ob rats?"

"Wall, I t'ink de one dat has the shortest tail will get in de hole de quickest! E'yah! e'yah! e'yah!"

CHANGING HIS NAME.

The other day a young African asked us if it was "agin de law" to change his name. We replied that if he had a good name, he had better keep it, as a good name was the one thing to be desired in this world.

"I'se got a putty fa'r name," he said, "w'at I'se had eber sence the war, but it won't do for dis chile any moah."

"Why, what's the matter with it?" we asked.

"Well, you see, boss, dar's a fool nigger come hyar from Chillicoffee, an' he's a-buzzin' around with my name, an' no two niggers can circumgate in de same town unless one or de uder ob dem hab a different procognem."

"Perhaps you can prevail on him to adopt another name."

"No, sah; I offered him foah bits an' a rahsor to call hisself somethin' else 'sides Geowge Washin'ton Jones, but de yaller fool won't do it."

"Yellow, is he?"

"Yes, sah; an' dat's what makes me injurious about it. He says de Joneses was de fustest family of Firginny, an' dat he's condescended in a direct line from dem, an' consaquenchly darfoah walues de name moah exceedingly dan udderwise."

"So you propose to off with the old name and on with a new?"

"Somethin' like dat, I s'pose, boss. An' I wants to ax you de favor to sejest some disappropriate name dat'll do for a cullud pusson ob standin'. I don't soshate wid de common low-class niggers, and I wants a name out o' dere uncomprehension — w'at dey can't steal, you know."

"How'll Benedict Arnold do?"

"De Arnold am tonish, for suah, but dar's too many Benneys an' Dicks around. Try anudder one, boss."

"Well, Algernon Sartoris, how's that?"

"Dat's superlagant! Algerneyman Sartoris Arnold — dat'll do for some ob de name. Please reach for anudder one, sah."

"Why, that's name enough. How much do you want, for goodness sake?"

"Boss, you must 'member dat I'se deekin in the church, an' 'prietor ob a house an' lot."

"Oh! yes; well — let's see — Bill Allen?"

"Dat's too common."

"Abraham Lincoln?"

"Too ordinary, sah. Git up higher."

"Phil. Sheridan?"

"Higher yet, sah, if you please."

"Wm. Tecumseh Sher —"

"Stop, sah — dat's nuff — needn't feel no furder. Wilyum Cherkumsey — dat sounds like ole Kaintuck — Wilyum Cherkumsey Algerneyman Sartoris Arnold. Yes, sah, dat'll do — no low-class nigger can get inside o' dat. You'se de solum witness, boss, dat dat's my name from hencefo'th on to all precedin' time. I'se obliged to you, sah."

As he walked majestically away, repeating the name over to himself, he was the proudest nigger in Brunswick. And yet Shakespeare says there's nothing in a name.

LEMME GO.

The other night a policeman grabbed a negro who came running down the street at full speed, panting like a wind-broken horse, and the officer wanted to know why and wherefore the colored man was dusting around in that lively style at midnight's solemn hour?

"Wife's sick — gwine foh de doctah!" gasped the man.

"Where do you live?"

"Lemme go — can't stop — she's mose died!" was the answer.

Yet, in spite of this, the officer pushed the African up against a fence, and a search brought to light two chickens, a clothes-line, a hatchet, and a pair of boots, the same being the property of some other man.

YESSUM.

There is one aged colored woman in this town who does not believe in social equality, judging from the way she talks to her son:

"Ephreham, come hyar to yer mudder, boy. Whar you bin?"

"I'se been playing wid de white folkses chilun."

"You is, eh! See hyar, chile, you'll broke yer old mudder's heart, and brung her gray hairs in sorro' to the grave wid yer recklumness an' car-rings on wid evil assosayashuns. Hain't I raised yer up in de way that yer should ought to go?"

"Yessum."

"Habn't I reezened wid yer an' prayed wid yer, and deplored de good Lord to wrap yer in his buzzum?"

"Yessum."

"Habn't I taught yer to walk up in the broad and narrer path?"

"Yessum."

"An' isn't I yer nater'l detector an' gwadjeen fo' de law?"

"Yessum."

"Well, den, do yer s'pose I'se gwine to hab yer morals rectured by de white trash? No, sah! Yer git in de house, dis instep; an' if I ebber cotch your municatin' wid de white trash any mo', fo' God, nigga, I'll break yer black head wid a brick!"

"Yessum."

A MYSTERY.

Two darkies had bought a piece of pork, and Sam, having no place to put his in, trusted the whole to Julius' keeping. Next morning they met, when Julius said:

"A most strange thing happened at my house last night, Sam. All mystery to me."

"Ah, Julius, what was dat?"

"Well, Sam, this mornin' I went down into the cellar to get a piece of pork for breakfast, and I put my hand down into the brine, and felt all round, but no pork dere — all gone — couldn't tell what be went with it; so I turned up de barrel, and, Sam, as true as preachin', de rats eat a hole clear fru de bottom ob de barrel, and dragged de pork all out."

"Why didn't de brine run out of de hole?"

"Ah, Sam, dat is de mystery."

"I say, Sambo, does you know what makes de corn grow so fast when you put de manure on it?"

"No, I don't hardly, 'cept it makes de ground stronger for de corn."

"Now, I'll jest tell ye. When de corn begins to smell de manure, it don't like de 'fumery, so it hurries out ob de ground and gits up as high as possible, so as not to breathe de bad air."

"Sambo, whar you get dat watch you wear to meetin' last Sunday?"

"How do you know I hab a watch?"

"Kase I seed the chain hang out ob your pocket in the front."

"Go 'way, nigger, s'pose you see a halter round my neck, you think dar is a hoss inside ob me?"

THE VALUE OF EDUCATION.

Jake was heard calling across the fence to his neighbor's son, a colored youth, who goes to school at the Atlanta Colored University:

"Look hyar, boy, you goes ter school, don't yer?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Gittin' eddykashun, ain't yer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Larnin' rithmetick and figgerin' on a slate, eh!"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it don't take two whole days to make an hour, do it?"

"Why, no!" exclaimed the boy.

"You was gwine ter bring dat hatchet back in an hour, wasn't yer?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' it's bin two whole days since you borrowed it. Now, what good's eddykashun gwine ter do you thick-skulled niggers, when you go to school a whole year an' den can't tell how long it takes to fotch back a hatchet?"

The boy got mad and slung the hatchet over the fence and half-way through an ash-barrel.

A Georgia colored debating society was lately discussing, "Which is the best for the laboring man, to work for wages or part of the crop?"

An old "uncle" spoke the sense of the meeting when he said: "Bofe was de best, if dey could only be brung togedder somehow."

A colored man was once asked why he did not get married.

"Why, you see, sah," said he, "I got an old mudder, an' I hab to do for her, ye see, sah, an' if I don't buy her shoes an' stockin's she wouldn't get none. Now, ef I was to get married, I would hab to buy dem tings for my wife, an' dat would be takin' de shoes an' stockin's right out o' my mudder's mouf."

A COLORED DEBATING SOCIETY.

The "Colored Debating Society" of Mount Vernon, Ohio, had some very interesting meetings. The object of the argument on a particular evening was the settlement, at once and forever, of the question, "Which am de mightiest, de pen or de sword?"

Mr. Larkins said about as follows: "Mr. Chaarman, what's de use ob a swoard unless you's gwyne to waar? Who's hyar dat's gwyne to waar? I isn't, Mr. Morehouse isn't, Mrs. Morehouse isn't, Mr. Newsome isn't; I'll bet no feller wot speaks on the swoard side is any ideer ob gwyne to waar. Den, what's de use ob de swoard? I don't tink dar's much show for argument in de matter."

Mr. Lewman said: "What's de use ob de pen 'less you knows how to write? How's dat? Dat's what I wants to know. Look at de chillun ob Isr'l—wasn't but one man in de whole crowd gwine up from Egyp' to de Promis' Lan' cood write, an' he didn't write much. [A voice in the audience, "Who wrote de ten comman'ments, anyhow, you bet." Cheers from the pen side.] Wrote 'em? wrote 'em? Not much; guess not; not on stone, honey. Might p'r'aps cut 'em wid a chisel. Broke 'em all, anyhow, 'fore he got down de hill. Den when he cut a new set, de chillun ob Isr'l broke 'em all again. Say he did write 'em, what good was it? So his pen no 'count nohow. No, saar. De *swoard's* what fotched 'em into de Promis' Lan', saar. Why, saar, it's ridiculous. Tink, saar, ob David a-cuttin' off Goliah's head wid a *pen*, saar! De ideer's altogedder too 'posterous, saar. De *swoard*, saar, de *swoard* mus' win de argument, saar."

Dr. Crane said: "I tink Mr. Lewman a leetle too fas'.

He's a-speakin' ob de times in de dim pas', when de mind ob man was crude, an' de han' ob man was in de ruff state, an' not tone down to de refinement ob cibilized times. Dey wasn't educated up to de use ob de pen. Deir han's was only fit for de ruff use ob de sword. Now, as de modern poet says, our swoards rust in deir cubbards, an' peas, sweet peas, cover de lan'. An' what has wrot all dis change? *De pen.* Do I take a sword now to get me a peck ob sweet taters, a pair ob chickens, a pair ob shoes? No, saar. I jess take my pen an' write an order for 'em. Do I want money? I don't git it by de edge ob de sword; I writes a check. I want a suit ob clothes, for instance—a stroke ob de pen, de mighty pen, de clothes is on de way. I'se done."

Mr. Newsome said: "Wid all due 'spect to de learned gemman dat's jus' spoke, we mus' all agree dat for smoovin' tings off an' a-levelin' tings down, dere's notting equals de sword."

Mr. Hunnicut said: "I agrees entirely wid Mr. Newsome; an' in answer to what Dr. Crane says, I would jess ask what's de use ob drawin' a check unless you's got de money in de bank, or a-drawin' de order on de store unless de store truss you? S'pose de store do truss, ain't it easier to sen' a boy as to write a order? If you got no boy handy, telegraf. No use for a pen—not a bit. Who ebber heard of Mr. Hill's pen? Nobody, saar. But his sword, saar—de sword ob ole Bunker Hill, saar—is known to ebbery chile in de lan'. If it hadden been for de sword ob ole Bunker Hill, saar, whaar'd we niggers be to-night, saar? whaar, saar? Not hyar, saar. In Georgia, saar, or wuss, saar. No cullud man, saar, should ebber go back, saar, on de sword, saar."

Mr. Hunnicut's remarks seemed to carry a good deal of weight with the audience. After speeches by a number of others, the subject was handed over to the "committee," who carried it out and "sot on it." In due time they returned with the followin' decision:

"De committee decide dat de sword has de most pints an' de best backin', an' dat de pen is de most beneficial, an' dat de whole ting is about a stan'-off."

A ZOOLOGICAL SIMILITUDE.

A planter in Virginia, being dressed for some special occasion, said to Uncle Ben, an old family servant:

"Uncle Ben, how do I look?"

"Why, you looks splendid, master, splendid. Why, you look as bold as a lion."

"What do you know about a lion? You never saw one."

"Why, yes, I did, master; I've often seed a lion, often."

"Where, Uncle Ben?"

"Why, down on master Johnson's plantation, they've got a lion, and you seed him, too; I know you has."

"Why, you old goose you, that is not a lion; it is a jackass, and they have called him Lion."

"Well, I don't care about dat—I don't care for dat. You look just like him."

HUNTING POSSUMS.

Two darkeys in the West went out to hunt possums, and, by accident, found a large cave with a small entrance. Peeping in, they discovered three young bears whelped in the interior.

"Look heah, Sam, while I go in dar and gets de young bars, you just watch heah for the ole bar."

Sam got asleep in the sun, and when opening his eyes he saw the old bear scouring her way into the cave. Quick as wink he caught her by the tail, and held on like blazes.

"Hello, dar, Sam, what dark the hole dar?"

"Lor' bless you, Jumbo, save yourself, honey; if dis tail comes out, yo'll find what dark de hole."

NEVER 'SPECTED TO SEE DAT.

A drag, driven by an elegantly attired lady, with a trim and neatly dressed colored boy perched on the footman's seat behind, was passing through the street, when it was espied by an old negro woman.

"Bress de Lord!" she exclaimed, raising her hands as she spoke. "Bress de Lord! I never 'spected to see dat. Wonder what dat young cullud gemman pays dat young white 'oman for drivin' dat kerridge? I know'd it'd come, but never 'spected to lib to see it. Dis nigga's ready to go 'way now."

JONAH AND THE WHALE.

A young gentleman of this city, in whom we have the most perfect confidence, gives us the following conversation, which he overheard between two colored citizens the other evening, as he was returning from prayer-meeting:

"Sam, do you know Jonah?"

"Jonah! Who is he?"

"Why, Jonah dat swallowed de whale; don't you know him?"

"Why, darn his big-moufed soul, was he from Firginny?"

"Of course he was from Firginny."

"Well, the Firginians always were bad on fish."

HOLE ON DAR, BOSS.

An emigration agent accosted an old negro in Columbus, Georgia, the other day: "I say, old man, don't you want to make some money?"

"Dat's jest what I'm searchin' roun' fer, boss. I hungry right now."

"Well, in Mississippi the planters are paying mighty high prices for good work hands, and if you" —

"Hole on dar, boss. Jes' wait. I'm a Middle Georgia nigger. I done been out dar. I'm a good wuk han' too. I wuk myself out dar, and then I turn roun' an' wuk myself back again, an' right here I'm gwine ter stay, if the Lord spars me. When I dies, I wants ter have a stomich spang full o' bread and meat, an' I wants ter be berried in a seminary whar I'm 'quainted with der folks."

DELIRUM TREMENDUS.

A negro was brought up before the mayor for stealing chickens.

"Well, Toby," said his honor, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nuffin but dis, boss: I was crazy when I stole dat ar' pullet, coz I might have stole a big rooster, and never done it. Dat shows 'clusively to my mind dat I was laboring under delirum tremendus."

At the marriage of an Alabama widow, one of the servants was asked if his master would take a bridal tour:

"Dunno, sah; when old massa's first wife was alive, he took a paddle to her; dunno if he take a bridal to de new one or not!"

An up-town man, who believes in self-improvement, suggested to his wife recently that they should argue some question frankly and freely every morning, and try to learn more of each other. The question for the first night happened to be, "Whether a woman could be expected to get along without a hat," and he took the affirmative; but when he was last seen, he had climbed up into the hay-loft and was pulling the ladder up after him.

A man in Michigan swapped his horse for a wife. An old bachelor acquaintance said he'd bet there was something wrong with the horse, or its owner would never have fooled it away in that reckless manner.

The second night after her first husband died, she sat by the open chamber window five hours waiting for the cats to begin fighting in the back yard. She said: "This thing of going to sleep without a quarrel of some kind is so new that I can't stand it! Let me alone till they begin; then I can doze off gently!"

TEXAS COURTSHIP.

He sat one side the room in a big white-oak rocking-chair; she on the other side in a little white-oak rocking-chair. A long-eared deerhound, snapping at flies, was by his side; a basket of sewing by hers. Both rocked incessantly—that is, the young people, not the dog and basket. He sighs heavily, and looks out the west window at a crape

myrtle tree; she sighs lightly, and gazes out the east window—at the turnip patch. At last he remarks:

"This is mighty good weather to pick cotton."

"'Tis that, if we only had any to pick."

The rocking continues.

"What's your dog's name?"

"Coony."

"What is he good fur?"

"What is who good fur?" said she, abstractedly.

"Your dog, Coony."

"For ketchin' possums."

Silence for half an hour.

"He looks like a deer dog."

"Who looks like a deer dog?"

"Coony."

"He is—but he's kinder bellowed an' gettin' old an' slow now. An' he ain't no 'count on a cold trail."

In the quiet ten minutes that ensued she took two stitches in her quilt—it was a gorgeous affair, that quilt was, made by the pattern called "Rose of Sharon." She is very particular about the nomenclature of her quilts, and frequently walks fifteen miles to get a new pattern, with a "real putty name."

"Your ma raisin' many chickings?"

"Forty odd."

Then more rocking, and somehow, after awhile, the big rocking-chair and the little rocking-chair were jammed side by side.

"How many has your ma got?"

"How many what?"

"Chickens!"

"Nigh on to a hundred."

By this time the chairs are so close together that rocking is impossible.

"The minks has eat all ours."

Then a long silence reigns. At last he observes:

"Makin' quilts?"

"Yes," she replies, brightening up, "I've just finished a 'Roarin' Eagul of Brazeel,' a 'Sitting Sun,' and a 'Nasion's Pride.' Have you ever saw the 'Yellow Rose of the Parary?'"

"No"

More silence; then he says:

"Do you love cabbage?"

"I do that."

Presently his hand is accidentally placed on hers. She does not know it — at least does not seem to be aware of it. Then after a half hour spent in sighs, coughing, and clearing of throats, he suddenly says:

"I'se a great a-mind to bite you."

"What you great a-mind to bite me fur?"

"Kase you won't have me."

"Kase you ain't axed me."

"Well, now, I ax you.

"Then, now, you has me."

Then Coony dreams he hears a sound of kissing.

The next day the young man goes to Tigerville after a marriage license. Wednesday, the following week.

No cards.

A father, in consoling his daughter, who had lost her husband, said: "I don't wonder you grieve for him, my child; you will never find his equal."

"I don't know as I can," responded the sobbing widow; "but I'll do my best." The father felt comforted.

SOMEWHAT MIXED.

"What's the matter?"

"Sam, who am I?"

"Why, you are yourself — Bob Harrison, ain't you?"

"No, far from it."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Well, sir, I am so mixed up I don't know who I am."

"Don't take it so hard to heart."

"I can't help it."

"Well, sir, what's the matter?"

"Why, I am married."

"Married! Why, sir, you should be happy."

"Yes, but I ain't."

"Why, all married men are supposed to be happy."

"Yes, but how many are so?"

"Well, sir, as I said before, don't take it so hard; tell us all about it."

"Well, Sam, I'll tell you how it is. You see I married a widow, and this widow had a daughter."

"Oh, yes, I see how it is; you have been making love to the daughter."

"No; worse than that! You see my father was a widower, and married that daughter; so that makes my father my son-in-law, don't it?"

"Well, is that all?"

"No; I only wish it was. Don't you see, my step-daughter is my step-mother, ain't she? Well, then, her mother is my grandmother, ain't she? I am married to her, ain't I? So that makes me my own grandfather doesn't it?"

"You would be very pretty indeed," said a gentleman

patronizingly to a young lady, "if your eyes were only a little larger."

"My eyes may be very small, sir," retorted the young lady, "but such people as you don't fill them."

A stupid young man, supposed to be cracked-brained, who was slighted by the girls, very modestly asked a young lady, "if she would let him spend the evening with her?"

"No," she angrily replied, "that's what I won't."

"Why," replied he, "you needn't be so funny; I didn't mean this evening, but some stormy one when I can't go anywhere else."

"WA'AL, NOW!"

A well-known citizen of Hartford, Connecticut, a few days ago, had taken his seat in the afternoon train for Providence, when a small, weazened-faced, elderly man, having the appearance of a well-to-do farmer, came into the car, looking for a seat. The gentleman good-naturedly made room for him by his side, and the old man looked over him from head to foot.

"Going to Providence?" he said, at length.

"No, sir," the stranger answered, politely; "I stop at Andover."

"I want to know! I belong out that way myself. Expect to stay long?"

"Only over night, sir."

A short pause.

"Did you cal'late to put up at the tavern?"

"No, sir; I expect to stop with Mr. Skinner."

"What, Job Skinner's?—Deacon Job—lives in a little brown house on the old 'pike? Or, mebbe, it's his

brother's? Was it Tim Skinner's — Squire Tim's — where you was goin'?"

"Yes, it was Squire Tim's," said the gentleman, smiling.

"Dew tell if you are goin' there to stop over night. Any connection of his'n?"

"No, sir."

"Well, now, that's curus! The old man ain't got into any trooble, nor nothin', has he?" lowering his voice; "ain't goin' to serve a writ onto him, be ye?"

"Oh, no, nothing of the kind."

"Glad on't. No harm in askin', I s'pose. I reckon *Miss* Skinner's some connection of yourn?"

"No," said the gentleman. Then, seeing the amused expression on the faces of two or three acquaintances in the neighboring seats, he added in a confidential tone: "I am going to see Squire Skinner's daughter."

"Law sakes!" said the old man, his face quivering with curiosity. "*That's* it, is it, I want to know? Goin' to see Mirandy Skinner, be ye? Well, Mirandy's a nice gal — kinder humbly, and long favored, but smart to work, they say, and I guess you're about the right age for her too. Kep' company together long?"

"I never saw her in my life, sir."

"How you talk. Somebody's gin her a recommend, I s'pose, and you're gin' clear out there to take a squint at her. Wa'al, I must say there's as likely gals in Andover as Mirandy Skinner. *I've* got a family of grown-up darters myself. Never was married afore, was ye? Don't see no weed on yur hat."

"I have been married about fifteen years, sir. I have a wife and five children." And then, as the long restrained mirth of the listeners of this dialogue burst forth at the

old man's opened-mouthed astonishment, he hastened to explain: "I am a doctor, my good friend, and Squire Skinner called at my office this morning, to request my professional services for his sick daughter."

"Wa'al, now!" And the old man here waddled off into the next car.

Angelina. "George, which do you think are the worst about a flower garden, worms or small birds?"

George (stupidly, dreaming of his dear Angy). "Really I don't know — I never had the worms." A blush — and then he sees his mistake.

A minister, while marrying a couple of his rustic parishioners, felt exceedingly disconcerted on his asking the bridegroom, if he were willing to take the woman for his wedded wife, by the would-be Benedict scratching his head and saying:

"Ay, I'm wullin', but I'd rather hae her sister."

A Chicago German, who got excited over an account of an elopement of a married woman, exclaimed: "If my vife runs away mit anoder man's vife, I vill shake him out of her preeches, if he be mine fodder, so help me gracious!"

MEANT TO GET BLIND DRUNK.

"Sam, did — did (hic) you see anything of my wife?"

"I have not the honor of knowing your wife, sir."

"Don't apologize, Sam, don't apo-apo — hic! — logize. It — it's no honor whatever. Didn't see her?"

"I did not."

"How yer know yer didn't? She — she's as tall as a (hic) meetin'-house, and broad as a lamp-post, a-and she wears a gingham umbereller and one eye out, and (hic) her nose was done up in a pair of specs. Didn't see her?"

"No, sir!" (emphatically.)

"That's all right, Sam, that's all right. M-m-merely asked for frinfanmashun. She (hic) she said she was goin' to join a soryory-sis, and if she does I mean to get stavin'-blind drunk. *Wouldn't you?*"

Sam counseled the unfortunate Benedict to remain sober, and hastened on his way.

An Irish coachman, driving past some harvest fields, during Summer, addressing a smart girl engaged in sheaving, exclaimed: "Arrah, me darling, I wish I was in jail for stealing ye!"

PERHAPS WE'D BETTER WAIT AWHILE.

A young clergyman, at the first wedding he ever had, thought it was a very good time to impress upon the couple before him the solemnity of the act.

"I hope, Dennis," he said to the coachman, with his license in his hand, "you have well considered this solemn step in life."

"I hope so, your riverence," answered Dennis.

"It's a very important step you're taking, Mary," said the minister.

"Yes, sir, I know it is," replied Mary, whimpering. "Perhaps we had better wait awhile."

"Perhaps we had, your riverence," chimed in Dennis.

The minister, hardly expecting such a personal application of his exhortation, and seeing the marriage-fee

vanishing before his eyes, betook himself to a more cheerful aspect of the situation, and said:

"Yes, of course, it's solemn and important, you know, but it's a very happy time, after all, when people love each other. Shall we go on with the service?"

"Yes, your riverence," they both replied, and they were soon made one in the bonds of matrimony; and that young minister is now very careful how he introduces the solemn view of marriage to timid couples.

"Yes, Job suffered some," said an Iowa farmer, "but he never knew what it was to have his team run away and kill his wife right in the best season, when hired gals want three dollars a week."

Twenty ladies voted on the question, "Has a young lady the right to kiss a gentleman with whom she takes an evening drive?" There were nineteen affirmative votes. The negative vote was cast by a woman with red hair and a glass eye.

DOUBLE IT.

A Western man writes:

"When the law of our State required parties wishing to be married to get a license from the county clerk, an Irishman, evidently of full age, applied for the writ of execution. After the clerk had put the usual questions as to his native place, occupation, etc., he asked:

"'Will you swear that you are twenty-one years old?'

"'Faith and I will do that same,' said Jemmy.

"'And Bridget,' said the clerk—'will you swear that she is twenty-one?'

"Jemmy straightened up, and, looking somewhat indignant, replied:

"'Sure an' I can swear she's *double* it!'

"He got his license and hastened off to his waiting bride."

"LONELY TO-NIGHT, LOVE."

Husband (traveling).—Scene I—Room in hotel. Spittoons full of cigar stumps. Bourbon whisky. All hands equipped for a night's spree. Husband in a hurry to be off, writing home:

DEAREST SUSIE: My time is so occupied with business that I can hardly spare a moment to write to you. Oh! darling, how I miss you! and the only thing that sustains me during my absence is the thought that every moment thus spent is for the benefit of my dear wife and children. Take good care of yourself, my dear. Feed the baby on one cow's milk. Excuse haste, etc.

Wife (at home).—Scene II—Parlor. All the gas lit. Thirteen grass-widows; Fred, from around the corner, with his violin; Jim, from across the way, with his banjo; Jack, from above, with his guitar; Sam, from below, with his flute; lots of other fellows, with their instruments. Dancing and singing; sideboard covered with nuts, fruits, cake, cream, wine, whisky, etc. Wife, in a hurry to dance, writing to her husband:

DEAR HUBBY: How lonesome I feel in your absence! The hours pass tediously. Nobody calls on me, and I am constantly thinking of the time when you will be home, and your cheerful countenance light up the routine of every-day life. My household duties keep me constantly employed. I am living as economical as possible, knowing

that your small income will not admit of frivolous expense. But now, dear, I will say good-bye, or I will be too late for the monthly concert of prayer. In haste, yours, etc.

A Green Bay woman, whose husband kicks her down stairs every night, says she likes to look over his old letters commencing with "My dearest, darling, little angel, Minnie, Heaven alone knows the depth of my love for you."

An Iowa woman gave her husband morphine to cure him of chewing tobacco. It cured him, but she is doing her own Spring plowing.

That was a wise colored man who, in speaking of the happiness of married people, said:

"Dat ar' 'pends altogedder how dey enjoy demselves."

A Jersey man married five widows, and they were all red-headed. The same man was once thrown one hundred and fifty feet by an express train, when he picked himself up, looked around for his hat, and remarked: "Well, if I don't find that hat, I'll make the company pay for it."

CONNUBIAL CONFAB.

"Arrah, Pat, and why did I marry ye? jist tell me that —for it's meself that's had to maintain ye ever since the blessed day that Father O'Flanigan sent me home to yer house."

"Swate jewul," replied Pat, not relishing the charge, "and it's meself that hopes I may live to see the day

you're a widow, waping over the cowld sod that covers me; thin, by St. Patrick, I'll see how ye will git along widout me, honey."

"Love conquers all things," eh? Poverty and tooth-ache will throw it three times out of four.

A female lecturer said: "Get married, young men, and be quick about it. Don't wait for the millennium for the girls to become angels. You'd look well beside an angel, wouldn't you, you brutes?"

A man, who was sentenced to be hung, was visited by his wife, who said: "My dear, would you like the children to see you executed?"

"No," replied he.

"That's just like you," said she, "you never wanted the children to have any enjoyment."

MY WIFE THINKS I'M DRUNK.

About two o'clock the other morning a policeman found a man sitting on the sidewalk on Franklin Street. Naturally, he asked what was the matter.

"Well," said the man, sadly, "my wife thinks I'm drunk. I've tried twice to get in at the front door, and she's put me out both times, and my self-respect won't allow me to try it again. So I'm waiting till she's quieted down a little, and then I think I can crawl through the cellar window."

JUST HIS LUCK.

"You see, some people has good luck, and some people has bad luck. Now, I remember, once I was walking along

the street with Tom Jellecks, and he went down one side of it and I went down on the other. We hadn't got more'n half way down when he found a pocket-book with two hundred and sixteen dollars in it, and I stepped on a woman's dress and got acquainted with my present wife. It was always so," he said with a sigh, "that Tom Jellecks was the luckiest man in the world, and I never had no luck."

"John Henry," said his wife, with stony severity, "I saw you coming out of a saloon this afternoon."

"Well, madam," replied the obdurate John, "you wouldn't have me stay in there, would you?"

An Indiana man bet ten dollars that he could ride the fly-wheel in a saw-mill, and as his widow paid the bet she remarked: "William was a kind husband, but he didn't know much about fly-wheels."

"I never sot my mind to writin' poetry till two years ago," said a young ruralist, tilting back in a grocery chair, "but the minute I took to goin' with that Johnson girl, I couldn't help it."

ENGAGEMENT FOR THE NEXT SET.

A good story is told of a Bostonian's first appearance in polite society in Arkansas. The company were engaged in dancing, but the loveliest female present occupied a chair at the window, without a partner. Stepping up to the lady with a palpitating heart, his mind greatly excited for fear of a refusal, he exclaimed:

"Will you do me the honor to grace me with your company for the next set?"

Her lustrous eyes shone with unwonted brilliancy, her white, pearly teeth fairly glistened in the flickering candle-light, her heaving, snowy bosom rose and fell with joyful rapture, as she replied:

"Yes, sir-ree! for I've *sot*, and *sot*, and *sot*, till I have about tuk root!"

A bashful young man was escorting a bashful young lady, when she said, entreatingly:

"Jabez, don't tell anybody you beaued me home."

"Don't be afraid," replied he, "I am as much ashamed of it as you are."

A lively pupil at a seminary asked the preceptress for permission to drive out with a gentleman.

"You know the regulations of the institution," was the answer. "Is he your father?"

"No."

"Is he your brother?"

"No."

"Are you engaged to him?"

"No; but I expect to be before I get back."

That answer carried the day.

A Cairo man warns people not to trust his wife, and she retorts by saying that he'll go without clothes all Summer before she'll take in washing to rig him out again.

INCONSOLABLE GRIEF.

We have just met with two or three instances of inconsolable grief, or of remarkable self-control, that deserve to be registered for future use. Mr. Green sued a lady for

breach of promise. Her friends offered to settle it for two hundred dollars.

"What!" cried Mr. Green, "two hundred dollars for ruined hopes, a shattered mind, a blasted life, and a bleeding heart! Two hundred dollars for all this! Never! never! never! *Make it three hundred, and it's a bargain!*"

The other case is of a young widow, whose husband had just been cut down by the hand of death. Her dearest female friend called on her to condole with her on the occasion, and was astonished at her composure. "You must excuse me," said the young widow, "for not weeping, for *crying always makes my nose bleed!*"

"It's a solemn thing to be married," said Aunt Bethany.

"Yes; but it's a deal more solemn not to be," said the little girl, her niece.

DITTO.

A bashful and not over-educated fellow went to see his girl the other night, and as he started away, he put his arm around her and whispered in her ear, "Dearest, I love thee;" and she responded sweetly, "Ditto," meaning, of course, a reciprocation of his tender passion. The young man could not find "ditto" in his vocabulary, and asked his father, the next day, as they were hoeing cabbage, what it meant.

The old gent rested on his hoe, and pointed to the cabbage in front of him, with the remark: "You see that cabbage?"

"Yes," responded the youth.

"And you see the next one there?"

"Yes."

"Well, that is called 'ditto.'"

"D—— her!" exclaimed the impetuous youth, "she called me a cabbage head."

HE DISCARDED HER.

"Why, Bill, what's the matter with you? You look down in the mouth."

"Well, Peter, I dare say if you'd have gone through what I have, you'd look bad too."

"What's the matter?"

"Well, you know Sarah Snivels, don't you, Peter?"

"Yes."

"I discarded her last night."

"You did; what for?"

"Well, I'll tell you. She said she wouldn't marry me, and I'd discard any girl that would treat me in that way."

The city editor of the Jacksonville *Journal* says the only fault he has to find with his girl is, that she insists on using "black navy" instead of fine cut tobacco.

A good way to find a girl out is to call when she isn't in.

"How is your husband this afternoon, Mrs. Swiggs?"

"Why, the doctor says as how as if he lives till the mornin' he shall have some hopes of him; but if he don't, he must give him up."

A colored brother's opinion: "De women oughter work; dat's so; for ef it hadn't been for Eve, we wouldn't none of us ha' ben 'bleeged to work 't all."

DUTCH HUMOR.

A German in a Western town, who has not paid much attention to learning English, had a horse stolen from his barn the other night, whereupon he advertised as follows:

"Von nite, de oder day, ven I was bin awake in my shleep, I heare sometings vat I tinks vas not yust right in my barn, an I out shumps to bed and runs mit the barn out; and ven I was dere coom I seez dat my pig gray iron mare he vas bin tide loose and run mit the staple off; and who efer will him back pring, I yust so much pay him as vas bin kushtomary."

A German who had lived a mean and niggardly life, died and was being buried. Among the few who attended his funeral not one could find a good word to say in his praise. Finally, an old fellow, who thought it was a shame that the funeral should end without some compliment being paid to the memory of the dead, spoke as follows:

"Vell, beoples may say vat dey will about Hans, but he vash a goot schmoker."

An old Dutchman undertook to wallop his son, but Jake turned, and walloped him.

The old man consoled himself for his defeat by rejoicing at his son's superior manhood. He said:

"Vell, Jake is a schmart fellow. He can vip his own taddy."

A German looked up at the sky and remarked:

"I guess a leedle it vill rain somedime pooty queek."

"Yees do, eh?" replied an Irishman: "What business have yees to purtend to know about Ameriken weather, ye furrin galoot?"

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved.

"And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers.

"I tid not co in te blame pote!" was the Dutchman's placid answer.

"Py Schiminy, how dot boy studies de languages!" is what a delighted elderly German said when his four-year old son called him a blear-eyed son of a saw-horse.

"How far is it to Cub Creek?" asked a traveler of a Dutch woman.

"Only shoost a little vays."

"Is it four, six, eight, or ten miles?" impatiently asked the stranger.

"Yas, I dinks it is," serenely replied the unmoved gate-keeper.

VERY GOOD CIDER.

An eccentric German was noted for making and keeping good cider, and for his extreme stinginess in dispensing it to his neighbors when they called to see him. A Yankee, who had heard of this, resolved to try his hand on the old fellow, and coax a pitcher of cider out of him. He made him a call, and praised up his farm and cattle, and, speaking of his fine orchard, casually remarked:

"I hear, Mr. Von Sam, that you make excellent cider."

"Yash, yash, I does. Hans, bring some cider in the shug."

The Yankee was delighted at his success, and already smacked his lips in anticipation of good things to come. Hans brought up a quart jug of cider, and placed it on the table before his father. The old farmer raised it with both hands, and placing his lips to the mouth, he drained it to the bottom; then, handing the empty jug to the dry and thirsty Yankee, quietly observed:

"Dare! if you don't believe dat ish goot cider, shust you shmell de shug."

Two Germans met in San Francisco. After affectionate greeting, the following dialogue ensued:

"Fen you said you hev arrived?"

"Yesterday."

"You came dot Horn around?"

"No."

"Oh! I see; you came dot isthmus across?"

"No."

"Oh! den you come dot land over?"

"No."

"Den you hef not arrived."

"Oh, yes, I hef arrived. I come dot Mexico through."

TOOK THE STARCH OUT OF HIM.

Several conceited young men were assembled on a street corner when a poor Dutchman approached. One of them said to his companions:

"Boys, I'm going to have some fun; just watch me fool this Dutchy."

He went up to the German, to whom he said

"Kaiser, don't you want to buy a dog?"

The person thus addressed quickly responded: "Ya-a-s,

I yust want to buy a leetle puppy about your size. Are you for sale?"

The puppy struck off, the laughter of his comrades making him purple with rage.

DOT'S ME.

A countryman had sold a butcher some hogs, and was to deliver them in the afternoon at the residence of the purchaser, but did not know where the said residence was. The butcher then gave him the following directions:

"You shoost goes pehind de Menger and turns to de right till you comes to a fence mit a hole in it, den you turns up to de right for a while till you sees a house and a big hog in de yard. Dot's me."

An old Dutchman froze his nose. While thawing the frost out, he said: "I haf carry dot nose fordy year, unt he nefer freeze hisself before. I no understand dis ting."

A Dutchman was about to make a journey to his fatherland, and wishing to say "good-bye" to a friend, extended his hand and said: "Vell, off I don't coom back, hullo."

DR. "PHLEBOTOMY."

Dr. Chapman, of Philadelphia, was a great humorist in his time.

During a summer vacation he made the acquaintance of a country doctor — a clever man, in the Yankee sense of that word. Having never had a regular medical course of instruction, he was quite unacquainted with the technical terms of his profession, and, in fact, was an interloper, with no genuine claim to respect as a physician.

Dr. Jonson, the rural medico, proud of the acquaintance of the great Philadelphia physician, brought a patient to him for advice, saying that he had exhausted all his medicine and skill upon the case, with no effect.

Chapman knew he was a quack, and began:

"Have you used *depletions?*"

"No, sir," said Jonson; "I have thought of that, but it is not to be had out here in the country."

"Perhaps you have tried *venesection?*"

"I have not; indeed, it has never been introduced among us here."

"Then I would recommend *phlebotomy*," continued Dr. Chapman.

"The very thing I was going to give him as soon as I could get some of it from the city. You didn't happen to bring any with you, doctor, did you, sir?"

The Philadelphia doctor could hold in no longer. He laughed so heartily that Jonson insisted on an explanation, and when he learned that the three suggestions amounted to the same thing, and that was bleeding, he bolted out, drawing his recovering patient along with him. The story got out also; and Jonson went by the name of "Phlebotomy" to the day of his death, which happened a few years ago.

"Say, Smith, where have you been for a week back?"

"I haven't been anywhere for it. I haven't got a weak back."

"Do you think I'm a fool?" asked a violent fellow, of a doctor.

"Really," replied the doctor, "I would not have ven-

tured the assertion, but now that you ask my opinion, I must say that I am not prepared to deny it."

A doctor, attending a wit who was very ill, apologized for being late one day, by saying he had to stop to see a man that had fallen down a well.

"Did he kick the bucket, doctor?" groaned the incorigible wit.

A little boy asked a lady who made her teeth.

"My Creator," she replied.

"Well," said the youngster, "Dr. —— made my ma's, and they beat your'n clean out o' sight."

KNOWING HOW TO CHARGE.

"There, now," said a dentist to a customer who pretended to have a very difficult tooth to draw, "you see how easy it was done."

"Yes," replied the customer, "and what's yer charge?"

"Two dollars," replied the dentist.

"Whew!" exclaimed the customer, "but you know how to charge. Why, there's Bill, the blacksmith of our town, tried to pull that 'air tooth, and he dragged me three times round his shop, and charged only twenty-five cents!"

"Halloo, doctor, where are you going?"

"I'm called in to see Smith, who's down with a cold."

"Oh, they've called *you* in, have they? Well, then, I'll stop at the undertaker's and have the coffin got ready."

A doctor went out West to practice his profession. An old friend met him on the street one day and asked him how he was succeeding in his business.

"First-rate," he replied. "I've had one case."

"Well — and what was that?"

"It was a birth," said the doctor.

"How did you succeed with that?"

"Well, the old woman died, and the child died. But I think I'll save the old man yet!"

"How one thing brings up another!" said a lady, absorbed in pleasing retrospection.

"Yes," replied the practical Dobbs, "an emetic, for instance."

TOOK HIM FOR A SKELETON.

The other day, a newsboy in —— was almost frightened to death at the sight of a human skeleton, hung up in Dr. ——'s drug store. After recovering from the fright, he landed across the street, opposite the drug store, and commenced crying out:

"Here's yer mornin' papers, only three cents."

At this point, the doctor who is well known in his profession, and very tall and slender, appeared at the door of the drug store and called for a paper.

The boy looked round, and visions of the skeleton stared him in the face. He knew it was the skeleton. Putting his right hand to his nose, and spreading his fingers out fan-fashion at the doctor, he yelled out:

"No yer don't; you can't fool me; you've got yer clothes on."

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Said I, "My head feels a little achish; what do you think I had better do?"

"Why, friend S.," says the doctor, says he, "the best

thing you can do is to go straight home and soak your feet and take a sweat; 'cause if you don't," said he, "as like as not you may have a fever."

Says I, "Doctor, I was just thinkin' a little sweat would do me good, and I guess I'll go home and try it right away."

Well, I did; I went home and took a bowlful of tansy tea, bitter as gall, and if I didn't sweat like a beaver 'tain't no matter. The next morning my head was as clear as a bell, and I was as good as ever I was. Well, a day or two afterwards, I met the doctor; after a little thinking, says the doctor, says he:

"Neighbor S., I've got a little bill against you."

"A *bill*, doctor?"

"Yes," says he; "a bill for advice, you know, at Sinkin's store, the other day."

What do you think he had gone and done? He'd actually gone and charged me two dollars for telling me to go home and take a sweat, which I was just going to do myself, without his telling.

"Well, doctor," says I, for I didn't want to appear mean, you know, "it's all right; I will bear it in mind."

Well, a few days after, the doctor was passing by my door in his chaise, and somehow or other one of the wheels got a little loose; so, says I:

"Doctor, if you don't drive that linch-pin in an inch or so, that wheel will come off."

"Thank you," says he, and he took a stun and driv in the pin.

Well, I went into the house and just made a charge of it, and when he came along the next time, I presented him the bill.

"Hello!" says the doctor, says he, "what on airth is that for?"

"Why, it's for advice," says I.

"Advice!" says he. "What advice? I hain't had none o' your advice."

"Why, for driving in your wheel-pin, and I've only charged you two dollars and twenty-five cents, and it might have cost you ten times as much."

"Well," says the doctor, "the little difference between your bill and mine is just twenty-five cents."

"That is all you owe me," says I.

"Well, I'll bear it in mind," says he.

And I expect he will. He's as tight as a candle-mold is the doctor; and I guess he is able to bear it in mind.

THE DUTCH DOCTOR.

Your question reminds me of the old story of the little Dutchman who "set up for a doctor" in New Orleans; and as it involves as much of an important law in health as well as disease, I repeat it. It seems that a small Dutchman had been engaged in the lager-beer profession, but had failed. He cast about for a new occupation. The yellow fever had just appeared, and it occurred to him that it might pay to "set up for a doctor." There was no time for books, and so he resolved to study at the bedside of the sick, keeping a little memorandum. His first case was a Dutchman who had the fever pretty badly, but longed for sauer-kraut. The doctor prescribed sauer-kraut. The Dutchman got well. The doctor wrote in his little memorandum, "Sauer-kraut will cure a Dutchman of yellow fever." His next case of yellow fever was a Frenchman. Sauer-kraut was prescribed. The Frenchman took on the

black vomit and died. The doctor added after his first record, "but will kill a Frenchman."

A Western paper, in describing an accident recently, says, with much candor: "Dr. Jones was called, and under his prompt and skillful treatment the young man died on Wednesday night."

GOT ANY MEDICINE?

"Got any medicine?" asked a boy, entering a drug store the other day.

"Yes, lots of it. What do you want?" inquired the clerk.

"Oh, it don't make any difference, so that it's something lively. Dad is fearful bad."

"What ails him?" asked the clerk.

"Dunno," said the boy; "but he's run down orful. He just sits around the stove all day and mopes; he hasn't walloped mother since Christmas. I guess he's going to die!"

A PHILOSOPHICAL COLORED MAN.

An elderly colored man, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, was squatting with his bundle upon the hurricane-deck of one of the Western river steamers, toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged in a state of profound meditation. His dress and appearance indicated familiarity with camp life, and, it being soon after the siege and capture of Fort Donelson, I was inclined to disturb his reveries, and on interrogation found that he had been with the Union forces at that place, when I questioned farther. His philosophy

was so peculiar that I will give his views in his own words as near as my memory will serve me:

"Were you in the fight?"

"I had a little taste of it, sah."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, sah, I runs."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes, sah, an' would have run soonah had I knowed it was comin'."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't in my line, sah; cookin's my profession."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's nuffin to me by de side of life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"

"It's worth more to me, sah."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"

"'Cause, sah, diff'rent men sets diff'rent value on derselves; my life's not in de market."

"But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfaction would dat be to me, when de power of feelin' was gone?"

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"

"Nuffin whatever, sah."

"If our soldiers were all like you, traitors might have broken up the government without resistance."

"Yes, sah; der would have been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life in de scales 'gainst any guberment dat ever existed, for no guberment could replace de loss

to me. 'Spect dough dat de guberment's safe if de're all like me."

"Do you think that any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?"

"Maybe not, sah; a dead white man ain't much wid dese sojers, let alone a dead niggah; but I'd a missed myself, and dat was de p'int wid me."

During the late war, one of the gun-boat contractors was impressing upon Mr. Lincoln the great superiority of his boats, because they would run in such shallow water. "O, yes," replied the President, "I've no doubt they'll run anywhere where the ground is a little moist!"

WHY DON'T YOU SPIT ON IT?

A good story has been told of a lisping officer of the United States Army, having been victimized by a brother officer (who was noted for his cool deliberation and strong nerves), and his getting square with him in the following manner: The cool joker, the captain, was always quizzing the lisping officer, a lieutenant, for his nervousness.

"Why," said he, one day, in the presence of his company, "nervousness is all nonsense; I tell you, lieutenant, no brave man will be nervous."

"Well," inquired his lisping friend, "how would you do, thpose a shell with an inch futhee thould drop itthelf in a walled angle, in which you had taken thelter from a company of tharp-thootherth, and where it was thertain, if you put out your nothe, you'd get peppered?"

"How?" said the captain, winking at the circle, "why, take it cool, and spit on the fusee."

The party broke up, and all retired except the patrol. The next morning a number of soldiers were assembled on the parade, and talking in clusters, when along came the lisping lieutenant. Lazily opening his eyes, he remarked:

"I want to try an experiment thith morning, and thee how extheeding cool you can be."

Saying this he walked deliberately into the captain's quarters, where a fire was burning on the hearth, and placed in its hottest center a powder canister, and instantly retreated. There was but one mode of egress from the quarters, and that was upon the parade ground, the road being built up for defense; the occupant took one look at the canister, comprehended his situation, and in a moment dashed at the door, but it was fastened on the outside.

"Charley, let me out if you love me!" shouted the captain.

"Thpit on the canither!" shouted he in return.

Not a moment was to be lost; he had at first snatched up a blanket to cover his egress, but now, dropping it, he raised the window, and out he bounded, *sans culottes*, *sans* everything but a very short under-garment, and thus, with hair almost on end, he dashed upon a full parade-ground. The shout which hailed him brought out the whole barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified captain pulled a sergeant in front of him to hide himself.

"Why didn't you thpit on it?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Because there were no sharp-shooters in front to stop a retreat," answered the captain.

"All I got to thay, then, ith," said the lieutenant, "that you might thafely have done it; for I'll thware there wathn't a thingle grain of powder in it."

The captain has never spoken of nervousness since.

PAT'S EULOGY ON GENERAL BURNSIDE.

A gentleman in Washington reports for the "Drawer" the following colloquy he lately overheard in that city by two "scarred veterans:"

Pat. "Jamie, did ye iver know General Burnside?"

Jamie. "No, I niver had the honor."

Pat. "Well, he's the foinest gintleman in the worrald. Och, didn't he set his heart by his soger boys! I mind me well whin I was in the ould bloody Sixty-ninth Rigiment, and at the first battle of Bull Run. At the very furst volley we resaved from the inemy the Gineral rode over like the divil to our rigiment, and stopped right in front of me, and sez he to me, sez he, 'Corporal McQuinn, are you hurt?' 'No, sir,' sez I. 'Then,' sez he to me, says he, 'let the battle go on.'"

It went on, though our people didn't seem to take much interest in the fight.

Our military maneuvers.—Irish drill-sergeant (to a squad of militiamen). "Pr's'nt 'rms!"—(astonishing result.) "Hivens! what a 'prisint!' Just stip out here now, and look at yersilves!"

A sentinel who was accused of sleeping on his watch, triumphantly showed that his watch was at the pawnbroker's at the very time of the alleged offense.

The Crimean heroes are all the rage in the Old Country, now that the war is over, especially the Irish heroes. Their modesty is world-famous, and they maintain their reputation. It was at one of the festivals, now so numerous, that an Irish soldier returned from the East, was accosted:

"Well, Pat, my good fellow, and what did you do at the Alma?"

"Do! your honor! Why, I walked up bowldly to one of the inimy and cut off his feet!"

"Cut off his feet! and why didn't you cut off his head?"

"Ah, by my faith, that was off already!"

PLACE WHERE WARREN FELL.

A Yankee gentleman, escorting a British friend to view the different objects of attraction in the vicinity of Boston, brought him to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid monument, when the Yankee said:

"This is the place where Warren fell."

"Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted up in local historical matters, "did it hurt him much?"

The native looked at him. "Hurt him!" said he; "he was killed, sir."

"Ah! he was, eh?" said the stranger, still eyeing the monument, and commencing to compute its height in his own mind, layer by layer. "Well, I should think he would have been, to fall so far."

PARKINSON'S GUNBOAT.

We do not remember that we ever told the story of Parkinson's gunboat. Parkinson was in the navy, and during the war he conceived an idea that he could build a very small and light gunboat which would carry a heavy gun. so that expeditions could be undertaken up shallow rivers. The Department gave him permission to try the experiment, and he built a boat in accordance with his theory. The first time she went into action was down in

the waters of South Carolina. The commanding officer of the troops upon one of the islands sent Parkinson up stream with his craft, with orders to fire at a certain fort. Parkinson paddled up for about two miles, and then, loading up his one big gun, he aimed at the rebel works. It was very singular, but entirely true, that the boat was so light that the ball in the gun remained stationary, while the boat was fired away from it two miles down stream, where it lit among the Union troops and killed three privates and a corporal. The ball was afterward found in the stream exactly at the spot where the gunboat stood.

ANECDOTE OF PHILLIPPA.

Among the troops in Western Virginia, stories about the Phillippa affair still form a staple of conversation. Here is one of the best:

A certain Indiana company, almost worn out with march, was straggling along with very little regard to order. Hurrying up to his men, the captain shouted:

"Close up, boys! d—n you, close up! *If the enemy were to fire on you when you're straggling along that way, they couldn't hit a d—n one of you!* Close up!"

And the boys closed up immediately.

"The password is 'Saxe;' now don't forget it, Pat," said the colonel, just after the battle of Fontenoy, at which Saxe was marshal.

"Sacks? Faith, and I will not. Wasn't my father a miller?"

"Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, after the Irishman had arrived at his post.

Pat was as wise as an owl, and, in a sort of a whispered yell, replied:

"Bags, yer honor!"

ALWAYS ON THE WRONG SIDE.

One morning a party were sitting at White Sulphur, and the conversation had fallen upon the late war. Personal reminiscence was in order. Each was the hero of his own hair-breadth escape, and the sequel was blood and thunder.

Within earshot sat an old gray-coated Virginian, attentively listening and turning his cud reflectively between his teeth. At length he spoke:

"Gentlemen, you have all been through a heap, but they hain't none of you had a wuss time nor I, I'll bet."

"Which side was you on?" asked one.

"Nary a side, gentlemen, but I had a very hard time," and the old fellow, drawing out his cud of reflection, proceeded:

"Wall, when the war fust broke out, I didn't know much about it, nohow. I was a-studying it out, but I hadn't come to no judgment. One night my darter, Mary Ann, took powerful sick. The doctor he wrote a script and told me to go right off and get it; so I bridled my old mar' and started. Wall, gentlemen, when I got, I reckon, 'bout three miles from home—it was monstrous dark—some one called, 'Halt!' and I halted. Fust thing I knowed I was a prisoner, and the boys were 'round thicker than June-bugs. Sez I, 'Gentlemens, darter Mary Ann——' Sez they, 'Darn Mary Ann! Who are you fur? Speak out. Hurrah for somebody!' I studied a minit, and sez I, on a venture like, 'Hurrah for Jeff Davis!' They sez, mad as hornets, 'I told you he was a rebel. Git off that mar'!' 'Gentle-

mens, I hain't tellin' you no lie,' I sez. They took me off that mar', and buckled me over a log and hit me over five hundred times. It hurt me powerful bad; I was monstrous sore. I mounted my mar' and started on.

"I hadn't got more'n three miles when I heerd another voice call out, 'Halt!' and I halted; and again the boys had me. 'Who are you for?' sez they. Sez I, 'Gentlemens, my darter, Mary Ann, is powerful sick, and the doctor——' 'Darn the doctor! Who are you fur. Hurrah for somebody!'

"I wa'n't going to be kotched again, so I just took off my hat, and I sez, as loud as I could, 'Hurrah for Lincoln!' 'There,' sez they, madder nor blazes, 'I told you he was a traitor. Get down off that mar.' Gentlemens, I haint telling you no lie. They tuk me off that mar, buckled me over a log, and just gin me five hundred mo'. It was monstrous bad. But I got on an' went along. Just as I was a-cuming into town another voice called out, 'Halt!' and I halted. 'Who are you for?' sez he; 'Hurrah for somebody.' Gentlemens, I wasn't never a-goin' to be kotched again. I jest sez, 'Mister, you jest be so kind as to hurray fust, jest this once.'"

BARBARA FRIEDCHIE.

FROM THE DUTCH.

Droo der shdreeds of Frederigtown,
Mit der rade hot sun a sdringin down,
Bast der saloons all filled mid bier,
Der repel fellers valked on der ear.

All day droo Frederigtown so fassed
Horse und food der soldiers passed;
Und der repel flag shone out so brighd,
As if, by jinks, it had got a righdt.

Vare vas der Union flag ? Der sun
Looked down on not a pluddy von.
Up jumped dot old Miss Friedchie den,
Bend out py her nine schgore years and ten.

She grabbed up der flag dot der men hauled down.
Und fasdened it righd on her nighd gown,
Den she sad in her vindow, so all could see
Dot der vas von yed dot loafed dot flag so free.

Up der shdreed comes Shdonevall Jack,
A riding on his horse's back ;
Under his prows he squinched his eyes —
Dot old flag caused him grand surbrise.

"Hald !" Each feller shdood shdill ;
"Vire !" vas echoed vrom hill to hill ;
Id bushd de shdrings of dot nighd gown,
But dot old Barbara she vas aroundt.

She fasdened it once again so gwick ;
Den off der vindow her arms did shdick ;
"Shood, if you must, dis poor old head,
But leafe alone dot flag," she said.

A look of shameness soon came o'er
Der face of Jack, und der deers did bour ;
"Who bulls a hair of dat bald hed
Dies mighty gwick ; go ahet," he said.

All dot day and all dot nighd,
Dill every repel had bassed from sighd,
Und leafed pehind dot Frederigtown,
Dot old flag vas shdicked on dot nighd gown.

Dot Barbara Friedchie's work is done :
She don'd can efer haf more fun.
Bully for her ! shoost drop a deer
For dot old woman midout some fear.

AN EYE-WITNESS' ACCOUNT OF CORNWALLIS' SURRENDER.

Not long since, being at Yorktown, Virginia, I fell into a discussion with a very old man, who was quite communicative. As nearly as I can recall the words his narrative was as follows:

"I see Gen. Washington? Yes, sah! Why, I was here all de time. See de British? See Cornwallis? To be sho'; wasn't I here — right here — all de time? Suttenly — I seen 'em all. Now I tell you, massa. I see Gen. Washington, and he was a settin' on his hoss, and a eatin' of a peach; and Cornwallis he come out, a slippin' around to get away, and he start out down toward the creek, and he start to run, but Gen. Washington, he see him d'rectly, an' he started arter him; and Gen. Washington, he didn't want to take no advantage of him, so he ran well — an' pretty soon he catch Cornwallis, an' he catch him by de neck, an' say: 'You d—— scoundrel, I got you!' And Cornwallis, he turn round, an' handed Mr. Gen. Washington his sword, and Gen. Washington, he jess took it an' cut his head off! See it? To be sho' I see it. I was right here all de time, massa — how I gwine help see it? Jess as I tell you. Gen. Washington was a-sittin' on his hoss, an' eatin' of a peach ——"

But it is not necessary for me to repeat the old man's story as often as he did. Suffice to say that he never varied it in any particular, thus furnishing one of the best *indicia* of veracity and accuracy.

A German enlisted in the regular army; in the course of a few days he was put on picket duty. His instructions were, when anybody approached, to say: "Who comes

there?" three times, and then shoot. Before long he perceived a man approaching; he waited quietly until the man came very near, when he suddenly brought his musket to his shoulder and shouted, "Who comes dere three times?" Bang!

"Ginger, why don't you enlist?" asked a white soldier.

"Wal, massa," said the contraband, "did you ever see two dogs fightin' for a bone?"

"Certainly, Ginger."

"Wal, did you ever see de bone fight?"

"No."

"Wal, massa, you're bofe fightin', and Ginger's de bone. Guess dis nigger won't fight."

A soldier of a cavalry regiment was brought up for stealing his comrade's liquor ration. He was an Irishman, and his defense was unique: "I'd be sorry indade, surr, to be called a thafe! I put the liquor in the same bottle, and mine was at the bottom; and sure, I was obliged to drink his to get at me own."

PRIVATE KELLY.

Great difficulty was experienced in furnishing the Pennsylvania troops with shoes at the commencement of the three months' service. Those that were furnished were generally much too large for the wearers—a fault which occasioned much merriment and some inconvenience. A raw recruit in Colonel Owen's regiment was being put through the squad drill, when the following colloquy took place:

Sergeant. "Why don't ye mind the orthers there, Pat-

rick Kelly? There ye've bin standin' like a spalpeen iver since ye come out, and never once faced to the right or left! Shure an' I'll arrist ye! D'ye moind that?"

Private. "Ye're mistaken altogether, sargeant. Shure an' ye've been lookin' at me shoes. *Divil a bit can I turn thim around!*"

ONE THING HE KNEW.

An old sailor, with plenty of grog aboard, was staggering near a navy-yard, when he was met by Admiral X., who was in command. The sailor, not saluting, as he should have done, the admiral, who was very strict in this particular, addressed the sailor:

"Do you belong to the United States Navy?"

Sailor. "Well, I don't know whether I do or not."

Admiral. "Don't you? What ship do you belong to? Do you know that?"

Sailor. "I hardly know that, either."

Admiral. "Well, sir, do you know me?"

Sailor. "No, sir."

Admiral. "I am Admiral X., of the United States Navy, and commander of this navy-yard."

Sailor. "Well, admiral, there's one thing I do know, and that is, you've got a good job."

In his laughter the admiral forgot the salute, and the sailor "steered" ahead.

THE IRISH SENTINEL.

A son of the Green Isle, a new member of Colonel Gillam's Middle Tennessee Regiment, while stationed at Nashville, during the late rebellion, was detailed on guard duty on a prominent street of that city. It was his first

experience at guard-mounting, and he strutted along his beat apparently with a full appreciation of his position. As a citizen approached he shouted:

"Halt! Who comes there?"

"A citizen!"

"Advance, citizen, and give the countersign."

"I haven't the countersign; and if I had, the demand for it at this time and place is something very strange and unusual," rejoined the citizen.

"An' by the howly Moses, ye don't pass this way at all, be jabers, till ye say Bunker Hill," was Pat's reply.

The citizen, appreciating the "situation," advanced and cautiously whispered in his ear the necessary words.

"Right! Pass on," and the wide awake sentinel resumed his beat.

Probably the most remarkable sense of humor ever known was that of a German soldier who laughed uproariously all the time he was being flogged, and when the officer, at the end, inquired the cause of his mirth, broke out into a fresh fit of laughter and cried, "Why, I'm the wrong man!"

IRISH TIM M'GOWAN.

Tim McGowan had his limb crushed when quite a boy. He afterwards lost his life in the Mexican war, and his surviving brother, Dennis, never ceased boasting of Tim's exploits.

"Och, murder," says he, "you ought to seen Tim at Rye-Sack a dollare Pole me (meaning Resaca de la Palma). He caught two Mexican blackguards by the cuffs of their necks and kilt them both as dead as herrin's by knockin' their heads together."

"How could that be," said the listener, "when your brother had but one arm?"

"Bless your sowl," answered Dennis, "one arm had he? That's true enough for ye, but then, ye see, *Tim forgot all about that when he got into a fight.*"

A waiter was told by a countryman to "bring something of what he had." The waiter brought him a regular dinner upon small dishes, as is the usual form, and set them around his plate. The countryman surveyed them carefully for a moment, and then broke out: "Well, I like your samples; now bring on your dinner!"

The Norfolk Roanoke House landlord, hearing of the whereabouts of a guest who had decamped without going through the formality of paying his bill, sent him a note:

"Mr. —— Dear Sir: Will you send amount of your bill, and oblige," etc.

To which the delinquent replied:

"The amount is $80.62\frac{1}{2}$. Yours respectfully."

BUILT HIM A FIRE.

Ferrin, the landlord of the Westminster Hotel, in New York, is not often nonplussed, but last August a dapper little Frenchman staggered him for a moment. Walking up to the office, he accosted Ferrin with:

"If you please, monsieur, you shall send bill de fire in my room."

"A what?" said Ferrin, looking at the thermometer, which indicated ninety-two degrees.

"I wish ze bill de fire in my apartment," replied the Frenchman.

"All right, sir," said Ferrin, with that outward imperturbability with which the true hotel-keeper receives an order for anything, even if it be gold-dust pudding with diamond plums. "John! fire in 10,001."

"Yes, sur-r-r!" said John, and by the time the Frenchman had arrived at his room, John, with perspiration pouring off of him, had the grate filled and a blaze roaring up the chimney like mad.

"Vat ze diable you do?" said the astonished foreigner.

"Built a fire as ye ordered," replied the other exile.

"Fire be tam!" said the Frenchman. "I shall roast myself wiz ze heat!" and rushing down stairs he appeared at the office with inflamed face and moistened shirt-collar, exclaiming: "I ask you not for ze fire. What! think I wish to make myself more hot, eh? I call for bill de fire —ze bill, ze cart, so I can eat myself wiz my dinaire."

"Bill of fare? Oh! yes, sir," said Ferrin. "I beg your pardon." And he politely passed out the programme for the day, but deputed a Frenchman of the restaurant to answer any further orders from the subject of Napoleon.

A gentleman, traveling in Ohio some years ago, turned in at a country tavern for dinner. The room was garnished with a dirty wash-basin, a piece of soap the size of a lozenge, and a square yard of crash, dimly visible through epidemic deposits. Having slightly washed, the traveler eyed the rag doubtfully, and then asked the proprietor:

"Haven't you, sir, about the premises, a this year's towel?"

NEVER EAT BACON.

At a station on an overland route, the keeper got rather short of provisions—in fact, had nothing left but a bottle

of mustard and some bacon. As the stage stopped there one day to change horses, the passengers seated themselves at the table, and the host said:

"Shall I help you to a piece of bacon?"

"No, thank you; I never eat bacon," said one traveler.

"Well, then," said the station-keeper, "help yourself to some of the mustard."

An Irishman was asked at dinner whether he would take some apple pie:

"Is it houlsome?" inquired Teddy.

"To be sure it is. Why isn't it?"

"Because," said Teddy, "I once had an uncle that was killed with the apple plexy, and sure enough I thought it might be something of the same sort."

An Irishman, boarding at a second-rate house, was troubled very much with mosquitoes. One night, while sleeping, he woke up and found a bat crawling over his face.

"Och, murther!" said he, jumping out of bed. "Be jabers, and they have maskeetys here as big as birds."

A STUPID COOK.

During the war, one of the northern hotel-keepers was on a visit to Norfolk. The eggs came to the table boiled hard.

"Look here," said the hotel-keeper, "Sambo, these eggs are boiled too hard. Now, take my watch, and boil them three minutes by it."

He gave the negro his splendid gold watch. In about

five minutes the freedman returned with the eggs and watch on the same plate. The watch was wet.

"What have you been doing to my watch?" asked the northern visitor. "Why, it's all wet!"

"Yes, sah," said the negro. "I biled de watch wid de eggs. All right dis time, sah!"

HOW MUCH IS IT?

This is an ancient story, but it will bear repetition, and has been started the round of the press again:

A countryman, with his bride, stopped at a hotel the other day. At dinner, when the waiter presented a bill of fare, the young man inquired, "What's that?"

"That's a bill of fare," said the waiter.

The countryman took it in his hands, looked inquiringly at his wife, and then at the waiter, and finally dived into his pocket, and insinuatingly inquired, "How much is it?"

An anecdote is told of a gentleman who greatly disliked the custom of giving fees to servants at hotels. He provided himself with a lot of pennies, and on leaving the house he presented one to the waiter, as he stood bowing at the door.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said John; "but you have made a mistake."

"Oh, no," said the gentleman, "not at all. I *never give less*."

A knowing traveler, out West, who had chartered half a bed at a crowded hotel, and was determined to have the best half, buckled a spur on his heel before turning in.

His unfortunate sleeping partner bore the infliction as long as he could, and at last roared out:

"Say, stranger, if you're a gentleman, you ought to cut your toe nails."

"Do you call that a veal cutlet, waiter?" said a customer. "Why, it is an insult to every true calf in the country."

"I didn't mean to insult you, sir," said the waiter.

When a man without cash or credit attempts to leave a hotel, and lowers his valise out of a back window by means of a rope, it makes charity seem cold to hear the voice of the landlord below, yelling up: "All right, I've got the valise; let go the rope."

WHAT WOULD THE BOARDERS SAY.

Mrs. Dipper to Jonesy, who is deeply in arrears for board: "Mr. Jonesy, won't you step into the parlor for a moment? I wish to speak with you."

Jonesy. "Really, Mrs. Dipper, I should like to accommodate you; but what would the boarders say at seeing us alone? Think of the scandal going through the papers, madam. Oh! no; excuse me."

EBERY ROOM ENGAGED.

A man stopped at de hotel where I work; after dismounting and tieing his horse, says he:

"Hallo, landlord, can I get lodgings here to-night?"

De boss says: "No, sir, ebery room in de house is engaged."

"Well, can't you eben gib me a blanket, and a bunch of shavings for a pillow, in your bar-room?"

"No, sir, dar's not a square foot ob room anywhar in de house."

"Well, den," said de traveler, "I'll thank you to shove a pole out ob your second-floor window, and I'll roost on dat."

Young Mr. Heavyswell, just arrived from London, went to one of the largest hotels in Philadelphia to inquire about rooms.

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, "we can accommodate you, and would be pleased to have you patronize us." Handing a key to a brother clerk, he said: "Mr. Smith, show this gentleman 504."

"'Pon my soul, you know," exclaimed Mr. Heavyswell, "I really haven't time to look at so many, you know; suppose you show me a specimen, you know, of the others."

BOILED AND SCRAMBLE EGGS.

During the Winter of 1869, a drummer, visiting the city of R——, N. C., stopped at one of the first-class hotels. At the breakfast-table he gave an elaborate order to the waiter, and included in it "two soft-boiled eggs."

Sambo went off to the kitchen, but soon returned and asked:

"Mass' Boss, did you want dem eggs scramble?"

"No," said the drummer, "I want them soft-boiled."

"All right, sar," and off he trotted again.

In a few moments he loomed in again, and remarked, in a most persuasive tone, "Mass' Boss, you better have dem eggs scramble?"

"What do you mean?" roared the guest.

"Well," said Sambo, "Mass' Boss, I'll tell you; dem eggs ain't very fresh, and dey'll look better scramble."

Just as a traveler was writing his name on the register of a Leavenworth hotel, a bed-bug appeared and took its way across the page. The man paused and remarked:

"I've been bled by St. Joe fleas, bitten by Kansas City spiders, and interviewed by Fort Scott graybacks; but I'll be darned if I was ever in a place before where the bed-bugs looked over the hotel register to find out where your room was!"

FIFTY CENTS A DAY.

A thousand-and-one stories are told of the extreme cheapness of living in the "Far West," but as to the way it is occasionally done, we were never fully aware until the matter was explained by Dan Marble.

"You keep boarders here, ma'am?" said an individual, addressing the landlady of a house, upon the door of which he saw "Cheap Boarding" painted.

"We do," was the response.

"What do you charge a week?"

"For board without lodging, do you mean?" inquired the lady.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Three meals a day, sir?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Fifty cents is our regular price, sir."

"Well," rejoined the inquirer, "that's cheap enough, at all events. Do you give your boarders much of a variety?"

"Yes, sir, something of a variety — we give them dried

apples for breakfast, warm water for dinner, *and let them swell up for supper!*"

THE BILL OF FARE.

"A party of our friends stopped one day, a year or two ago, at "Barkis' Hotel," somewhere "out west," and asked him to get them some dinner. "Barkis was willing," and spread before them the following bill of fare; various, "that the tastes of desultory man, studious of change, and pleased with novelty, might be indulged:"

BARKIS' HOTEL — BILL OF FARE.

ROASTED.

Pig, Pork, Ham, Hog.

BROILED.

Ham, Eggs, Ham and Eggs, Hams.

BAKED.

Beans, Pork and Beans, Bread, Biscuit.

COLD DISHES.

Boiled — Ham,	Roast — Swine,
" Pork,	" Pig,
" Pig,	" Pork,
" Swine,	" Ham,
Cooked — Animals,	Baked — Pig,
" Injun,	" Ham,
" Pies,	" Pork,
" Cake,	" Swine,
" Biscuit,	" Hog,
" Beans.	" Beans.

One Scotchman complained to another that he had got a ringing in his head.

"Do ye ken the reason o' that?" asked the worthy crony.

"No."

"I'll tell ye — it's because it's empty."

"And ha'e ye never a ringing in your head?" quoth the other.

"No, never."

"And do ye ken the reason? — because it's cracked."

JOE MARSH TAKEN IN.

One cold day, Joe sat by his warm bar-room stove, indulging at once his indolence and literary taste — the former in the natural way, and the latter in reading a History of Napoleon.

Joe read a page or two, when he yielded to a desire to sleep. Some of those roguish boys (of which Bennington has not a few), who were making Joe one of their regular calls, conceived the idea of turning back the leaves to where he first commenced. Joe wakes up in the process of time, and renews his reading; reads as far as it continues interesting, when he again falls asleep, and the boys turn back the leaves as before. This is repeated *four* times, when a bright idea effectually wakes Joe up.

"Gosh, boys! that Napoleon's the smartest feller ever lived; *crossed the Alps four times in one day, and dragged a heavy cannon after him!*"

To his bar he adds a store of candies, in which the boys invest all the cents and eggs, etc., they can hook for the purpose of trade. Joe winks at their wickedness, and puts their pilferings into his till. One evening a big boy brought in a hen and sold it to Joe for a pound of candy. Joe gave him the candy, and told him to put the hen in the barn, which he did. Soon another boy, encouraged by

the success, brought in a hen, and got the same price, and this set the thing going — the boys always carrying the hen to the barn at Joe's direction. In the morning he found he had been sold badly, having bought the same hen six times, and one of his own at that!

The most valuable exterminator we ever heard of was that of the Dutch peddler who was traveling through the country selling bed-bug medicine. Having sold a box of it for half a dollar, the purchaser, a green Dutchman, made inquiry as to how it should be used.

"Vell, Jake, how you use dot bug poison?"

"You catch te pug, opens his mout und drops it in."

"Ish dot te vay?"

"Yah."

"Vell, I yoost cotch dem, tramp dem mit my foot, und kill dem dot vay."

"Oh, yah, dat's a goot vay too."

"John," said a New York country grocer to his man, "have you watered the rum?"

"Yes, sir."

"Dampened the tobacco?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sanded the sugar?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you may come in to prayers."

A good story is told of an old gentleman whose eight or ten clerks had bored him to death with conundrums. Going home one evening, he was stopped in front of a closed store by a countryman, who asked:

"Can you tell me, my friend, why this store is closed?"

"Go to blazes," he cried, "with your conundrums. I've been bored to death with 'em these three weeks!"

A DUTCHMAN'S INSURANCE.

A certain Dutchman had effected an insurance on a small house, of four thousand dollars, although it had been built for much less. The house got burned down, and the Dutchman then claimed the full amount for which it had been insured; but the officers of the company refused to pay more than the actual value, about three thousand dollars. He expressed his dissatisfaction in powerful broken English, interlarding his remarks with some choice Teutonic oaths.

"If you wish it," said the actuary of the insurance company, "we will build a house larger and better than the one burned down, and we are positive it can be done for even less than three thousand dollars."

To this proposition the Dutchman objected, but at last was compelled to take three thousand dollars.

Some weeks after he had received the money, he was called upon by the insurance agent, who wanted him to take out a policy of life insurance on himself or on his wife.

"If you insure your wife's life for ten thousand dollars," the agent said, "and she should die, you would have the sum to solace your heart."

"Dat be dam!" exclaimed the Dutchman. "You 'surance fellows ish all tiefs! If I insure my vife, and my vife dies, and I goes to de office to get my ten thousand dollars, do I gits all de money? No, not quite. You will say to me, 'She vasn't vorth ten thousand dollars—she vas vorth

about six thousand dollars. If you don't like de six thousand dollars, ve vill give you a bigger and better vife.'"

AMUSING ADVERTISEMENTS.

The character of a people may be known by their advertisements. In a certain enterprising town of Pennsylvania, for example, in the "local item" department, appears the following gracious hint:

Our popular "host," Captain Harte, in order to *cater* to the wants of his friends, has made arrangements to supply them with ice-cream every Saturday evening. "*Those in want of this delicious* BIVALVE *will do well to call.*"

In the same organ of public opinion appeared, recently, an editorial notice of certain mammoth swine just slaughtered by a Mr. R——. The following is the concluding sentence: "Those who wish to look at a fat hog, should *see Mr. R—— before going elsewhere.*"

GOUGH'S "DRUGGER" STORY.

To hear Gough tell the "drugger" story is worth a quarter any time. The story is a capital one, but it takes the man to tell it. This he does in some such words as these:

A long, lean, gaunt Yankee entered a drug-store and asked:

"Be you the drugger?"

"Well, I s'pose so; I sell drugs."

"Wall, hev you got any of this here scentin' stuff as the gals put on their handke'chers?"

"Oh, yes."

"Wall, our Sal's gine to be married, and she gin me a

ninepence, and told me to invest the hull 'mount in scentin' stuff, so's to make her sweet, if I could find some to suit; so, if you've a mind, I'll jest smell 'round."

The Yankee smelled round without being suited until the "drugger" got tired of him; and, taking down a bottle of hartshorn, said:

"I've got a scentin' stuff that will suit you. A single drop on a handkercher will stay for weeks, and you can't wash it out; but to get the strength of it, you must take a good big smell."

"Is that so, Mister? Wall, just hold on a minute till I get my breath; and when I say *neow*, you put it under my smeller."

The hartshorn of course knocked the Yankee down, as liquor has done many a man. Do you suppose he got up and smelt again, as the drunkard does? Not he; but, rolling up his sleeves and doubling up his fists, he said:

"You made me smell that tarnal everlastin' stuff, Mister, and now I'll make you smell fire and brimstone."

WANTED SOAP.

A deaf old lady walked into a Main Street store, recently, and asked for ten cents' worth of soap.

"We don't sell a bit's worth," said the polite clerk

"Yes, I want the yeller kind," replied the old lady.

"You don't understand me, madam," said the clerk; "I said a bit won't buy any soap in this establishment."

"Sure enough," replied the aged customer; "soap isn't what it used to be in my time; they put too much rozum in it these days"

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed the now distracted clerk, in a stage whisper, "will you just hear this old lunatic?" Then

placing his mouth to the dame's ear, he fairly screamed, "We do-n't se-ell a bit's worth of soap he-re!"

"Yes," said the old lady, "you may put it up in paper and tie a string around it if you like."

The clerk rushed to a box, took out a bar of soap, and almost threw it at the poor old woman, exclaiming:

"Take it and get, you old haridan of thunderation!"

The old lady carefully laid her dime on the counter, and, as she did so, remarked to the clerk:

"You're the politest and accommodatin'est young man I ever seed, and I'll call agin when I want some more soap."

With an oath, the clerk picked up the bit and flung it through the door into the street, and rushed into the office and told the book-keeper to charge him with one bar of soap; and now he feels bad because he didn't buy a couple of cherries with the short bit he so rashly flung away.

VERY GERMAN.

People may have noticed this sign in Mr. Dolan's store, on Broadway:

"Took Notais.—Mebbe you don't petter had loaf roundt here ven you don't got some peasnis — ain't it."

We suppose it was written by the same man who said:

"Ven some mans slaps me on the shoulder und says: 'I vas glad to hear you vas so vell,' und den sticks behind my back his fingers to his nose, I haf my opinion of dot veller."

CAPITAL AND EXPERIENCE.

The writer was chatting, a few weeks ago, on the piazza of the United States Hotel, at Saratoga, with a bright German gentleman, retired from business, who related the following little anecdote:

"Going down to New York the other night on the boat," said he, "I got to chatting with a German acquaintance, and asked him what he was doing."

"Vell," he replied, "shust now I am doing nodings, but I have made arrangements to go into pizness."

"Glad to hear it. What are you going into?"

"Vell, I goes into partnership mit a man."

"Do you put in much capital?"

"No; I doesn't put in no gapital."

"Don't want to risk it, eh?"

"No, but I put in de experience."

"And he puts in the capital?"

"Yes, dot is it. We goes into pizness for dree years; he puts in de gapital, I puts in the experience. At the end of de dree years I will have the gapital, and he will have the experience."

DEAD BOOK AGENT.

A tramp sat upon a door-step, tenderly caressing his head and shoulders, when his "pard" came.

"What's the matter with you, Jacob?"

"I'm in doubt, Henry; I'm in doubt."

"In doubt; what about?"

"Well, Henry, I went into that alley-gate up there to get somethin' to eat; I might a-knowed somethin' ud happen, for there was a dead book agent layin' on the flower bed, and a liniment man with the side of his head all caved in, leanin' up again the peach-tree."

"Well?"

"You see, I allers was ventursum, so I asked a woman standin' there, would she give me a berry pie and a piece of fresh shad?"

"Well, what happened then?"

"Now, Henry, that's what I'm in doubt about. I don't seem to make out whether the back of the porch fell down on me, or I stepped on a keg of dynamite and it bursted under me. Why, Henry, I'd sooner work half an hour than go into that yard agin."

A darkey, left in charge of a telegraph office, while the operator went to dinner, heard some one "call" over the wires, and began shouting at the instrument:

"De operator isn't yer!"

CASE OF MEANNESS.

I was telling to Uncle Rufus Stebbins, not long since, the story of a mean man. It happened up in New Hampshire, at old Dean's store, in Eaton. It was at a time when money was scarce, and when all sorts of trading at the country stores was done in barter. One day a man named Sipper — an old sponge from Crab-Hollow — called at the store, and wanted a darning-needle, in exchange for which he offered an egg. Mr. Dean accepted the offer — took the egg, and furnished the needle.

"Wal," said Sipper, "arn't ye goin' to treat?"

"What?" cried the storekeeper, in surprise — "on that trade?"

"Sartin. A trade's a trade, ain't it? Some's big, an' some's little; but the little ones may be big ones by-'m-by."

"Well, what'll you have?"

Sipper said he'd have a glass of wine; and the wine was poured out.

"Say, Mr. Dean, wouldn't you jest put an egg into that ere wine? I like it better that way."

Ready now to humor so mean a man in any way, Dean broke into the man's glass the identical egg which had been paid for the needle, and which, as it fell into the wine, proved to have a double yolk.

"Hi! Look here!" demanded Sipper. "This 'ere egg's got a double yolk. *Don't you think you ought to give me another darnin'-needle?*"

"Pooty all-fired mean, that," said Uncle Rufe; "but I think we've got his beat up in Sagadahock. Sam Porter his name is. Skimmin' milk on the top, an' then turnin' it over an' skimmin' the bottom ain't a circumstance. Why, one day Sam happened to be loafin' around Zack Marston's cooper shop, and he found a stray bung-hole; an' blam'me if he didn't have the cheek to go in and ask Marston *to give him a barrel to fit that 'ere bung-hole.*"

QUALITY EXTRAORDINARY.

"Doctor," said a Yankee farmer, entering the store of the village apothecary, "that ere ratsbane o' yourn is fust-rate."

"Ah, certainly — I knew it," returned the vender of drugs, greatly pleased. "Don't keep nothing but the pure things here."

"Sartin," responded the husbandman, with a twinkling nod; "and, doctor, I guess I'll have another pound of it."

"Another *pound?*"

"Yaas; I gin that pound 'at I bought last week to a pesky old rat that has worried me awfully, and, I tell ye, it made him about the sickest crittur you ever see, I kind o' reckon *as how't another pound might kill him.*"

About on a par with this is the complaint of a man who had bought a keg of powder for blasting purposes.

"Say, squire," said the individual in question, entering the store where he had purchased the powder, "d'ye know that ere powder o' yourn is risky stuff to handle?"

"Risky!" repeated the storekeeper, not quite comprehending.

"Yaas — kind o' dangerous."

"Ah — you refer to its intense explosive qualities."

"Explosive qualities! I don't know nothing about that; but it's the allfiredest stuff to burn. Why, that ere keg caught fire accidentally, and I'm blamed if the powder didn't *burn half up afore we could put it out!*"

"Buy a trunk, Pat," said a dealer.

"And what for should I buy a trunk?" rejoined Pat.

"To put your clothes in," was the reply.

"And go naked?" exclaimed Pat; "not a bit iv it!"

"Do you know how to sell more ale?" asked a bystander of a liquor dealer.

"No, but I'd like to know."

"Well, sell less froth."

HOW THEY TRADE IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS.

At Point Creek, Jackson County, a trader had bought sheep of a resident. Resident had one more to sell, when the following conversation ensued:

Trader. "I'll give you two dollars for that sheep."

Resident. "It's worth five dollars."

Trader. "It ain't worth two dollars."

Resident. "It's worth five dollars."

Trader. "It ain't."

Resident (drawing a large navy). "What's that there sheep worth?"

Trader. "Under the circumstances, I think it's worth nigh unto six dollars."

They traded forthwith.

A perplexed Jew who had made a garment for a youth, and found himself unable to dispose of the surplus fullness, which appeared when trying it on the young candidate, declared vociferously that "de coat is goot. It is no fault of de coat. De poy is too slim!"

"ACCOMMODATION" OFFERED AT THE BANK.

A capital example of what is often termed "taking the starch out," happened in a country bank in New England. A pompous, well-dressed individual entered the bank, and addressing the teller, who is something of a wag, inquired:

"Is the cashier in?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Well, I am dealing in pens, supplying the New England banks pretty largely, and I suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier."

"I suppose it will," said the teller.

"Very well; I will wait."

The pen peddler took a chair and sat composedly for a full hour, waiting for the cashier. By that time he began to grow uneasy, but sat twisting in his chair for about twenty minutes, and, seeing no prospect of a change in his circumstances, asked the teller how soon the cashier would be in.

"Well, I don't know exactly," said the waggish teller, "but I expect him in about eight weeks. He has just gone

to Lake Superior, and told me he thought he should come back in that time."

Peddler thought he would not wait.

"Oh, you may stay if you wish," said the teller very blandly. "We have no objection to you sitting here in the day-time, and you can probably find some place in town where they will be glad to keep you nights."

The pompous peddler disappeared without another word.

BANKING RULES.

The following rules are recommended to the attention of those who do business at the banks. They will be the means of saving a great deal of time and annoyance — by not following them:

If you have any business with a bank, put it off until two o'clock, or, if it is possible, a little later, as it looks more business-like to rush in just as the bank is closing.

In depositing money, try to get it upside down and wrong end foremost, so that the teller may have a little exercise in straightening it up before counting it.

It is best not to take your bank-book with you, but call at another time to have it entered. You can thus make two trips to the bank where one would answer.

If a check is made payable to your order, be careful not to indorse it before handing it to the teller, but let him return it to you and wait while you indorse it; this helps to pass the time, and is a pleasure and relief to the teller.

You can generally save time, when making a deposit, by counting your money down to the teller, as you can nearly always count more speedily and correctly than he can.

When you make a deposit, do not use a deposit ticket,

but mix, indiscriminately together, checks and bills, since it facilitates matters exceedingly.

If you make a deposit of one hundred dollars, and give a check for fifty dollars, it is a good thing to call frequently at the bank and ask how your account stands, as it impresses the officers favorably with your business qualifications.

Never keep any record when your notes fall due, and then if they are protested, censure the bank for not giving you notice.

Always date your checks ahead, it is a never-failing sign that you keep a good balance in bank, or if you do not wish it generally known that you are doing a good business, do not deposit your money until about the time you expect your check will be in.

A strict observance of the foregoing rules will make your accounts desirable for any bank, and will make you a general favorite with all the bank officers.

A WAY TO GET RID OF BORROWERS.

A gentleman, whose place of business is not a thousand miles from the Merchants' Exchange, is annoyed, as many business men are, by impecunious individuals desiring small loans. He has adopted the following method of dealing with them:

He will listen amicably to the long preface to the request to "Just lend me five dollars for a few days?" and answers:

"Certainly," and then turning to a clerk, says:

"James, we have five dollars to lend, have we not?"

"Yes, sir," says well-trained James.

"Well, lend it to Mr. Beet."

"It is not in, sir, you loaned it to Mr. Bummer day before yesterday."

"Ah, yes; so I did. Well, when it comes in lend it to Mr. Beet;" and bowing to the borrower, the merchant resumes his business, and the needy one walks dejectedly out to try a more profitable place.

"How often must I climb three pairs of stairs before I get the amount of this little account?"

Debtor. "Do you think I am going to rent a place on the first floor to accommodate my creditors?"

Stablekeeper. "By-the-way shall I put in an extra buffalo?"

English Blood. "Couldn't you let me 'ave an 'orse, you know? Er-er rather not drive a buffalo first time, you know."

"OLD BEN RUSSELL."

Probably no man was better known in the business and social circles of Boston, at a former period, than the above-named worthy.

He was a good joker, but "once on a time" was fairly caught in his own trap. He was, perhaps, better known as Major Ben Russell, and being met one day by his old friend Busby, he was familiarly saluted with a hearty shake of the hand, and "How do you do, old Ben Russell?"

"Come, now," said Major Ben, "I'll not take that from you — not a bit of it; you are as old as I am this minute."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Busby, "you are my senior by at least ten years."

"Not at all, friend Busby, and, if you please, we will

determine that question very soon — just tell me what is the first thing you can recollect?"

"Well, the *very first* thing I recollect," said Mr. Busby, "was hearing people say: 'There goes old Ben Russell!'"

GERMAN IDEA OF THE THING.

A thin, cadaverous-looking German, about fifty years of age, entered the office of a health insurance company in Indiana, and inquired:

"Ish te man in vot inshures de people's helts?"

The agent politely answered, "I attend to that business, sir."

"Vell, I vants mine helts inshured; vot you charge?"

"Different prices," answered the agent, "from three to ten shillings a year; pay ten dollars a year, and get ten dollars a week, in case of sickness."

"Vel," said Mynheer, "I vants ten dollars' vort."

The agent inquired his state of health.

"Vell, I ish sick all te time. I'se shust out te bed two, tree hours a tay, und te doctor says he can't do nothing more goot for me."

"If that's the state of your health," returned the agent, "we can't insure it. We only insure persons who are in good health."

At this, Mynheer bristled up in great anger.

"You must tink I'se a big fool; vot! you tink I come pay you ten dollars for inshure my helt, *ven I vas vell?*"

A negro walked into a drug store the other day, and said, "Boss, gimme fi' cents wurf ob squills, fi' cents wurf ob oppycac, and fi' cents wurf ob sody." "You think

that'll fetch 'em, do you?" jokingly asked the druggist. "I dunno, but fo' de Lawd, boss, dat's forty-fi' cents I done gone an' spent on dat nigger wench, un' if she don't get well dis time I'll break her back."

A TENDER-HEARTED BROTHER.

A couple of enterprising men, doing the clothing business at Atlanta, are interviewed by a customer in search of a coat. The senior of the firm handles the new-comer, and soon finds a "first-class fit." In answer to the price, the response is, "Eighteen dollars."

"Well, sir, I like your coat very much, but don't like the price."

"Well, mine frent, ze price is nothing so you like ze coat. We let you take 'em at fifteen dollars."

The customer still complains of the price, saying that fifteen dollars was too much. This was too heavy for the dealer, so, taking his customer to the extreme end of the store, and drawing him into a dark corner, he whispers in his ear, "Mine frent, I let you have zat coat for twelve dollars and a half."

"Well, sir," said the customer, "I like your coat very much, and am satisfied with the price, yet I would like to know why this mysterious performance?"

"Vell, mine frent, you see dot leetle man dere? He was mine broder. He got ze heart disease, and so help me gracious, if he was to hear me tell you I take twelve dollars and a half for zat coat he drop dead mit his track."

A demure-looking chap hailed a charcoal peddler with the query, "Have you got charcoal in your wagon?" "Yes, sir," said the expectant driver, stopping his horses. "That's

right," observed the demure chap, with an approving nod; "always tell the truth, and people will respect you!" and he hurried on, much to the regret of the peddler, who was getting out of the wagon to look for a brick.

ANSWERING A TAILOR'S DUN.

Sheridan — scholar, wit and spendthrift — being dunned by a tailor to pay at least the interest on his bill, answered that it was not his interest to pay the principal, nor his principle to pay the interest. The tailor thoughtfully retired.

A Western editor speaks of his rival as "mean enough to steal the swill from a blind hog!" The rival retorts by saying: "He knows he lies; I never stole his swill."

An editor in Illinois, having engaged a new reporter, received the following as his first effort: "We are informed that the gentleman who stood on his head under a pile-driver for the purpose of having a tight pair of butes druv on, shortly found himself in Chiny, perfectly naked, and without a cent in his pockets."

An old farmer said to his sons: "Boys, don't you ever spekerlate or wait for somethin' to turn up. You might jest as well go and sit down on a stone in the middle of a medder with a pail 'twixt your legs and wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

A fellow walked into a Troy music store the other day, called for a piece of music entitled "Act on the Square," and, while the clerk was looking for it, walked off with a $6.50 banjo.

HOW TO BREAK AN OX.

Somebody wrote to the editor of a country paper to ask how he would "break an ox?" The editor answered as follows: "If only one ox, a good way would be to hoist him by means of a chain attached to his tail to the top of a pole forty feet from the ground. Then hoist him by a rope tied to his horns to another pole. Then descend on his back a five ton pile driver, and if that don't break him, let him start a country newspaper and trust people for subscriptions. One of the two ways will do it sure."

An Iowa merchant sent a dunning letter to a man who replied by return mail: "You say you are holding my note yet. That is all right, perfectly right. Just keep holding on to it, and if you find your hands slipping, spit on them and try again. Yours affectionately."

UNTRUE TO HIMSELF.

He is a second-hand clothier, and holds forth in South St. Joseph. It was the hour of ten in the morning when he reeled into an adjoining establishment, fell into a chair, weaved his hands into the tangled locks of his gray hair, and rocking back and forth, moaned out:

"Oh! dear, oh! dear, I ish ruined."

"Vat is the matter, Jacob," asked his sympathizing brother in the trade, bending over him.

"You remember dat coat vot I paid six bits for on yesterday?"

"Yes, I remember him."

"Just now a man from the country comes in and asks me how much for dat. I tells him dree dollars; and would

you believe it, Moses, he puts his hand right into his pocket and pays de full price without a word—" Here he lowered his voice to the lowest whisper—"so help me gracious, Moses, I pelieve he'd paid me five dollars, just the same."

"Jacob, how you vas swindle yourself."

"Dat vas vot makes me hate mine self so much as never vas."

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

It is seldom in this cold, busy and unappreciative world that we are called upon to narrate an incident of genuine feeling; to see exemplified in our every-day life the "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin;" but here is a case that should not be allowed to pass into oblivion without at least a passing notice.

The incident refers to a Chicago firm, composed of two partners, engaged in the cheap clothing business. One of them fell sick and died, and it is with his dying words, so fraught with genuine feeling, that we have to deal.

A man by the name of Ferguson was one of their customers. He came to that city to buy a bill of goods after the melancholy death of one of the partners. The surviving member of the firm met him at the door, draped in solemn sables, and wringing his hands in almost speechless anguish, thus addressed him:

"Ah, Mr. Ferguson, I'm glad to see you. We've had a loss, a serious loss, Mr. Ferguson; Mr. H——— is dead. He was a fine man, Mr. Ferguson, and he thought a great deal of you. Many and many a time, when he couldn't sit upon his elbow and take his broth, he's said to me, 'Oh, if I could only see Mr. Ferguson again!' And the day he

died, Mr. Ferguson, the words he said to me were, 'Solomons, when Mr. Ferguson comes to Chicago after I'm dead and gone, be sure you sell him goods at the very lowest bottom price.' And I will, too, Mr. Ferguson. What shall I show you?"

A book-agent took refuge under a hay-stack during a thunder storm and the lightning struck him on the cheek, glanced off and killed a mule two hundred yards away.

"Please sir," said a boy, with two bottles, to a grocer, "mother wants a cent's worth of your best yeast."

"Well, which bottle will you have it in?"

"Please, sir, she wants it in both; and won't you put corks in 'em and send 'em home, as I'm going t'other way. And mother says she hasn't got a cent; but you must charge it."

A Kansas City German got angry with a banker of that place for demanding a heavy discount, and when the banker asserted it was "business," replied:

"Pisiness? Pisiness? You sit here all day long and rob a man barefaced before his pack und calls dat pisiness!"

"PULL DOWN YOUR VEST."

"You keep vests, mine friend," said a Dutchman, entering a Fulton clothing store the other day. The clerk promptly averred that the store was crammed with them.

"I vant a vest," said the Teuton, "vat don't rise up on his hint legs mit the neck. I bought one in Syracuse not long ago mit a two dollar bill, und by shimminy I don't notice dot myself, but everywhere I go the boys gry out

mit der streets: 'Yacub, vy in der name of der board of drusdees don't you pull down your vest down?' and, py dam, I have pulled dot vest mor'n dree dousand dimes, till I wore all the pindings off mit der puttons!"

The clerk explained the joke and sold him a vest, and the old man went out with the exclamation:

"Py shimminy, I don't hear somedings about dot in Shermany before"

PAY IN PORK.

A traveler for a Battery street firm had just returned from a collection trip, and he leaned up against the desk in a picturesque attitude to make his report.

"How about Slocum?" asked the principal, after several other customers had been talked over.

"Oh, he's all right," said the traveler, "he'll pay. He says he'll pay you in pork."

"Pork!" exclaimed the merchant. "Pork, nonsense. This is a dry goods house; what in thunder does he mean by saying he'll pay me in pork?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the unruffled traveler; "but he told me he'd pay you in a hog's eye, and I guess that means pork."

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

"When," said he violently, "when are you going to pay me that bill? I've dunned you till I'm tired and mad. Now, I want a positive answer—when will you pay it?"

"By Jove!" was the reply, "you must take me for a prophet. How can I tell?"

When Charles James Fox was pressed by an importunate creditor, he was explicit.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Fox," said the dun, "but you know I have waited a long while. Still, I do not want to make the time of payment inconvenient to you. I only desire you will fix upon some day certain in the future when you will pay."

"That is very kind of you," responded Fox, "and I will accede to your request with pleasure. Suppose we name the Day of Judgment. But stop, since that will be a very busy day, suppose we say the day after."

SCENE—A BUTCHER'S STAND.

Butcher. "Come, John, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. Williamson's chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him."

John (briskly). "All right, sir; just as soon as I've sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

A PHILOSOPHER.

The proprietor of a tan-yard adjacent to a certain town in Virginia, concluded to build a stand, or sort of store, on one of the main streets, for the purpose of vending his leather, buying raw hides, and the like. After completing his building, he began to consider what sort of a sign would be best to put up for the purpose of attracting attention to his new establishment, and for days and weeks he was sorely puzzled on this subject.

At last a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger-hole through the door-post, and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After a while he noticed a grave-looking personage standing near the door with his spectacles on, gazing intently on the sign. And there he

continued to stand, gazing and gazing, until the curiosity of the tanner was greatly excited in turn. He stepped out, and addressed the individual:

"Good morning," said he.

"Morning," said the other, without moving his eyes from the sign.

"You want to buy leather?" said the store-keeper.

"No."

"Do you wish to sell hides?"

"No."

"Are you a farmer?"

"No."

"Are you a merchant?"

"No."

"Are you a lawyer?"

"No."

"Are you a doctor?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"I'm a *philosopher*. I have been standing here for an hour, trying to see if I could ascertain how that calf got through that auger-hole."

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a kiss like scandal? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

Why is a whisper forbidden in polite society? Because it isn't aloud.

Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like arrows? Because they can't go off without a beau, and are all in a quiver till they get one.

If the devil were to lose his tail, where would he go to get a new one put on? To some low grog-shop, where the worst of spirits are retailed.

When is a man out of date? When he's a weak back.

In what key would a lover write a proposal of marriage? Be mine ah!

Why is a rooster on a fence like a nickel? Head on one side, tail on the other.

"Clara," asked Tom, "what animal dropped from the clouds?" "The rain, dear," was the reply.

When are stockings like dead men? When they are men-ded; when their soles are departed; when they are in holes; when they are past heeling; when they are no longer on their last legs.

What did the spider do when he came out of the ark? He took a fly and went home.

Why is a minister near the end of his sermon like a ragged urchin? Because he's toward his close.

Why is a mouse like a load of hay? Because the cat'll eat it.

"Why," asked Pat, one day, "why was Balaam a first-class astronomer?" The other man gave it up, of course. "Shure," said Pat, "'twas because he had no trouble in finding an ass-to-roid."

Why should no man starve on the deserts of Arabia? Because of the *sand which is* there.

How came the sandwiches there? The tribe of *Ham* was *bred* there and *mustered.*

"Jim, kin you tell me de dif'rence between a rotten head of cabbage and a watermelon?"

"No, sah."

"Well, for de land sakes, you'd be a nice nigger to send out to buy a watermelon! E'yah! e'yah!"

Why is a dishonest bankrupt like an honest poor man? Because both fail to get rich.

When does a farmer act with great rudeness toward his corn? When he pulls its ears.

Why is a tom-cat like a surgeon? Because they both mew-till-late.

Why is old age like a dog's tail? Because it is in-firm.

Why does a donkey like thistles better than corn? Because he is an ass.

Why should young ladies never wear stays? Because it is so horrid to see a girl "tight."

Why is a room full of married ladies like an empty room? Because there is not a single one in it.

What animals are always seen at funerals? Black kids.

When does the rain become too familiar with a lady? When it begins to pat her (patter) on the back.

Why should soldiers be rather tired on the first of April? Because they have just had a March of thirty-one days.

Which is the most popular of the United States? Matrimony.

Why was the whale that swallowed Jonah like a milk-

man who has retired on an independence? Because he took a great profit out of the water.

What is the difference between a sailor and a beer-drinker? One puts his sail up, and the other puts his ale down.

Why is a tin can tied to a dog's tail like death? Because it's something bound to a cur.

Why are little puppy dogs like some churches? Because they depend upon dog-mas for their existence.

Why did Joseph's brethren put him in the pit? 1. Because they thought it was a *good opening* for the young man. 2. Because there was no room for him in the family circle.

What is the difference between the North and South Pole? All the difference in the world.

If you were going through the woods, which had you rather have, a lion eat you or a bear? The lion eat a bear.

COULDN'T RUN ANY GAME ON THE YANKEE.

On the bank of the Hudson River, in one of the villages that dot its shores, a lot of idlers were standing, seeing which could throw stones the farthest into the stream. A tall, raw-boned, slab-sided Yankee, and no mistake, came up and looked on. For a while he said nothing till a fellow in a green jacket, the leader of the party, a conceited broth of a boy, began to try his wit on Jonathan.

"*You can't come that*," said he, and he hurled a stone away out into the river.

"Maybe not," said Jonathan; "but up in our country we've a purty big river, considerin', and t'other day I hove

a man clear across it, and he came down fair and square on the other side."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled his auditors.

"Wal, neow, yew may laff, but I can do it again."

"Do what?" said the green jacket, quickly.

"I can take and heave you across that river yonder, just like open and shet."

"Bet you ten dollars of it."

"Done," said the Yankee; and drawing forth an X (upon a broken down-east bank) he covered the bragger's shinplaster.

"Kin you swim, feller?"

"Like a duck," said green jacket; and without further parley the Vermonter seized the knowing Yorker stoutly by the nape of the neck and the basement of his pants, jerked him from his foot-hold, and with an almost superhuman effort dashed the bully heels over head from the bank, some ten yards into the Hudson.

A terrible shout ran through the crowd as he floundered into the water, and amidst the jeers and screams of his companions the ducked bully put back to the shore and scrambled up the bank, half frozen by this sudden and involuntary cold bath.

"I'll take that ten spot, if you please," said the shivering loafer, advancing rapidly to the stakeholder. "You took us for greenhorns, eh? We'll show you how to do things down here in York;" and the fellow claimed the twenty dollars.

"Wall, I reck'n yeou wunt take no ten spots jis' yit, captin'."

"Why? You've lost the bet."

"Not exzactly. I didn't calkilate on deuin it the first

time; but I tell you I kin deu it," and in spite of the loafer's utmost efforts to escape him, he seized him by the back of the neck, and the seat of his overalls, and pitched him three yards further into the river than upon the first trial!

Again the bully returned amidst the shouts of his mates, who enjoyed the sport immensely.

"Third time never fails," said the Yankee, stripping off his coat; "I kin deu it, I tell ye."

"Hold on!" said the almost petrified victim.

"And I will deu it if I try till to-morrow mornin'."

"I give it up!" shouted the sufferer between his teeth, which now chattered like a mad badger's; "take the money."

The Vermonter very coolly pocketed the ten spot, and as he turned away remarked:

"We ain't much acquainted with your smart folks daoun here in York, but we sometimes take the starch aout of 'em up our way; and p'rhaps yeou wunt try it ontu strangers agin. I reck'n yeou wunt," he continued, and putting on a broad grin of good-humor, he left the company to their reflections.

A market girl sold a gentleman a fine fat goose, warranting it to be young. It turned out, when roasted, to be unmanageably tough. The next day the gentleman said to the marketer: "That goose which you sold to me for a young one was very old."

"Certainly not," said the girl; "don't you call me young?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am but nineteen, and I heard mother say often that that goose was six weeks younger than me."

A MULE TO BET ON.

Jake Johnson had a mule. There was nothing remarkable in the mere fact of his being possessor of such an animal, but there was something peculiar about the mule. He (the animal) could kick higher, hit harder on the slightest provocation, and act uglier than any other mule known on record.

One morning, riding his mule to market, Jake met Jim Boggs, against whom he had an old and concealed grudge. He knew Boggs' weakness lay in bragging and betting; therefore he saluted him accordingly.

"How are you, Jim? Fine morning."

"Hearty, 'Squire," replied Jim. "Fine weather. Nice mule that you are riding. Will he do to bet on?"

"Bet on? Guess he will do that. I tell you, Jim Boggs, he's the best mule in the country."

"Great smash! Is that so?" ejaculated Jim.

"Solid truth, every word of it. Tell you confidentially, I am taking him down for betting purposes. I bet he can kick a fly off any man without its hurting him."

"Now look here, 'Squire," said Jim, "I am not a betting character, but I'll bet you something on that myself."

"Jim, there's no use—don't bet. I don't want to win your money."

"Don't be alarmed, 'Squire. I'll take such bets as them every time."

"Well, if you are determined to bet, I will risk a small stake—say five dollars."

"All right, 'Squire—you're my man. But who'll he kick the fly off? There is no one here but you and I. You try it."

"No," says Johnson; "I have to be at the mule's head to order him."

"Oh, yaas," says Jim. "Then probably I'm the man. Waal, I'll do it, but you are to bet ten against my five if I risk it?"

"All right," quoth the 'Squire. "Now there's a fly on your shoulder. Stand still." And Johnson adjusted the mule.

"Whist, Jervey!" said he.

The mule raised his heels with such velocity and force that Boggs rose in the air like a bird and alighted on all fours in a muddy ditch, bang up against a rail fence.

Rising in a towering passion, he exclaimed:

"Yaas, that is smart! I knew your darned mule couldn't do it. You had all that put up. I wouldn't be kicked like that for fifty dollars. You can just fork over them stakes for it, any way."

"Not so fast, Jim. Jervey did just what I said he would —that is, kick a fly off a man without its hurting him. You see the mule is not hurt by the operation. However, if you are not satisfied, we will try again as often as you wish."

"The deuce take you," growled Jim, "I'd rather have a barn fall on me at once than have the critter kick me again. Keep the stakes, but don't say anything about it."

AN INQUISITIVE YANKEE.

A peering New Englander overtook a gentleman who was traveling on horseback, notwithstanding the disadvantage of having lost a leg. His curiosity was awakened, as he rode alongside of him, to know how he chanced to meet with such a misfortune.

"Been in the army, I guess?"

"Never was in the army in my life," was the reply.

"Fit a duel?"

"Never fought a duel, sir."

"Horse throwed you off, I guess, or something of that sort?"

"No, sir; nothing of that kind."

Jonathan tried various dodges, but to no effect, and at last, almost out of patience with himself, as well as with the gentleman, whose patience was very commendable, he determined on a direct inquiry as to the nature of the accident by which the gentleman had come to lose his leg.

"I will tell you," replied the traveler, "on condition that you will promise not to ask me another question."

"Agreed!" exclaimed the eager listener.

"Well, sir," remarked the gentleman, "it was bit off!"

"Bit off!" cried Jonathan. "Wa'al, I declare; I should jes like to know what on airth bit it off?"

"DARNED SMART FELLERS."

They used to locate the "darned smart feller," who always got the best of a bargain, in New England. They called him sometimes a "Connecticut Yankee." It was he who, as the story ran, confused the slow-going grocer with an intricate mathematical calculation, and absorbed his beer scot-free.

"How much," said he, in a rapid, rattling sort of a way not common in country towns, which of itself rather startled the grocer — "how much are herrings this morning?"

Slowly answered the grocer, "Three cents apiece."

"Ah," said Smarty, briskly, "I'll take one;" and the

grocer rolled him up his herring. As he took the parcel a new thought struck him.

"Keep beer?" he shouted explosively.

"Yes," said the grocer, as soon as he recovered from the shock of his customer's abruptness.

"How much a glass?"

"Three cents."

"Oh, ah," said the customer, thoughtfully, and then with great rapidity: "Well, I won't take the herring—I'll take beer; herring's three cents; beer's three cents; give me the beer—there's the herring;" and he passed over the herring, drank the beer, and started to go.

"See here," interrupted the grocer, "you haven't paid for the beer."

"Paid for it; of course I haven't; I gave you the herring for it; both the same price, you said."

"Y-e-s—I know," said the grocer, who was getting confused; "but you didn't pay for the herring."

"Pay for it!" thundered Smarty; "of course I didn't. Why should I? I didn't take it, did I?"

And then the grocer said meekly: "Oh, well, I presume it's all right—only I don't—but of course you're correct—only, if you'd just as leave, I wish you'd trade somewhere else."

The customer retired, and the grocer fell into a brown study, from which he at length emerged with the remark, "Well, that's a darned smart feller anyhow."

A New Hampshire man told a story about a flock of crows three miles long and so thick you could not see the sun through it.

"Don't believe it," was the reply.

"Wa'al," said the narrator, "you're a stranger, and I don't want to quarrel with you; so, to please you, I'll take off a quarter of a mile in the thinnest part."

An Englishman was boasting to a Yankee that they had a book in the British Museum which was once owned by Cicero.

"Oh, that ain't nothin'," retorted the Yankee; "in the museum in Boston they've got the lead-pencil that Noah used to check off the animals that went into the ark."

PEDDLER MATCHING A SHERIFF.

There was a sheriff in Illinois, who was rather "taken in and done for," on one occasion. He made it a prominent part of his business to ferret out and punish peddlers of merchandise who traveled without a license; but one morning he met his match—a genuine Yankee peddler.

"What have you got to sell? Anything?" asked the sheriff.

"Yaas, sartin'; what would you like to hev? Got razors—first-rate; that's an article that you want, tew, Square, I should say, by the look o' your *baird*. Got good blackin'—'t'ill make them old cowhide boots o' yourn shine so't you you can shave into 'em, e'enamost. Balm o' Klumby, tew—only a dollar a bottle, good for the hair, and assistin' poor human natur', as the poet says."

And so he rattled on. At length the sheriff bought a bottle of the Balm of Columbia, and in reply to the question whether he wanted anything else, that functionary said that he *did*—he wanted to see the Yankee's license for peddling in Illinois, that being his duty as the high sheriff of the State.

The peddler showed him a document, fixed up good and strong, in black and white. The sheriff looked at it, and pronounced it "all right." Then handing back the bottle to the peddler, he said:

"I don't know, now that I've *bought* this stuff, that I shall ever want it. I reckon that I may as well sell it to you again. What will you give for it?"

"Oh, I don't know that the darned stuff is any use to *me* but seeing its *you*, sheriff, I'll give you twenty-five cents for it, ef you raly *don't* want it."

The sheriff handed over the bottle, at the six shillings discount from his own purchase, and received his change.

"Now," said the peddler, "I've got a question or tew to ask *you*. Hev *you* got a peddler's license about your trowsers anywhere?"

"No; I haven't any use for the article *myself*," replied the sheriff.

"Haint, eh? Wal, I guess we'll see about that pretty darned soon. Ef I understand the law, it's a clean case that you've been tradin' with me, and hawkin' and peddlin' Balm o' Klumby on the highway, and I shall inform on you —darn'd ef I *don't*, neow!"

The Yankee was as good as his word. When he reached the next village, he made his complaint, and the sheriff was fined eight dollars for selling without a license.

The sheriff was heard afterward to say that "you might as well try to hold a greased eel as a live Yankee."

A Yankee in Paris, who was listening to the boasts of a lot of English and French artists about the wonderful genius of their respective countrymen, at length broke out, saying: "Oh, pshaw! you git out! Why, there's Bill Divine, of our

village, who kin paint a piece of cork so exactly like marble that the minute you throw it into the water it will sink to the bottom just like a stone."

The Dutchman was a victim to a practical joke, who lost five dollars to the Yankee, on a bet that the Yankee could eat the Dutchman. Jonathan began the mastication at the extremities, and was soon saluted by the roar and kick of the Dutchman. "Oh, dunder and blitzen! stop dat bitin'. Take your fife dollar. It hurts!"

A man about thirty years old, having a shot-gun on his shoulder and two pigeons in his hand, was recently standing on a street corner telling a crowd that he had been out and killed five hundred pigeons since sunrise.

"You're a liar!" shouted a man on the edge of the crowd.

The stranger looked at him long and earnestly, and then inquired:

"Where did you get acquainted with me?"

HOW TO TAKE OUT THE SCENT.

Sitting on the piazza of the Cataract House, a few Summers ago, was a young, foppish-looking gentleman, his garments very highly scented with a mingled odor of musk and cologne. A solemn-faced old man, after passing the dandy several times with a look of aversion which drew general notice, suddenly stopped, and in a confidential tone, said:

"Stranger, I know what'll take that scent out of your clothes; you ——"

"What do you mean, sir?" said the exquisite, fired with indignation, starting from his chair.

"Oh, get mad now—swear, pitch around and fight, because a man wants to do you a kindness!" coolly replied the stranger. "But I'll tell you I *do know* what'll take out that smell—phew! you must bury your clothes; bury 'em a day or two. Uncle Josh got afoul of a skunk, and he—"

At that instant there went up from the crowd a simultaneous roar of merriment, and the dandy very sensibly "cleared the coop," and rushed up stairs.

TOO BAD.

Very stern parent indeed. "Come here, sir! What is this complaint the schoolmaster has made against you?"

Much injured youth. "It's just nothing at all. You see, Jimmy Hughes bent a pin, and I only just left it on the teacher's chair for him to look at, and he came in without his specs and sat right down on the pin, and now he wants to blame me for it!"

"Why Sammy," said a father to his little son the other day, "I didn't know that your teacher whipped you last Friday."

"I guess," he replied, "if you'd been in my trousers you'd know'd it."

A remarkable game of cards was played in the basement of a house on Washington street yesterday. The boy of the house had just turned up a diamond and was waiting for the other boy to lead, when the old man appeared at the head of the stairs, ordered the other boy up, turned up his own boy, discarded some of his apparel, and swung a club.

The old man played it alone, and made every point, although the neighbor's boy cut.

"Don't you wisht you was me?" said a six-year old boy to one of his companions, "for I've got twenty-five cents, and I'm goin' to the barber shop to get my hair cut, an' I'll have pink water squirted on my head?"

"I guess dad wishes we'd all die and go to Heaven," said a miser's son to his maternal parent.

"Why so?" she asked upon recovering from her astonishment.

"Oh, 'cause Heaven's such a cheap place to live in."

A white boy met a colored lad the other day, and asked him what he had such a short nose for?

"I 'spec so it won't poke itself into other people's business."

Teacher. "Who was the first man?"

Head scholar. "Washington; he was the first in war, first in ——"

Teacher. "No, no; Adam was the first man."

Head scholar. "Oh, if you're talking of foreigners, I s'pose he was."

"What are you doing there, you rascal?"

"Merely taking cold, sir."

"It looks to me as if you were stealing ice."

"Well, yes, perhaps it will bear that construction."

"Are you lost, my little fellow?" asked a gentleman of a four-year old one day.

"No," he sobbed in reply, "b-but m-my mother is."

AN INTELLIGENT PUPIL.

There is a great deal of latent intelligence in the world, which only needs a little awakening to be fully brought out. Witness the following colloquy:

"Annette, my dear, what country is opposite to us, on the globe?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Well, now," continued the perplexed teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?"

"Out of *the hole*, sir," replied the pupil with an air of triumph at having solved the great question.

"Where were you, Charlie?"

"In the garden, ma."

"No, you have been swimming; you know I have cautioned you about going to the creek. I will have to correct you. Look at your hair, how wet it is."

"Oh, no, ma, this is not water—it is sweat."

"Ah, Charlie, I have caught you fibbing; your shirt is wrong side out."

Boy, triumphantly. "Oh, I did that just now, ma, *climbing the fence.*"

"Mother, can I go and have my photograph taken?"

"No, I guess it isn't worth while."

"Well, then, you might let me go and have a tooth pulled out; I never go anywhere."

A youngster, while warming his hands over the kitchen fire, was remonstrated with by his father, who said:

"Go 'way from the stove; the weather is not cold."

The little fellow, looking up at his stern parent, demurely replied:

"I ain't heating the weather; I'm warming my hands."

"Are you going after that sugar?" called a Marquette (Mich.) mother to her boy, who was in the street.

"Am I going after that sugar?" drawled the youth in a saucy and impudent tone; but just then he happened to see his father coming up behind him, and he said, very respectfully and lovingly, "Why, of course I am, ma—I didn't know you needed it right away."

MUST BE HEREDITARY.

A promising youth of seven summers, who had been accused of not always telling the truth, cross-examined his father:

"Father! did you ever used to lie when you were a boy?"

"No, my son," said the paternal, who evidently did not recall the past with any distinctness.

"Nor mother, either?" persisted the young lawyer.

"No! but why?"

"Oh, because I don't see how two people who never told a lie could have a boy who tells as many as I do."

A benevolent and kind-hearted old gentleman, seeing a sooty urchin weeping bitterly at the corner of the street, asked him the cause of his distress:

"Master has been using me shamefully," sobbed the little fellow, "he has been letting Bill Hudson go up the chimney, next door, when it was my turn! He said it was

too high, and too dangerous for me, but I'll go up a chimney with Bill Hudson any day in the year; that's what I will!"

"What are wages here?" asked a laborer of a boy.

"I don't know, sir."

"What does your father get on Saturday night?"

"Get!" said the boy, "why he gets as tight as a brick."

"Now, Willie, do have a little courage. When I have a powder to take I don't like it any more than you do; but I make up my mind that I will take it and I do."

"And when I have a powder to take," replied Willie, "I make up my mind that I won't take it and I don't."

Seven o'clock, A. M.—Boy has terrible toothache; can't go to school. Half-past nine A. M.—A solitary figure may be seen skulking through the streets leading to the creek; perch and chubs bite. Half-past six P. M.—Scene, woodshed, *dramatis personæ*, the old man, one trunk strap, one boy. Let's draw the curtain.

A little boy, after watching the burning of the schoolhouse until the novelty of the thing had ceased, started down the street, saying, "I am glad the old thing is burned down: I didn't have my jogfry lesson, nohow!"

"I say, boy, stop that ox."

"I haven't got no stopper, sir."

"Well, head him, then."

"He's already headed, sir."

"Confound your impertinence—turn him."

"He's right side out already, sir."

"Speak to him, you rascal, you."

"Good morning, Mr. Ox."

A lad who was at play with the son of a next door neighbor, asked his companion:

"Is not your father a fool?"

"No! who said that of my father?" was the reply.

"Nobody, as I knows on," responded the knowing urchin, "but mother told me t'other day that I was next door to a fool, and I didn't know whether she meant your father or Nat. Smith's."

Irritable schoolmaster. "Now, then, stupid, what's the next word? What comes after cheese?"

Dull boy. "A mouse, sir."

He isn't six years old, and said: "Please, Sarah, can't I have another piece of that nice custard-pudding you made?"

"Why dear, you are almost too full to speak now. Look at that delicious dumpling on your plate, not half eaten."

"Oh, well, Sarah, I know the dumpling side of my stomach is full, but the custard-pudding side is rather empty yet?"

The other piece of pudding is missing.

HE WANTED A JEWS' HARP.

A tender and loving mother was endeavoring to convey to the inquiring mind of her little child an idea of Heaven, and the necessity of being a good boy in order to obtain admission there hereafter. She pictured to his imagination

the happiness of the blest, and as an additional inducement to lead a correct life, said he would be like the angels, who have harps in their hands.

"Mamma," said the urchin, wistfully gazing into his mother's eyes, "Mamma, *if it makes no difference to God*, I'd rather have a jews' harp."

"Willie, I'm going to Heaven," she wrote, "and you will never see me again;" which was pretty heavy on Willie.

"Why were you late this morning, sir?" said the teacher rather sharply.

"Well, sir, you see I heard that a little fellow next door to us was goin' to have a dressin' down with a bed cord, and so I waited to hear him howl."

DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

Maud (with much sympathy in her voice). "Only fancy, mamma, Uncle Jack took us to a picture gallery in Bond street, and there was a picture of a lot of early Christians, poor dears, who'd been thrown to a lot of lions and tigers, who were devouring them!" Ethel (with more sympathy). "Yes, and mamma dear, there was one poor tiger that *hadn't got* a Christian."

"Dan," said a young four-year old, "give me a sixpence to buy a monkey?" "We have got one monkey in the house now," replied the elder brother. "Who is it, Dan?" asked the little fellow. "You," was the reply. "Then give me sixpence to buy the monkey some nuts." The brother could not resist.

A RETENTIVE MEMORY.

A girl and a boy, each about seven years old, were seated amid their grown relatives, and talking of things which had occurred at the remotest period of their recollection. The little girl remembered when she had a doll that could cry. The boy here spoke up and said he recollected worse than that. "How worse?" said half-a-dozen voices in a breath. "Why, I recollect four weeks afore I was born, and I cried all the time for fear I'd be a gal."

"Here, boy, hold my horse," said a gentleman who had driven a wretchedly lean animal up to the door of a village inn. "Hold him!" exclaimed the boy. "Hold him! Jes' lean him up against that young tree there, that'll hold him!"

"Will the boy who threw that pepper on the stove please come up here and get the present of a nice book?" said the school teacher, but the boy never moved. He was a far-seeing boy.

"Who hurt you, bub?" asked a pedestrian of a small boy who sat howling on the curbstone. "Johnny Kydd," sobbed the victim. "I'll see about him if he does it again," remarked the man condolingly; but the boy suddenly stopped howling, and exclaimed: "Just leave him alone. When I grow up, I'll get on the police force, and then I can belt him all I want to."

CLASS IN ORNITHOLOGY.

"Class in ornithology stand up. John Slump, take that shoemaker's wax out'n your jaws. Now then, where are 'kites' to be found in the greatest numbers?"

"In Wall street, sir, cos father sez everybody down there goes a-kitin' every day."

"John Slump, did you understand my question?"

"No—no, sir, not 'zactly."

"Then you'd better pin your ears back."

"And you'd better cut your'n off an' there'd be more room for yer hair to grow."

John Slump partook of a dose of ferule and wept.

"Did you ever see an elephant's skin?" asked a teacher in an infant school. "I did," shouted a six-year old at the foot of the class. "Where?" inquired the teacher, considerably amused at his earnestness. "On the elephant," shouted the prodigy, gleefully.

While Dr. Mary Walker was lecturing, lately, in one of our rural towns, it is said that a youth cried out:

"Are you the Mary that had a little lamb?"

"No!" was the reply, "but your mother had a little jackass!"

"Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?"

Jerrold. "Oh! yes; I've all the confidence, but I haven't the guinea."

"Bob Brown, did you say that my father had not as much sense as Billy Smith's little yellow dog?"

"No; I never said any such thing. I never said that your father had not as much sense as Billy Smith's little yellow dog. All I said was, that Billy's little yellow dog had more sense than your father; that's all I ever said."

"Well, it's well you didn't say the other, I can tell you!"

WHAT IS A TARE?

This story is told of a father who was one evening teaching his little boy to recite his Sunday-school lesson. It was from the fourteenth chapter of Matthew, wherein is related the parable of a malicious individual who went about sowing tares.

"What is a tare? Tell me, my son, what a tare is," asked the anxious parent.

"You had 'em!"

"Johnny, what do you mean?" asked the father, opening his eyes rather wide.

"Why, last week, when you didn't come home for three days," said Johnny, "I heard mother tell Aunt Susan that you were on a tare."

Johnny was immediately sent to bed.

"Now, my little boys and girls," said a teacher, "I want you to be very still—so still that you can hear a pin drop."

In a minute all was silent, when a little boy shrieked out:

"Let her drop!"

The following conversation took place the other evening at a tea-table, in Bangor, Me.:

Five-year-old to its mother: "Mother, can I have a cooky?"

"No, my son."

"Mother, can I have a quarter of a cooky?"

"No, my son."

"Can I have a crumb of a cooky?"

"No."

"Well then, can I smell of a cooky?"

AFRAID.

A little girl remarked to her mamma on going to bed:

"I am not afraid of the dark."

"No, of course you are not," replied her mamma.

"I was a little afraid once, when I went into the pantry to get a tart."

"What were you afraid of?"

"I was afraid I couldn't find the tarts."

Darwin acknowledged himself sold when his little niece asked him, seriously, what a cat has that no other animal has.

He gave it up, after mature deliberation, and then the sly little puss answered:

"Kittens."

EXAGGERATION.

A certain minister was given greatly to exaggeration. He was an excellent divine, and ever vivid in his illustrations.

If he ran across a small animal in his study, and did not know anything of its size, it would grow upon his imagination; and a mouse would assume the proportions of an elephant.

A member of his church one day complimented him on his excellent sermons, but told him of his habit of exaggeration.

"Well the next time you notice it, just cough slightly by way of a reminder, and I'll reduce the figure," said the minister.

The next Sunday he was preaching upon Sampson's tying the foxes' tails, and took occasion to remark:

"My brethren, the foxes in those days were much larger than the ones we now see; their tails must have been twenty feet long (slight cough in the congregation)—that is, according to their measurement, but according to our's say fifteen feet, (slight coughing)—but in order to be certain we will say, ten feet." (Coughing again.) Then becoming annoyed at the member, he turned to him and said: "You may cough as much as you please, but I'll not take another foot off—would you have the foxes without any tails at all?"

An Irishman, who had been sick a long time, was one day met by the parish priest, when the following conversation took place:

"Well, Pat, I am glad you have recovered. Were you not afraid to meet your God?"

"Oh, no, your reverence; it was meetin' the other party that I was afeared uv," replied Pat.

A school not twenty miles from Whitehall, N. Y., is presided over by a cross-eyed teacher. A few days ago he called out: "That boy that I am looking at will step out on the floor." Immediately twenty-seven lads walked out in front of the astonished pedagogue.

A little girl sent out to hunt eggs came back unsuccessful, complaining that "lots of hens were standing round doing nothing."

A SUDDEN CHANGE.

A youth was rushing round the corner saying: "All I want in this world is to lay my hands on him!" He pres-

ently came upon a boy that weighed about ten pounds more than himself, and, rushing at him he exclaimed:

"Did you lick my brother Ben?"

"Yes, I did," said the boy, dropping his bundle and spitting on his hands.

"Well," continued the other lad, backing slowly away, he needs a lickin' once a week to teach him to be civil!"

COLD OR HOT.

An Irishman had a dream which taught him the danger of delay.

"I dreamed," said he, "I was wid the Pope, who was as great a jintleman as any one in the district, an' he axed me wad I drink. Thinks I, wad a duck swim, an' seein' the whisky an' the lemon an' sugar on the sideboard, I told him I didn't care if I tuk a wee dhrap of punch. 'Cowld or hot?' axed the Pope. 'Hot, your Holiness,' I replied; an' be that he stepped down to the kitchen for the bilin' water, but before he got back I woke straight up. And now it's distressin' me I didn't take it cowld."

An inebriated man, walking along the street, regarded the moon with sovereign contempt. "You needn't feel so proud," he said, "you are full only once a month, and I am full every night."

"You can have no more here. You've taken too much already."

"'Xcuse me. I may've 'ad too much (hic), but I 'avn't 'ad enuf."

A Toledo man, on recovering from his Fourth of July patriotic exertions, announces that he don't so much mind

the loss of his pocket-book and watch, but if the finder will bring back his set of teeth, he'll be everlastingly grateful.

DIDN'T KNOW WHERE HE GOT THAT DOG.

Simpson had been on a spree for some days, and was trying to get home. He was deathly sick from the effects of bad whisky, and his head was swimming in a sea of troubles. He could get no farther, and landed plump up against a gas lamp to steady himself. Then, blind as a loon, he leaned over the gutter and threw up. Bracing himself up, and feeling a little better, he opened his eyes and was horror-stricken at the sight that met his swimming gaze. There stood a dog suspiciously eying the contents. Too drunk to comprehend the situation, he soliloquized to himself:

"Well (hic), I remember (hic) where I got the cheese (hic); and I know (hic) where I got the sauerkraut (hic), but blam'me if I know (hic) where I got that dog (hic)." Then he doubled up and fell on the pavement. Some of his friends lifted him, put his battered hat on, and assisted him home; and then he remarked:

"Gentlemen (hic), where was I? (hic.)"

"Don't you recollect?"

"No, sir (hic). The last (hic) thing I remember (hic) is, I was holding (hic) on to a gas lamp (hic); and the (hic) lamp-post fell down (hic)."

A TEMPERANCE REFORMER.

The fondness of reformed drunkards to speak of their former habits, and the applause they receive in proportion to the excesses of which they have been guilty are marked

features of the temperance reform. At one of these meetings, a very unexpected finish was put by the speaker to his narrative, and his audience suddenly found that he was among them, but not of them. He said:

"My friends, three months ago I signed the pledge. (Clapping of hands and loud cheers.) In a month afterwards, my friends, I had a half eagle in my pocket, a thing I never had before. (Clapping, and still louder cheers.) In another month, my friends, I had a good coat on my back, and the like I never had before. (Great applause, and cries of 'go on.') A fortnight after that, my friends, I bought a coffin." The audience were about to cheer again, but paused and waited for an explanation.

"You wonder," he continued, 'why I bought a coffin. Well, my friends, I will tell you why. I bought the coffin because I felt pretty certain that if I kept the pledge another fortnight I *should want one.*"

The rascal was unceremoniously hustled out as an enemy in disguise.

"Major, I see two cocktails carried to your room, every morning, as if you had some one to drink with." "Yes, sir; one cocktail makes me feel like another man; and, of course, I'm bound to treat the other man."

Said Bob to Bill, when he caught him drinking, "I thought you had signed the pledge." "So I have," said Bill, "but all *signs* fail in dry weather."

Droll, though not very logical or conclusive, was the reply of the tipsy Irishman, who, as he supported himself by the iron railings of Marrion square, was advised by a passer to betake himself home.

"Ah, now, be aisy; I live in the square; isn't it going round and round, and when I see my own door come up, won't I pop into it in a jiffy."

A HOPELESS CASE.

A good story is told in an Eastern paper of the treatment of a drunken husband by his amiable spouse. After trying various experiments to cure his drunkenness, she at last bethought herself of another plan of making a "reformed drunkard" of her husband.

She engaged a watchman, for a stipulated reward, to carry "Philander" to the watch-house, while yet in a state of insensibility, and to "*frighten him a little*" when he recovered.

In consequence of this arrangement, he was waked up about eleven o'clock at night, and found himself lying on a pine bench in a strange and dim apartment. Raising himself up on his elbow, he looked around, until his eyes rested on a man sitting by a stove, and smoking a cigar.

"Where am I?" asked Philander.

"In a medical college!" said the cigar-smoker.

"What a *doing* then?"

"Going to be *cut up!*"

"*Cut up!*—how comes that?"

"Why, you died yesterday, while you were drunk, and we have brought your body here to make a 'natomy."

"It's a lie!—I *ain't* dead!"

"No matter; we bought your carcass, *any* how, from your wife, who had a right to sell it, for it's all the good she could ever make out of you. If you're *not* dead, it's no fault of the doctors, and they'll cut you up, dead or *alive*."

"You will *do* it, eh?" asked the old sot.

"To be sure we will—*now—immediately*," was the resolute answer.

"Wall, look o' here, can't you *let us have something to drink before you begin?*"

This last speech satisfied the watchman that the man was a hopeless case; and as his reward was contingent upon his successful treatment of the patient, he was not a little chagrined at the result; so with no gentle handling, he tumbled the irreformable inebriate out of the watch-house.

WIFE! WIFE!

A man coming home one night rather late, a little more than "half-seas-over," feeling thirsty, procured a glass of water and drank it. In doing so he swallowed a small ball of silk that lay in the bottom of the tumbler, the end of the thread catching in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he began to pull at the end; and the little ball unwinding, he soon had several yards of thread in his hand, and still no end, apparently. Terrified, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Wife! wife! I say, wife, come here! I am all unraveling."

RATHER BOOSY.

A good story is told of Thompson and Rodgers, two married bucks of New York, who, wandering home late one night, stopped at what Thompson supposed was his residence, but which his companion insisted was his own house. Thompson rang the bell lustily, a window was raised, and a lady inquired what was wanted.

"Madame" (hic), inquired Mr. T., "Isn't this Mr. T-Thompson's house?" (hic.)

"No," replied the lady, "this is the residence of Mr. Rodgers."

"Well," exclaimed Thompson, "Mrs. T-T-Thompson (hic)—I beg your pardon (hic)—Mrs. Rodgers, won't you just step down to the door (hic), and pick out Rodgers, for Thompson wants to go home." (Hic.)

A raftsman, who had drunk a little too freely, fell from the raft and was drowning, when his brother seized him by the hair, but the current was too strong, and the brother's strength being nearly exhausted, he was about to relinquish his hold, when, deploringly, the drowning one raised his head above the water, and said:

"Hang on, Sam, hang on; I'll treat—I swear I will."

His words were stimulating; and the other at length saved him.

NOT BIGOTED.

The following anecdote is told by the Virginia, Nev., *Chronicle:* "Come and have a dhrink, boys," remarked a well-known Bulgarian of this city to a number of friends with whom he was chatting in front of Mallon's store this morning. They all went in and ordered their drinks. There was a charming uniformity in the orders: "A schmall sup o' that whisky, Jim," seemed to cover all the requirements. As they were about to quaff, one of the party suddenly called out to another, "Hello, Dougherty, you drinking whisky? Sure it was only yestherday ye towld me ye was a taytotler." "Well," said Mr. Dougherty, evidently somewhat disconcerted, "you're right,

Mister Kelly — it's quite right ye are — I am a taytotler, it's thrue, but I — I — I'm not a bigoted one!"

The finest idea of a thunder storm extant was when Wiggins came home tight. Now, Wiggins is a teacher, and had drunk too much lemonade, or something. He came into the room among his wife and daughters, and just then he tumbled over the cradle and fell whop on the floor. After a while he rose and said:

"Wife, are you hurt?"

"No."

"Girls, are you hurt?"

"No."

"Terrible clap, wasn't it?"

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind"— instance, a tipsy fellow holding on to a lamp-post and exclaiming:

"Leave you, my dear fellow (hic), leave you when you ain't able to take care of yourself? (hic) never!"

A NOBLE YOUTH WHO COULDN'T DRINK WINE.

There was a noble youth who, on being urged to take wine at the table of a famous statesman in Washington, had the moral courage to refuse. He was a poor young man, just beginning the struggle of life.

"Not take a glass of wine?" said the great statesman, in wonderment and surprise.

"Not one simple glass of wine?" echoed the statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, as she arose, glass in hand, and, with a grace that would have charmed an anchorite, endeavored to press it upon him.

"No," said the heroic youth, resolutely, gently repelling the proffered glass.

What a picture of moral grandeur. A poor, friendless youth refusing wine at the table of a famous statesman, even though proffered by a beautiful lady.

"No," said the noble young man, and his voice trembled a little and his cheek flushed. "I never drink wine, but—(here he straightened himself up and his words grew firmer)—if you've got a little good old rye whisky I don't mind trying a snifter!"

The following shows how those who have taken the pledge, and "get thirsty," can dodge it:

"Biddy," said Mulligan to his wife, "its a bad cowld you have. A drop of the craythur would do you no harrum."

"Oh, honey," replied Biddy, "I've taken the pledge; but you can mix me a drink and force me to swally it!"

A fop just returned to England from a continental tour was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well," was the reply, "they are so dreadfully out of repair."

A gentleman recently wrote to certain railroad officials "for a chance to run on the road." He was told he could do so as much as he liked if he would only keep out of the way of trains.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

"Where are you going, anyhow?" asked an irate conductor on the Central Pacific, the other day, of a "beat" whom he had kicked off five or six times, but who always managed to get on again just as the train started.

"Well," said the fellow quietly, "I'm going to Chicago, if my pants hold out; but I'm afraid I'll never get there if you fellows kick me off every five minutes."

He was not disturbed again on that conductor's division.

"Why don't you limit yourself?" said a physician to an intemperate person; "set down a stake that you will go so far and no farther."

"So I do," said the toper; "but I set it so far off that I always get tipsy before I get to it."

ENCOURAGING TO MORALISTS.

Just now, when it seems as if corruption had a death-clutch on every city of the land, it is good to be able to say that New York has many honest men. An Ohio man, feeling that he was getting drunk, entered a West street saloon, a few days since, and inquired: "Is there an honest man here who'd take charge of sixty-one dollars for me?"

"Yes, sir!" came from seventeen different men in reply, and it was in a place, too, where honesty would not be looked for.

"Vill you take sumdings?" said a German teetotaler to a friend, while standing near a tavern.

"I don't care if I do," was the reply.

"Vell, den, let us take a walk."

"Mus' brace up," said Sozzle, as he stood on the door-step at one A. M., "'ll never do to let the old lady 'spect anythin';" and as Mrs. S. descended the stairs, clad in her *robe de nuit*, Sozzle braced up, knocked the ashes off his cigar, and as the door opened, said cheerily: "Hullo, M'ris,

(hic) up yet? Got a match in your pocket?" Of course, she did not suspect anything.

A gentleman, seeing an Irishman staggering homeward from a fair, and observing to him:

"Ah, Darby, I'm afraid you'll find the road you're going is rather a longer one than you think."

"Sure, your honor," he replied, "it's not the length of the road I care about, it's the breadth of it that is destroyin' me."

A person who was looking at a house the other day said he could not afford to pay so much rent.

"Well, look at the neighborhood," replied the woman. "You can borrow flat-irons next door, coffee and tea across the street, flour and sugar on the corner, and there's a big pile of wood, belonging to the school-house, right across the alley!"

"Death is a sad thing," remarked a Schenectady woman, as she stood beside an open grave.

"Yes, poor thing," remarked another; "how he did like to sit down to a good biled dinner when the pork was just right."

"I wish I were dead," is a common exclamation with the dyspeptic, and yet no man can get over a fence or crawl under a barn faster when there's danger ahead.

LABORING UNDER A DELUSION.

Bill A., like many a smarter man, labored under the delusion that he possessed a splendid voice, and "oft in the stilly night," but more frequently in broad day, he startled

the echoes of the surrounding woods and hills with what he called "delicious notes" of his favorite, "Annie Laurie," or, in his words, "Annie Lowry." One day Bill was down on the river bank, among the laurel, polishing his gun, working away in utter oblivion of all the world, encouraging himself with an occasional "snatch of song," when he was suddenly hailed from the other side of the stream with: "Halloo, over there!"

"Halloo, yourself!" answered Bill, peering through the thicket, when he saw the brigade quartermaster, who continued:

"Seen any mules about here?"

"No," replied Bill; "I don't keep your cussed mules."

"I suppose not," retorted the quartermaster, dryly. "Only I heard some braying over there, and thought it might be them; but I find it's only a stray jackass." The officer rode off, and Bill, scratching his head for awhile, observed: "Well, I 'spect Captain R. said something sharp then—if a fellow could only see the p'int."

The height of pugilistic sarcasm was reached the other day by Jem Mace, who, speaking of a rival, said: "What! him? He couldn't lick a postage stamp."

"How much do you charge for weighing hogs?" asked a gentleman of one of our "weighmasters."

"Oh, just get on; I'll weigh you for nothing," was the bland reply.

MACREADY, THE TRAGEDIAN.

The London correspondent of the New York *Times* tells a new and good story of Macready. The great tragedian was playing Macbeth in the provinces. The actor who had

rehearsed the Messenger in the last act was found to be absent when called. "Super" was sent on to speak the Messenger's lines:

"As I did stand my watch upon the hill, I looked toward Birnam, and anon methought the wood began to move."

Macbeth. "Liar and slave."

Super. "'Pon my soul Mr. Macready, they told me to say it."

SOLD.

"Bob, that is a fine horse you have there; what is he worth?"

"Three hundred and fifty dollars."

"No, not so much as that?"

"Yes, every cent of it and another fifty on top of it."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'll swear to it."

"All right."

"What are you so darned inquisitive for?"

"Merely for assessing purposes. I am the assessor for this ward, and only wanted to know what you rated your nag at."

"Oh, I see what you're driving at. Well, for the purpose of sale he's worth every cent of it, but for taxation he's not worth more'n twenty-five dollars."

HOW HE GOT INVITED TO DINNER.

A good story is told of a couple of farmers who lived a few miles apart. One day one called on the other, happening around at dinner time. The person called upon, by the way, was a rather penurious old fellow. He sat at the table, enjoying his dinner. The visitor drew to the stove, looking

very wistfully toward the table, expecting the old farmer to invite him to dine. The old farmer kept on eating.

"What's the news up your way, neighbor?" Still eating. "No news, eh?"

"No, I believe not." Presently a thought struck the visitor. "Well, yes, friend, I did hear of one item of news that's worth mentioning."

"Ha, what is it?"

"Neighbor John has a cow that has five calves."

"Is that so? Good gracious! What in thunder does the fifth calf do when the others are sucking?"

"Why, he stands and looks on, just as I do, like a dumb fool."

"Mary, put on another plate."

"You come well recommended, I suppose?" said a gentleman to a boy who wanted an easy place."

"Oh, yes, sir; the man I was with last recommended me; he recommended me to leave and get work more congenial to my disposition."

Two feminines, driving on a plank-road, were applied to for toll. "Well," says one, "how much is it?" "For a man and a horse," replied the gate-keeper, "the charge is fifty cents." "Well, then, get out of the way; we're two gals and a mare. Get up, Jenny!" And away they went, leaving the man in mute astonishment.

Art received rather an awkward criticism from a free-and-easy young man who recently met a sculptor in a social circle, and addressed him thus: "Er — er — so you are the man — er — that makes — er — mud-heads?" And

this was the artist's reply: "Er — er — not all of 'em; I didn't make your's."

THE BIGGEST FOOL IN NEW ORLEANS.

A letter was once received at the post-office in New Orleans, directed to *the biggest fool* in that city.

The postmaster was absent, and on his return, one of the young clerks informed him of the receipt of the letter.

"And what became of it?" inquired the postmaster.

"Why," replied the clerk, "I didn't know who the biggest fool in New Orleans was, so I opened it myself."

"And what did you find in it?" inquired the postmaster.

"Find?" replied the clerk. "Why, nothing but the words, 'Thou art the man.'"

A droll wag of a fellow, who had a wooden leg, being in company with a man who was somewhat credulous, the latter said:

"How came you to have a wooden leg?"

"Why," answered the other, "my father had one, and so had my grand-father before him. *It runs in the family.*"

An editor, quoting Dr. Hall's advice to "eat regularly, not over three times a day, and nothing between meals," adds, "Tramps will do well to cut this out and put it in their bank-books."

H. C.——, a keen sportsman, provoked by a cockney horseman, who had ridden over two of his hounds, could not forbear swearing at him for his awkwardness.

"Sir!" said the offender, drawing up both himself and

his horse, and assuming an air of offense, "I beg to inform you that I did not come out here to be damned."

"Well then, sir, you may go home and be damned."

A lecturer, who was contending, at a tiresome length and great tautological perplexity, that "*Art* could not improve *Nature*," was startled "half out of his boots" by the question, in deep, sonorous voice, by one of his audience:

"How do you think you would look *without your wig?*"

The question was a "poser"— the argument a "*non sequitur!*"

NOT A BIT ANXIOUS.

A stranger desirous of locating in San Antonia, endeavored to purchase a residence from one of our most leading citizens, but thought the price too high.

"Too high!" yelled the owner, "too high, with three saloons at regular intervals on the road to church, a peach-orchard with a fence easy to get over close at hand, and there hasn't been a policeman seen in the neighborhood for the last five years! Why, stranger, it doesn't look to me like you was trying to become one of us."

According to the judgment of a New Melford man, who had seven men to assist him to his feet, "The hind end of a mule is much more premature than the front end."

A person was boasting that he was from a high family.

"Yes," said a bystander, "I have seen some of the family so high that their feet could not touch the ground."

DIDN'T HAVE THE BOOTS.

Many a glorious speculation has failed for the same good reason that the old Texas Ranger gave when he was asked why he didn't buy land when it was dog cheap.

"Well, I did come nigh onto taking eight thousand acres once," said old Joe, mournfully. "You see, two of the boys came in one day from an Indian hunt, without any shoes, and offered me their titles to the two leagues just below here for a pair of boots."

"For a pair of boots!" I cried out.

"Yes, for a pair of boots for each league."

"But why, on earth, didn't you take it? They'd be worth a hundred thousand dollars to-day. Why didn't you give them the boots?"

"Jest 'cause I didn't have the boots to give" said old Joe, as he took another chew of tobacco, quite as contented as if he owned two leagues of land.

GETTING TOO THICK.

"Where is your house?" asked a traveler in the depth of one of the old "solemn wildernesses" of the Great West.

"*House!*—I ain't got no house."

"Well, where do you live?"

"I live in the woods — sleep on the Great Goverment Purchase, eat raw bear and wild turkey, and drink out of the Mississippi!"

And he added:

"It is getting too thick with folks about here. You're the second man I have seen within the last month; and I hear there's a whole *family* come in about fifty miles down the river. I'm going to put out into 'the woods' again!"

GOOD MORNING, JUDGE.

"When I was traveling in Massachusetts, some twenty years ago," said a traveler, "I had a seat on the omnibus with the driver, who, on stopping at the post-office, saluted an ill-looking fellow standing upon the steps, with, 'Good morning, Judge Sander; I hope you're well, sir!' After leaving the office, I asked the driver if the man that he had just spoken to was really a judge. 'Certainly, sir,' he replied; 'We had a cock fight here last week, and he was made a judge on that occasion.'"

A REGULAR DEAD BEAT.

"Why, Jimmy," said one professional beggar to another, "are you going to knock off already? It's only two o'clock."

"No, you mutton-head," responded the other, who was engaged in unbuckling his crutch, "I'm only going to put it on the other knee. You don't suppose a fellow can beg all day on the same leg, do you!"

"Yes, I want my daughter to study rhetoric," replied a Vermont mother, "for she can't fry pancakes now without smoking the house all up."

"If yer goin' to smoke on this car yer'll have to get off to do it," remarked a zealous conductor, recently.

"Let's see yer put me off," was the ready reply, as the smoker jumped off from the car and assumed a belligerent attitude.

It isn't always best to try to clear up a doubt by asking questions. For instance, Jones asked a stranger if he was

the same man who had been in jail at Cherryville for stealing chickens, but when he picked himself up and found his teeth scattered around on the sidewalk, he wished the interrogation point had never been invented.

THE SLANG OF THE DAY.

The slang of our day is a puzzle,
Invented by—ah, who can tell?
A drink is a "smile," or a "guzzle,"
A swindle is merely a "sell."
One tells you a tale you can't "swaller,"
He tells you "by thunder," 'tis true;
You bet him your last "bottom dollar,"
"By thunder," that's all you can do.

They ask you "How goes it?" on meeting,
"Take care of yourself," is adieu;
They substitute "beating" for cheating,
And sometimes combine both the two.
If foolish, "your head isn't level,"
Or, maybe, "your head isn't clear;"
Instead of saying "go to the devil,"
They tell you "walk off on your ear."

To praise you they say "you are bully,"
For honest they nickname you "square,"
Although please to understand fully,
There's not many that way, "I swear."
While robbing they call "going through you,"
And "go for him," means an attack.
When financial troubles come to you,
They say, "Oh, he's up on his back."

"Fusil oil" is the new name for whisky,
"Spondulix" cognomen for pelf,
"You've been there," when charged as too frisky.
Well, "You know how it is yourself."

And if a proper reproof you should offer,
They tell you "that game is quite played,"
Say, walk off, you "big, dirty loafer,"
Or a large "Mansard roof" will be made.

Then sometimes you're "cornered" or "euchered,"
That is if you get in a "fix;"
They call you "galoot" if untutored
In every galoot's knavish tricks.
There are "That's what's the matter with Hannah,"
And "dead beats" on every side,
If the "skunks" will not alter their manners,
I don't care a "cuss," "let 'em slide."

WELL, HOW IS SHE NOW?

It was in the old days of stage-coaches, and one of those huge lumbering vehicles was plowing its way in a driving rain-storm, filled inside and outside with passengers. Among the number of the more fortunate insiders was a respectable bald-headed old gentleman, who seemed to be very solicitous about a lady riding on the roof. Every few minutes he popped out his head, regardless of the rain, and shouted to some one above, "Well, how is she now?" And the answer came, "All right."

"Is she getting wet?" inquired the old man.

"No, not much," was the reply.

"Well, can't you put something round her? 'Twill never do to have her get wet, you know."

"We've got every thing round her we can get."

"Haven't you got an old coat or a rag?"

"No, not a rag more."

A sympathetic young man, hearing all this, and feeling alarmed for the poor lady out in the storm, inquired of the

old gentleman why they didn't let her ride inside, and not out on the roof.

"Bless you, there ain't room," exclaimed the old man.

"Not room! Why, I'll give her my place. It's too bad."

"Not at all, sir, not at all. We couldn't get her into the coach anyhow."

Amazed at her prodigious dimensions, the kind young man said, "Well, sir, if my coat would be of any service, she may have it;" and suiting the action to the word, he took off that garment and handed it to the old gentleman.

"It's almost a pity, sir, to get your overcoat wet; but—"

"Not at all, sir — by no means. Pass it up to her."

The coat was accordingly passed up. "How'll that do for her?" asked the old gentleman.

"Tip-top! Just the ticket! All right now."

Thus relieved, no further anxiety was manifested about the outside passenger till the coach arrived at the inn, when what was the sympathetic and gallant young man's surprise and indignation to find that his nice coat had been wrapped around, not a fair lady of unusual proportions, but a double-bass viol!

DU TELL.

A wag was requested by an old lady to read the newspaper for her. He took it up and read as follows:

"Last night, yesterday morning, about one o'clock in the afternoon, before breakfast, a hungry boy, about forty years old, bought a big custard for a levy, and threw it through a brick wall nine feet thick, and jumping over it, broke his right ankle off above his left knee, and fell into a dry mill-pond and was drowned. About forty years

after that, on the same day, an old cat had nine turkey gobblers; a high wind blew Yankee Doodle on a frying pan, and killed a sow and two dead pigs at Boston, where a deaf and dumb man was talking to his Aunt Peter." Whereupon the old lady, talking a long breath, exclaimed:

"Du tell!"

The man who sang, "Oh! breathe no more that simple air," went into the smoking-car, where it was more mixed.

GOT EVEN WITH HIM.

A college professor was being rowed across a stream in a boat. Said he to the boatman: "Do you understand philosophy?" "No, never heard of it." "Then one-quarter of your life is gone. Do you understand geology?" "No." "Then one-half of your life is gone. Do you understand astronomy?" "No." "Then three-quarters of your life is gone." But presently the boat tipped over and spilled both into the river. Says the boatman: "Can you swim?" "No." "Then the whole of your life is gone."

A would-be school-teacher, in Toledo, recently replied to a question by one of the examiners, "Do you think the world is round or flat?" by saying:

"Well, some people think one way and some another, and I'll teach round or flat, just as the parents please."

Some Latrobe boys undertook to play base ball in a field where a ram was feeding, recently. He butted the short-stop through a picket fence and forced all the rest to make a home run. The boy who was butted through the

fence was the only one scored, and he carries the score with him, but he can not see it.

POTATO-BUGS.

Here is a good one on the "tatur-bugs." Three men were comparing notes. One says:

"There are two bugs to every stalk."

A second one says, "they cut down my early crop, and are sitting on the fence waiting for the late crop to come up."

"Pshaw," says the third, "You don't know anything about it. I passed a seed store the other day, and the bugs were in there looking over the books to see who had purchased seed potatoes."

THE CORN CROP A FAILURE.

Colonel Finnigan was a Florida planter, wealthy and hospitable. Toward the poor he was always kind, and even the shiftless he would not turn coldly away. A man who had often been the object of his bounty was named Jake Hartruff. Jake was a squatter in the woods, where he had a log cabin and a small clearing. Upon this land he sometimes raised corn, and with his gun he captured game. Of the game he ate the flesh, and the skins he traded for whisky. Long before the Winter was over he was sure to be out of corn, in which emergency he would bring his bag to the colonel for a supply, which was generally furnished. Once upon a time Jake came with his bag very early in the season—in fact, Winter had just set in.

"Why, how's this, Jake?" demanded Finnigan. "Seems to me you are rather early in your call for corn."

"Well, colonel, fact is, my crop failed this yer season."

"Failed! How is that? I thought this had been an uncommonly good season for corn."

"Ya'as, I s'pose it has, colonel; but you see I forgot to plant."

A traveler who had lost a dog, approaching a wood-chopper by the wayside, thus accosted him:

"Mister," says he, "have you seen a yaller dog a-agoin' along here, about a year, a year and a half, or two years old?"

"Yes," answered the chopper, supposing the traveler quizzing him—"yes, I've seen a yaller dog a-goin' along here, about a year, a year and a half, or two years old. 'Twas about an hour, an hour and a half, or two hours ago, and you'll find him about a mile, a mile and a half, or two miles ahead, with a tail about an inch, an inch and a half, or two inches long."

A BUG STORY.

The other evening, in our "private crib," there was a learned dissertation on the subject of "bed-bugs and their remarkable tenacity of life."

One asserted of his own knowledge that they could be boiled and then come to life.

Some had soaked them for hours in turpentine without any fatal consequences.

Old Hanks, who had been listening as an out-sider, here gave in his experience in corroboration of the facts. Says he:

"Some years ago I took a bed-bug to an iron foundry, and dropped it into a ladle where the melted iron was, and had it run into a skillet.

"Well, my old woman used that skillet for the last six

years, and here the other day she broke it all to smash; and what do you think, gentlemen? that 'ere insect just walked out of his hole, where he'd been layin' like a frog in a rock, and made tracks for his old roost up stairs. But," added he, by way of parenthesis, "by George, gentlemen, he looked mighty pale."

A TEST OF TALENT.

A gentleman from Swampville was telling how many different occupations he had attempted. Among others he had tried school-teaching.

"How long did you teach?" asked a bystander.

"Wa'al, I didn't teach long—that is I only went to teach."

"Did you hire out?"

"Wa'al, I didn't hire out, I only went to hire out."

"Why did you give up?"

"Wa'al, I gave it up for some reason or nuther. You see, I traveled into a deestrict and inquired for the trustees. Somebody said Mr. Snickles was the man I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Snickles, named my objict, interducing myself, and asked what he thought about lettin' me try my luck with the big boys and unruly gals in the deestrict. He wanted to know if I raally considered myself capable; and I told him I wouldn't mind his asking me a few easy questions in 'rithmetic and jography or showing my handwriting. He said no, never mind, he could tell a good teacher by his gait. 'Let me see you walk off a little ways,' says he, 'and I can tell jis's well 'sif I heard you examined,' says he. He sat in the door as he spoke, and I thought he looked a little skittish. But I was consid'rable frustrated, and didn't mind it much; so I turned round and

walked on as smart as I knew how. He said he'd tell me when to stop, so I kep' on till I thought I'd gone far enough. Then I s'pected suthin' was to pay, and I looked round. Wa'al, the door was shet and Snickles was gone!"

That was not a bad reply given recently at a barn-raising in Pennsylvania to a young man who had been relating his more than wonderful exploits in various quarters of the globe. At the close of one of these narratives, he was not a little set back by the remark of an old cod: "Young man, ain't you ashamed to talk so when there are older liars on the ground."

"My son," said a venerable philosopher, "never waste your time—not a moment of it; always waste some other person's."

A female applicant for aid appeared at the office of the director of the poor in Detroit the other day, with a sad and anxious look, and on being asked what she wanted, replied, "I'd like some money."

"How much?"

"Well, I can't say, exactly. How much do you generally give out to a person who wants to buy a bead belt?"

"Eternity, past and future, flashed before my eyes," he said, "and saw where the crack of doom began and ended." This was his experience the first time a base ball struck him in the stomach.

A New York editor says he heard recently how a man cured a neighbor newspaper-borrower. It is told thus:

"Mr. Jones, father wants to borrow your paper, he only wants to read it."

"Well, go back and ask your father to send me his supper. Tell him I only want to eat it."

The next evening the boy did not come.

When young Mr. Spitzer left home for college, he took leave of his mother in this manner: "Mother, I will write often and think of you constantly." When he returned two years later, he remarked to the anxious parent, "Deah mothaw, I gweet you once moah!" Imagine the feelings of a fond mother.

A granger writes to a rural paper to ask "how long cows should be milked." Why the same as short cows, of course.

The Fat Contributor, encouraged by Mr. Greeley's success, is writing about farming. He says: "A correspondent asks us what we think of late plowing."

"Plowing should not be continued later than ten or eleven o'clock at night. It gets the horses into the habit of staying out late, and unduly exposes the plow."

A cowardly fellow having kicked a newsboy for pestering him to buy an evening newspaper, the lad waited till another boy accosted the "gentleman," and then shouted in the hearing of all bystanders, "It's no use to try him, Jim, he can't read."

It turns out that the Western editor who wrote to Philadelphia, indignantly refusing a dead-head pass on the

condition that he must have his picture taken with it, is a squint-eyed man, with a hare-lip and a broken nose.

"Unless you give me aid," id a beggar to a benevolent lady, "I am afraid I shall have to resort to something which I greatly dislike to do."

The lady handed him a dollar, and compassionately asked: "What is it, poor man, that I have saved you from?"

"Work," was the mournful answer.

The late well-known Daniel O'Connell once met a conceited literary friend, and exclaimed: "I saw a capital thing in your last pamphlet."

"Did you?" eagerly replied his delighted listener; "what was it?"

"A pound of butter."

There are many recipes for getting rid of the currant worm, but there is nothing so sure in its results as to blindfold him and back him under a pile-driver.

AN ASPIRING TRAGEDIAN.

"I say, Higgins," said a cheeky young fellow to an aspiring but yet unappreciated tragedian, "I met a rich old gentleman in the city, who declared he would give a hundred dollars to see you perform Hamlet."

"You don't say so?"

"Fact, I assure you; and what's more, I'm positively sure the old chap meant it."

"By Jove, then, it's a bargain!" Higgins cried; "I'll play it for my benefit. But who is he?"

"Ah, to be sure, I didn't tell you. Well, he's a blind man."

Higgins never spoke to the wretch again.

"Now, John, suppose there's a load of hay on one side of the river and a jackass on the other side, and no bridge, and the river is too wide to swim, how can the jackass get to the hay?"

"I give it up."

"Well, that's just what the other jackass did."

"Are you very fond of novels, Mr. Jones?"

"Very," responded that interrogated gentleman, who wished to be thought by the lady questioner fond of literature.

"Have you," continued the lady, "ever read 'Ten Thousand a Year?'"

"No, madam, I never read so many in all my life."

Brown, the other day, while looking at the skeleton of a donkey, made a very natural quotation. "Ah," said he, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

NOT TO BE OUTDONE.

Artemus Ward once lent money. He thus recounts the transaction: "A gentlemanly friend of mine came one day with tears in his eyes. I said, 'Why those weeps?' He said he had a mortgage on his farm, and wanted to borrow two hundred dollars. I lent him the money, and he went away. Some time after, he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me forever. I ventured to remind him

of the two hundred dollars he borrowed. He was much cut up. I thought I would not be hard upon him, so told him I would throw off one hundred dollars. He brightened up, shook my hand, and said, 'Old friend, I won't allow you to outdo me in liberality; I'll throw off the other hundred.' And thus he discharged the debt."

An old rail-splitter in Indiana put the quietus upon a fellow who chaffed him upon his bald head, in these words: "Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours, I can raise hair to sell."

A Western newspaper says: "Talk about the wind blowing the grasshoppers away! One of them faced the gale the other day for an hour, and then yanked a shingle off a house for a fan, saying it was awfully sultry."

"That man," said a wag, "came to this city forty years ago, purchased a *basket*, and commenced gathering rags. How much do you suppose he is worth now?" We gave it up. "Nothing," he continued, after a pause, "and he owes for the basket."

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE POOR.

A lot of minstrels went to a town not far from Boston, recently, and advertised to give a performance for "the benefit of the poor—tickets reduced to ten cents." The hall was crammed full. The next morning a committee of the poor called upon the treasurer of the concern for the amount said benefit had netted. The treasurer expressed astonishment at the demand.

"I thought," said the chairman of the committee, "you advertised this concert for the benefit of the poor?"

Replied the treasurer:

"Didn't we put the tickets down to ten cents, so that the poor could all come?"

The committee vanished.

An Illinois chap, in describing a gale of wind, says. "A white dog, while attempting to weather the gale, was caught with his mouth open, and turned completely inside out."

Honesty is the best policy, unless you can get about one hundred thousand dollars, and effect a settlement at fifty per cent.

Honor thy father and mother, particularly about circus time, when you don't know where to raise a quarter.

GOOD MORNING.

"Madam," he said, "you see before you a blighted fellow-creature! I ain't a tramp, marm, I ain't! I have had my little store of wealth laid away for these rainy days, but, ah! marm, a relative and speculation brought me to this sad state in which you see me! I was long on railroad stock, marm, and—eh? Wood? Me? Me saw that wood? Madam, I feel that you can not realize my situation! Good morning!"

THE KURNEL'S ROOM.

HOW 'SQUIRE SKAGGS GOT SKINNED BY THE "PHARAOH MEN."

"You see," said the 'squire, pitching his voice to an exegetical altitude, "it wuz sorter this way. Last Chuesday was a week ago, I sailed down from Gwinnett to Atlanty with seven bags of cotton. Arter I sold 'em, I

kinder loafed roun', lookin' at things in general, an' feelin' jest as happy as you please, when who should I run agin but Kurnel Blasengame. Me an' the kurnel used to be boys together, an' we wuz as thick as five kittens in a rag basket. We drunk outen the same goad, an' we got the lint snatched outen us by the same bandy-legged school-teacher. I wuz gitten as lonesome as a rain-crow, afore I struck up with the kurnel, an' I wuz glad to see him — durned glad. We knocked aroun' town right smartually, an' the kurnel interjuced me to a whole raft of fellers — mighty nice boys they wuz, too. Arter supper, the kurnel says:

"'Skaggs,' says he, 'les' go to my room whar we kin talk over old times sorter comfortable an' ondisturbed like.'

"''Greeable,' says I, an' we walked a square or so an' turned into an alley, an' walked up a narrer par of stars. The kurnel gin a little rap at a green door, an a slick-lookin' merlatter popped out an' axed us in. He was the perlitest nigger *you* ever seen. He jest got up an' spun aroun' like a tom cat with his tail afire. The room wuz as fine as a fiddle an' full of pictures an' sofys, an' the cheers wuz as soft as lam's wool, an' I thought to meself that the kurnel wuz a lugsuriant cuss. Thar wuz a lot of mighty nice fellers scattered roun' a-laffin' an' a-talkin' quite soshabel like. Aperient, the kurnel wuzent much sot back, for he sorter laffed to himself, an' then he says:

"'Boys,' says he, 'I hev fetched up a fren'. Jedge Hightower, this is 'Squire Skaggs, of Gwinnett. Major Briggs, 'Squire Skaggs,' an' so on all roun'. Then the kurnel turns to me an' says:

"'Really, I wuzn't expectin' company, Skaggs, but the

members of the Young Men's Christun 'Sosashun make my room their headquarters.'

"I ups an' says I was mighty glad to meet the boys. I used to be a Premativ' Baptis' myself afore I got to cusin' the Yankees, an' I hev always had a sorter hankerin' arter pious folks. They all laffed an' shuk han's over agin, an' we sot thar a-smokin' an' a-chawin' jest as muchuel as you please. I disremember how it come up, but presently Major Briggs gits up an' says:

"'Kurnel, what about that new parlor game you got out the other day?'

"'Oh,' says the kurnel, lookin' sorter sheepish, 'that wuz a humbug. I can't make no head nor tail outen it.'

"'I'll bet I kin manage it,' says Jedge Hightower, quite animated like.

"'I'll show you how, Jedge, with pleasure,' says the Kurnel, an' then he went to the table, unlocked a box, an' tuck a deck of keerds an' a whole lot of little what-you-may-callems, similarly to horn buttons, some white an' some red."

'Squire Skaggs paused and supplied his tireless jaws with a fresh quid of tobacco.

"It ain't no use to tell you any more. When them fellers got done larnin' me that game I didn't have money enough to take me down stars. I say, I looked a leetle wild, for when the Jedge closed the box he said:

"'We hev had a pleasant evenin', 'Squire. You'll find the Kurnel waitin' for you on the steps, an' he'll give you your money back.'

"I ain't never laid eyes on the Kurnel sence, an' when I do thar's goin' to be a case for the Kurriner—you mind my words. I seed Rufe Lester next day—you know Rufe;

he's in the Legislatur now, but I used to give him pop-corn when he wuzn't so high—I seed Rufe an' he sed I wuz tuck in by the Pharaoh men. Tuck in ain't no name for it. Derned ef I didn't go to the bottom an' git skinned alive."

SCRAPS OF AUCTION WIT.

It is rarely that even that intrepid class of men, short-hand writers, undertake to jot down an auctioneer's run of words—especially one so witty as was the late John Keese. Somebody, however, appears to have performed this feat, and has rendered the readers of *Harper* the peculiar favor of serving up a few samples of Keese's inimitable spirit when under the inspiration of "the hammer:"

"N'alf, n'alf, n'alf, three, do I have? three, three; quarter, did you say? Never let me hear an Irishman cry quarter. N'alf, n'alf; knocked down to Maguire at three dollars and a half. Now, gentlemen, give me a bid for 'Byron's Works,' London edition, full of illustrations. Two dollars, two, two; an eighth, eighth, eighth; quarter, quarter, quarter—the man that deliberates is lost. Moffat, at two dollars and a quarter. The next thing, gentlemen, is 'The Four Last Things, by Dr. Bates.' Fifty cents, fifty—'*What are they?*' Bid away, gentlemen, the book'll tell you exactly what they are; five-eighths, five-eighths; five and six, five and six. Chase has it, at five and six. '*Stop! that's my bid.*' Too late, sir, all booked to Chase; had such a confounded short name, got it right down. Start, if you please, gentlemen, on 'Protestant Discussions, by Dr. Cummings,' an original D. D.—none of your modern fiddle-dee-dees: three-quarters, quarters; seven-eighths; do I have seven-eighths?—yes, it is all complete; a perfect book, gentlemen; wants nothing but a reader. Dollar; dol-

lar, n'eighth, n'eighth. Black has it, at one and one-eighth. Now, gentlemen, I offer you a superb 'Prayer Book,' Appleton's edition, best morocco, gilt all over, like the sinner; three-quarters, three-quarters, quarters, quarters—look at it, gentlemen. Here, sir, let me show it up to this goodly company; you've looked at it many a time with more care than profit; seven-eighths; dollar, n'eighth; quarter, quarter—large print, gentlemen; good for those whose eyes are weak and whose faith is strong; remember your grandmothers, gentlemen—three-eighths, three-eighths. Brown has it at one and three-eighths. Now, gentlemen, I come to a line of splendid illustrated English books. Be so kind as to bid for 'Finden's Beauties of Moore,' cloth extra, full of superb illustrations, and I've how much bid for this? Start, if you please; go on. Two dollars; and a half, n'alf, n'alf; three, three; n'alf, n'alf; four, four, four.

"These are all English books, printed in England, bound in England, sacrificed in America; and I have only four dollars for this superb book—quarter, quarter, quarter, and this goes to the great Maguire (at that time Kossuth was being called the great Magyar), at four dollars and a quarter. 'The Gems of Beauty' is the next book, gentlemen. This is a glowing book, beautiful as Venus, and bound by Vulcan in his best days, red morocco, well read outside, gentlemen, and what do I hear for it? Fifty cents—horrible! Two dollars, by some gentleman whose feelings are outraged; quarter, quarter; half, shall I say? Cash has it, at two dollars and a half. Now, gentlemen, for the 'Philosophical Works of John Locke,' best edition, opened by John Keese; start if you please—go on. Dollar; n'alf, n'alf; three-quarters. '*Bound in muslin?*' Yes, sir; don't you respect the cloth? Seven-eighths, seven-eighths;

two, two, two, two; quarter, quarter—brought three dollars the other day. '*No, it didn't!*' Well, one just like it did. Moffat takes it, at two dollars and a quarter. Now, for a beautiful annual, gentlemen, 'The Ladies' Diadem,' splendid steel engravings, and no date, may be 1855, 6, 7, or 8. Can't tell; they publish them so much in advance nowadays. What do I hear? seventy-five, seventy-five; new book, published in England; dollar, dollar; eighth, do I hear? eighth; quarter; three-eighths, three-eighths—down. What's the name? whose bid was that? Well, just as you please: quarter, quarter—that's your bid, sir; 'gainst you out there; three-eighths, that's yours, sir; what's the name? '*I'll take it; you seem to be very anxious to sell it.*' No, sir, I'm not on the anxious bench; those are the anxious seats where you are. I take a decided stand on that; I face the whole congregation. Go on, if you please. The next book, 'Kirke White's Remains,' London edition, with splendid portrait, taken from some old daguerreotype; dollar, dollar, dollar, and down it goes. Who'll have it? Well, start it, gentlemen. What do I hear? Seventy-five cents; seven-eighths, seven-eighths; dollar by all the house; n'eighth, n'eighth. Cash has it, at a dollar and one-eighth; horrible! I've been the high priest of many a sacrifice. Now, gentlemen, who wants 'Ross' Last Expedition;' went to the poles, and, no doubt, voted twice. Start, if you please—go on; dollar, did you say? quarter, quarter, quarter; bidder here, half, half"—and so on through the catalogue.

"I can not imagine," said 'Squire B., "why my whiskers should turn gray so much sooner than the hair of my head."

"Because," observed a wag, "you have worked so much more with your jaws than your brains."

A GOOD RETORT.

It was a good retort of the long-eared Irishman who, being banteringly asked: "Paddy, why don't you get your ears cropped? They are too large for a man!" replied:

"And yours are too small for an ass."

PROPAGANDA SOCIETY.

"My lord!" said a disappointed aspirant for holy orders, who was rejected for his ignorance, "there is no imputation upon my moral character. I have a due sense of religion, and I am a member of the Propaganda Society."

"That I can easily believe," replied the bishop, "for you are a *proper goose*."

"Sit down!" said a nervous old gentleman to his son, who was making too much noise.

"I won't do it," was the impudent answer.

"Well, then, stand up. I will be obeyed!"

"You sot of a fellow!" exclaimed a poor woman to her husband; "you are always in the saloons, getting drunk with hot punch, while I am at home with nothing to drink but cold water."

"Cold, you silly jade?" hiccoughed her husband; "why don't you warm it?"

PHILANTHROPY.

"I fear," said a country minister to his congregation, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon that philanthropy was the love of our species, that you must have understood me to say *specie*, which may account for

the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope, by your present contributions, that you are no longer laboring under the same mistake."

A CONSOLATION.

An inveterate drinker, on being told that the cholera with which he was attacked was incurable, and that he would soon go to a world of pure spirits, replied:

"Well, that's a comfort at all events, for it's very difficult to get any in this world."

An empty-headed coxcomb, having engrossed the attention of some ladies and gentlemen with his petty ailments, observed to the celebrated Dr. Parr that he could never go out without catching cold in his head.

"No wonder," said the doctor, pettishly; "you always go out without anything in it."

THOUGHT SHE HAD IT WITH HER.

When Mrs. McGibbon was preparing to act "Jane Shore" at Liverpool, her dresser, an ignorant country girl, informed her that a woman had called to request two box orders, because she and her daughter had walked four miles on purpose to see the play.

"Does she know me?" inquired the actress.

"Not at all," was the reply.

"What a very odd request!" exclaimed Mrs. McG. "Has the good woman got her faculties about her?"

"I think she have, ma'am, for I see she ha' got summut tied up in a red silk handkercher."

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